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LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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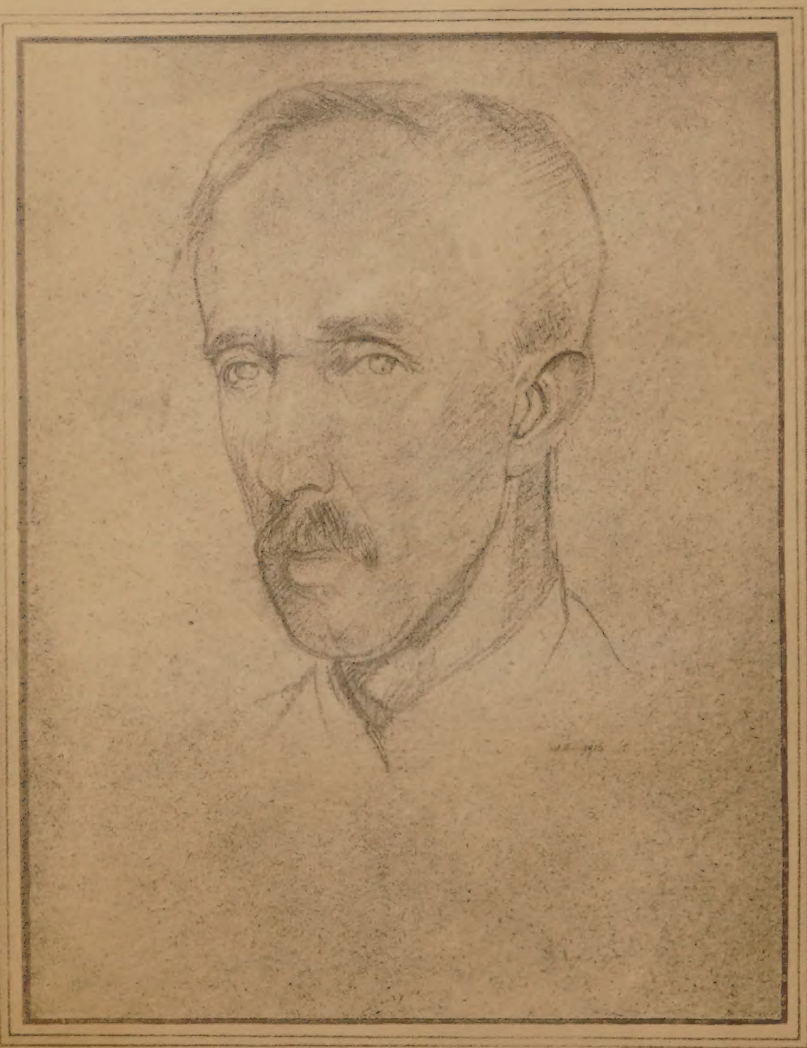
THE LETTERS OF
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
(1879-1922)
VOLUME I



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WALTER RALEIGH
from a drawing by William Rothenstein

DSM1.
THE LETTERS OF
SIR WALTER^{A,} RALEIGH["]
(1879-1922)

EDITED BY
LADY RALEIGH

WITH A PREFACE BY
DAVID NICHOL SMITH
GOLDSMITHS' READER IN ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Volume I

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

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RALEIGH

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PREFACE

THE letters of Walter Raleigh are his best and his only biography, and all that is called for by way of preface to this selection from the two thousand letters which are known to be preserved is to state a few facts that they could not be expected to give, and to supplement the little that they tell us about his work at Oxford.

Walter Alexander Raleigh was born in London, at 4 Highbury Quadrant, on 5th September, 1861. He was the fifth child and only son of Dr. Alexander Raleigh, Congregationalist minister at that time of Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, and afterwards of Kensington Chapel, an eminent preacher, and the author of several devotional works. His mother was Mary Darling Gifford, only daughter of James Gifford, of Edinburgh, and sister of Adam Gifford, the Scottish judge who founded the Gifford lectureships in Natural Theology. She had a happy gift in conversation, and an easy grace in writing, which is to be seen in her memoir of her husband—*Alexander Raleigh; Records of his Life*. This book enables us to picture the home life of Walter Raleigh's childhood, and gives us a vivid account of his Scottish covenanting ancestry. Since the middle of the eighteenth century the Raleighs had been settled as farmers in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbrightshire, and they were earnest Cameronians.

After a short time at a preparatory school in Highbury he was sent to the City of London school, under Dr. Abbott, but as the daily train journey began to tell on his health he was removed to Edinburgh, where for a year he lived with his uncle, Lord Gifford, at Granton House, and

attended the Edinburgh Academy. On his return to London, in 1877, he went to University College School, and remained there till 1879, when he passed on to University College. Of his days as a student there he has himself spoken in the address which he delivered to its Union Society in 1917 on *The Faith of England*:

‘When I matriculated in the University of London and became a student in this place, my professors were Professor Goodwin, Professor Church, Professor Henrici, Professor Croom Robertson, and Professor Henry Morley. I remember all these, though, if they were alive, I do not think that any of them would remember me. The indescribable exhilaration, which must be familiar to many of you, of leaving school and entering college, is in great part the exhilaration of making acquaintance with teachers who care much about their subject and little or nothing about their pupils. To escape from the eternal personal judgments which make a school a place of torment is to walk upon air. The school-master looks at you; the college professor looks the way you are looking. The statements made by Euclid, that thoughtful Greek, are no longer encumbered at college with all those preposterous and irrelevant moral considerations which desolate the atmosphere of a school. The question now is not whether you have perfectly acquainted yourself with what Euclid said, but whether what he said is true. In my earliest days at college I heard a complete exposition of the first six books of Euclid, given in four lectures, with masterly ease and freedom, by Professor Henrici, who did not hesitate to employ methods of demonstration which, though they are perfectly legitimate and convincing, were rejected by the daintiness of the Greek. Professor Croom Robertson introduced his pupils to the mysteries of mental and moral philosophy, and incidentally disaffected some of us by what seemed to us his excessive reverence for the works of Alexander Bain. Those works were our favourite theme for satirical verse, which we did not pain our Professor by publishing. Professor Henry Morley lectured hour after hour to successive classes in a room half way down the passage, on the left. Even overwork could not deaden his enormous vitality; but I hope that his immediate successor does not lecture so often. Outside the classrooms I remember the passages, which resembled the cellars of an unsuccessful sculptor, the library, where I first read *Romeo and Juliet*, and the refectory, where we discussed human life in most, if not in all, of its aspects. In the neighbourhood of the College,

there was the classic severity of Gower Street, and, for those who preferred the richer variety of romance, there was always the Tottenham Court Road. Beyond all, and throughout all, there was friendship, and there was freedom. The College was founded, I believe, partly in the interests of those who object to subscribe to a conclusion before they are permitted to examine the grounds for it. It has always been a free place; and if I remember it as a place of delight, that is because I found here the delights of freedom.'

He took his B.A. at London in 1881, and in October of that year entered King's College, Cambridge. There he read History, but not so steadily as his tutor, George Prothero, would have liked, and in the History Tripos of June 1885 he was placed at the top of the second class, immediately above his friend Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and the present Master of Emmanuel. He admitted that he did not deserve a higher place, and he did not need to be reminded, as he had occasion afterwards to remind some of his own pupils, that the final examination in a university and the Day of Judgment are two examinations, not one. 'No one was ever injured,' he said at Oxford, 'by missing a First'; but universities have a superstitious regard for their awards, and Raleigh found that though he had many friends who were ready to back him, his degree gave him little assistance at the beginning of his career. His health as an undergraduate had not been robust, for he had shot up to the height of six feet six, and since his childhood he had been subject to a nervous tremor in both his arms, which never wholly left him. He had therefore been advised to go down from Cambridge for the Lent term of 1883, and to make a sea voyage to Italy, where he spent several weeks. For the rest of his four years as a Cambridge undergraduate he had thoroughly enjoyed himself. He was one of the 'Apostles,' an editor of the *Cambridge Review*, and in the Michaelmas term of 1884 President of the Union. When he revisited Cambridge in 1907 to deliver the first Leslie Stephen lecture, he spoke

of it as 'the place of my early friendships, and dreams, and idleness.'

Towards the end of his time at Cambridge he was asked by his friend, Theodore Beck, afterwards his brother-in-law, to join him at the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College, Aligarh, as Professor of English Literature, and after some hesitation he accepted the offer and sailed for India at the end of August 1885. An attack of dysentery compelled him to return to this country within two years, and his doctors, greatly to his regret, would not allow him to go out again. He had looked forward to travelling into remote parts under the protection of the Mohammedan princes whose sons were at the College, and he had hoped to get to Bagdad. The spirit of adventure was always strong in him; it was this spirit, quite as much as the desire for local colour and information on the spot, that took him to Bagdad thirty-five years later as the official historian of the Air Force. He had learned the fascination of the East, and when in 1922 the chance was given him of getting to Bagdad by air, the man of sixty, who was in spirit still as young as a boy, heard the call of early hopes that had been frustrated.

On his return to this country in 1887 he had first to recover his health and then to look for work, and he was some time in finding it. In February and March 1889 he gave extension lectures at Taunton and Tiverton on 'Men of the Renaissance and Reformation' for the University of Oxford, 'his own step-motherly university having turned a sour face on his offer to bear her torch in the provinces.'¹ His choice seemed to lie at this time between a junior university post, if one could be found, and journalism of some kind in London, and for many months journalism seemed the more probable. But in the spring of 1889 Sir Adolphus Ward, who was then Professor of English

¹ From the brief and amusing account of himself printed anonymously in *The Sphinx* (the Magazine of University College, Liverpool) of 20th February, 1895.

History and Literature in Owens College, Manchester, and had been one of the examiners in the Cambridge History Tripos in 1885, asked him to be his assistant. This was Raleigh's real start, and thereafter his advancement was rapid.

He was at Manchester for only a few months. In the summer of 1889 the Chair of English Literature in University College, Liverpool, became vacant by Professor A. C. Bradley's appointment to the English Chair at Glasgow. So far Raleigh's only publication of note was a paper on Browning that he had read to the Browning Society while he was still at Cambridge. But the electors saw his promise, and took the risk of inviting him. He was appointed in November 1889, and entered on his duties in the following January. On 8th July, 1890, he was married at St. Saviour's, Southwark, now Southwark Cathedral, to Lucie Gertrude,¹ only daughter of Mason Jackson, editor of the *Illustrated London News*.

His ten years at Liverpool were a happy time, and the critical period in his development. Here he made his name as a lecturer, plunged into university politics, and, above all, began to write. His first book, *The English Novel*, a sketch of its history from the earliest times to Scott, appeared in 1894, and was soon followed by books of other kinds—by *Robert Louis Stevenson*, an appreciation based on a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution on 17th May, 1895, by *Style* (1897), by *Milton*, his first substantial book on a poet, based on his Clark lectures at Cambridge in 1899, and by his long essay on Sir Thomas Hoby, written as the introduction to his edition of *The Book of the Courtier* in the Tudor Transla-

¹ Their four sons, Valentine, Hilary, Christopher, and Adrian, were born at Liverpool, their daughter, Philippa, at Uffington. Christopher died of scarlet fever just before his third birthday, and eight days after Adrian's birth. None of the letters about Christopher's death—the one heavy blow that came to their happy life—are included in this selection.

tions series. The last of these had entailed much work at the British Museum. During his Liverpool days Raleigh did more reading, and more of what is now often called research, than at any other time. His *Style*, by contrast, was something of a *jeu d'esprit*. In later years he disparaged it, when he preferred to confine the gayer sallies of his wit to lectures and conversation. The book divided the critics. The men of quieter taste, and notably the older men, found it too clever. Raleigh himself was convinced that it was good when it was new. A man's liking for his work is coloured by his feelings at the time of composition, and *Style* is a book that could not have been written but in high spirits. To hear him speak of his Liverpool days one would have thought that they were all a merry-go-round. But they were hard-working days.

During his first three years at Liverpool, while he was learning the duties of a professor and gaining confidence to write, he had as a colleague R. A. M. Stevenson, then Professor of the Fine Arts. His debt to Stevenson is proclaimed in one short and eloquent sentence. To his *Milton* he prefixed this dedication: 'To R. A. M. Stevenson, whose radiant and soaring intelligence enlightened and guided me during the years of our lost companionship, this unavailing tribute of memory and love.' Raleigh could never speak of Stevenson but in terms of admiration and affection, though sometimes with an amused recollection of his ways, and Stevenson was one of the few men to whom he was conscious of having owed anything in his development; Stevenson had helped him to find himself. A little later he came to know Henley. He was never one of Henley's 'young men,' as has sometimes been stated. At most he got from Henley the stimulus that comes from friendship and from occasional opposition in opinion. They disagreed over the proofs of Henley's essay on Burns. Raleigh's Scottish ancestry and early residence in Scotland had made him a better judge of the Scottish character. They talked and talked, and Henley stuck to his opinion

stoutly, but finally said, 'Well, perhaps you are right; you ought to write an essay of your own.' Raleigh wrote it many years afterwards; it was his last essay on a poet, and he thought it as good an essay as he had written on *a man*. He even spoke of enlarging it, but this was one of several unfinished projects. It is a misfortune that none of his letters to Stevenson and Henley have been preserved.

In the summer of 1900 he was appointed by the Crown, on the recommendation of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Scottish Secretary, to the Chair of English Language and Literature at Glasgow, again in the place of Mr. A. C. Bradley. His success there was immediate. The crowded classes who had listened with hushed admiration to Mr. Bradley found so great a difference in the methods of the new professor that no comparison was possible. His methods were different from any they had known. Whereas the courses of other professors were as a rule systematic treatises, sometimes complete enough in themselves to make independent study unnecessary, or at least to invite only the better men to it, little system was discoverable in Raleigh's. He found his work heavy and was continually living from hand to mouth; but, even with all the time at his disposal that he might have desired, his lectures would never have been on a regular plan. It was one of the few articles of his creed as a professor that too much system kills the study of literature. His true function, as he saw it, was not to discuss theories, or to trace influences, or to show developments, so much as to exhibit what was great in great literature. A large part of his lectures was thus taken up with the reading of selected passages. One of his Glasgow students must speak:

His reading opened the eyes. I had an excellent English master at school, something more than an arid verbal critic. His expounding of the poets had been profitable. But Raleigh's playing of the music was revelation by comparison. He used to arrive in the lecture-room with an armful of books all stuck with marks. He began as a rule from a note-book of his own, throwing out

in any order some dates and facts and anecdotes: they must have been set down in his notes, we felt, at haphazard. But the valuable part of the hour began some ten minutes from the official start. Then he'd begin hunting up his book-marks and read to us. I've known the class rock with laughter at his reading of a scene from *Twelfth Night*, and applaud *Othello* more heartily and out of a deeper emotion than ever the theatre can provoke. I think he liked comedy better than tragedy for these displays; but whichever it was he seemed to observe the poetry above the drama when reading. His recital of a poet was so fresh and stimulating and illuminating that comment seemed needless. The gloom of that ill-lit top story at the quadrangle corner was unnoticed once Raleigh got fairly going in his own way. 'Literature,' he once said in a casual aside, 'is the record of man's adventures on the edge of things.' It was certainly a means to travel and adventure of the spirit as he presented it to his students in the lecture-hour.

Those who knew Raleigh only at Oxford will accept this as a description of his methods there. But it was at Glasgow, under the pressure of daily lectures to overflowing classes during a crowded session of twenty weeks, that he perfected himself in his characteristic style with audiences whom he met regularly—his domestic style, when he talked and read by turns. Much depended on his mood at the time. He would often admit that he had lectured badly, and latterly at Oxford would sometimes express wonder why so many persisted in coming to hear him. He might have given little thought to his lecture beforehand, and might seem to himself to have said little worth saying, but Raleigh could never be dull. His best pupils, he said, never took notes; he was content if he had stimulated them to read for themselves and think for themselves. Though a keen fighter for the place of English in university studies, in the days when its place had to be fought for, he yet did his best to keep his students from thinking of literature as a subject. 'All who deserve a First,' he said, 'read for fun and have their reward.' His lectures asked them to read for fun. On a special occasion he would abandon his

domestic style for a full dress lecture which was ready for the printer.

At Glasgow, as at Liverpool, he took an active part in university business. To the importance of his work at Liverpool, in the constructive years when the University College was developing into the University, his colleagues have borne emphatic testimony.¹ At Glasgow, where the traditions of an old university were adapting themselves to the pressure of modern demands, his success was equally great. His policy as a member of the University Court, his distinction as a professor, and his unflinching tact on ornamental or public occasions, induced many to hope that he might be the next Principal and Vice-Chancellor. He would never have accepted so distracting an office had it been offered to him, for he knew that his real work was to lecture and to write. Long before the end of his fourth year at Glasgow he had been acknowledged as one of the outstanding personalities in the academic life of the city, and the news of his appointment to Oxford in the summer of 1904 was received with great regret.

Two very different books belong to the Glasgow years—his *Wordsworth*, which was written slowly at Stanford in the Vale in the summer vacation of 1902, and his *English Voyagers*, which came from his pen with hardly an erasure during the final weeks of his stay at Uffington before he took up his new duties at Oxford. His *Wordsworth* was a surprise to some of his friends, and to the critics who had gauged him by his *Style*. The *English Voyagers*, which was written for the new edition of Hakluyt, remained one of his own favourites. More than once he described it as 'my best book.' He had written it with zest. He always warmed when he wrote or talked about the Elizabethan adventurers.

He was invited to Oxford to be the first holder of its Professorship of English Literature. Philological studies

¹ See *A New University*, by J. M. Mackay, 1914.

had been making progress under Professor Napier since 1885, and in 1894 English had been established as an Honour School, but for one reason or another, and notably by the omission of the university to provide adequate teaching in literature, the new School had not developed as was expected. Raleigh provided the needed stimulus. When he came to Oxford in 1904 the final examination had been taken by 5 men and 15 women; in 1922 it was taken by 70 men and 46 women. But his services to English studies in Oxford are not measurable by figures. More than any other Oxford teacher in recent times, he was the life and spirit of his School. He controlled it when he seemed, perhaps even to himself, to be exerting no control. To hundreds of his students he alone was the English School. Though the school is older than his professorship, the school as it was when he left it was mainly his creation.

Between himself and the colleagues who gathered round him there was always perfect confidence, and he was the more pleased that some of them had interests which he did not wholly share. It was sometimes said that one Raleigh was sufficient for any school, and that two Raleighs (had that been possible) would have given too strong a bias towards the appreciative side of English studies. The remark did not do justice to his admiration of clean scholarship, and to his insistence that it should be properly represented. He knew that every teacher would lecture best on the subjects at which he was working. But from the first it was accepted as a principle that every senior teacher, whatever his main interest, should not confine himself to any one period in his lectures, but should pass from century to century, partly as an example to the undergraduates who were themselves expected to cover a long range of time, but chiefly in the hope of preserving breadth and freshness of treatment. It was also understood that, while the school was still young, it should not be formed on any rigid scheme, but, as far as university requirements permitted, should be given the chance of taking its own shape. Raleigh

would never bring himself to speak in terms of examinations. 'All the English poets stand, like bright-harnessed angels, in order serviceable, ready to perform their assigned work, and to prepare the virgin's mind for examination'—such was once his comment on a scheme of lectures which was supposed to meet the needs of women students. He was therefore sometimes supposed to show a lack of method. What was not suspected was that the apparent lack of method was part of a deliberate policy. He had only one fear for the school—the fear that organisation and routine would in time reduce it to a rigid pattern. He may have been by nature a free lance rather than an administrator, but he was the ideal head for the new school of English studies at Oxford.

In 1911 a knighthood was conferred on him, as one of the Coronation honours, on the joint recommendation of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour.

His writings during his eighteen years at Oxford fall into two groups. Up to 1914 he was still concerned mainly with books and their authors. In 1907 he brought out his *Shakespeare*, the fifth chapter of which gives him a secure place among Shakespeare's critics, and three years later he won the unstinted admiration of ardent Johnsonians by his *Six Essays on Johnson*. To these years belong also his essays or lectures on Blake (1905), Thomas Howell (1906), Burke (1908), Eaton Stannard Barrett (1909), George Savile, Marquess of Halifax (1912), Matthew Arnold (1912), Boccaccio (1913), Dryden and Political Satire (1913), and Burns (1914). Then came the war, and thereafter Raleigh had little heart for literary criticism. His theme was the spirit of England. But it would be a mistake to think that the war produced any sudden change in his outlook; it only hastened what his intimate friends saw was coming. From the time when he completed his book on Johnson, certainly, and perhaps from the completion of his *Shakespeare*, he was becoming more and more disaffected with the ordinary business of criticism. He had

always indulged in digressions, and now he was welcoming every opportunity of escaping to the wider questions that were suggested by the political conditions of the day or by human nature as he saw it. Of his later essays he had written none with greater pleasure than his *Marquess of Halifax*, unless it were his *Burns*. The change that can be detected in his work was proclaimed in his conversation, and is unmistakeable in his *Letters*.

His last critical essay was written for the centenary of *Don Quixote* in April 1916, and it is significant that its real subject should be the 'two moods, the mood of Quixote and the mood of Sancho,' which 'seem to divide between them most of the splendours and most of the comforts of human life.' In 1915 he wrote the introductory chapter in *Shakespeare's England*, a book which he had planned many years before, and in May 1915 he delivered at Princeton University two lectures which were published under the title *Romance*, but they were based on old material. His *Don Quixote* was his only essay after 1914 in which he may be said to have broken new ground. The war was always uppermost in his thoughts. His American lectures were given in the intervals of speaking about England and the war; the chapter in *Shakespeare's England* ends on a patriotic note.

The main work of his last eight years began with his pamphlet *Might is Right* in October 1914. It was followed by addresses on *The War of Ideas*, *The Faith of England*, *Some Gains of the War*, and *The War and the Press*, and all were collected, along with his lecture to the British Academy in July 1918 on *Shakespeare and England*, in the little volume called *England and the War*, published in the autumn of 1918.

'This book was not planned,' he says in the Preface, 'but grew out of the troubles of the time. When, on one occasion or another, I was invited to lecture, I did not find, with Milton's Satan, that the mind is its own place; I could speak only of what I was thinking of, and my mind was fixed on the War. I am unacquainted

with military science, so my treatment of the War was limited to an estimate of the characters of the antagonists. . . .

'The only parts of this book for which I claim any measure of authority are the parts which describe the English character. No one of purely English descent has ever been known to describe the English character, or to attempt to describe it. The English newspapers are full of praises of almost any of the allied troops other than the English regiments. I have more Scottish and Irish blood in my veins than English; and I think I can see the English character truly, from a little distance.'

It is at once the shrewdest and the most humorous of all Raleigh's books. The lecture on Shakespeare and England proved to be too humorous for the graver academicians, but its description of the English character and English habits was sober truth none the less for all the amusement which it created. Those who judge Raleigh by his critical essays will never quite see him as his friends saw him till they have read his *England and the War*. He once said of it that if any of his books were to survive him, he believed that none had a better chance.

He had the keenest pleasure when, in July 1918, he was asked to be the official historian of the Air Force, and he accepted the offer with a sense of relief, for he had chafed at being idle in Oxford while his three sons were fighting, and now at last he felt that he was recruited for service. Many of his friends regretted that he should have undertaken this work. He appeared to them to have neither the training nor the habits of mind of an official historian who has to make his way through piles of papers and reports; they feared that he would be too much attracted by the picturesque, and would make every airman a hero. But he had no misgivings. 'No,' he said in answer, 'the best thing I have ever done was my Hakluyt, and this is on the same line, and it's really my line.' He now saw the spirit of England embodied in the Air Force. He passed the final proofs of the first volume just before he set out for the East on 16 March, 1922. It was published a few weeks after his death.

In the sifting of the documents he had the services of a most efficient staff, of whom he never ceased to speak with enthusiasm. His work with them has been described in some detail, and with affection, by their director, Mr. H. A. Jones, in *Sir Walter Raleigh and the Air History, a Personal Recollection*.

In 1919 Oxford filled to overflowing with the men who had been fighting, and they crowded to hear him. They gave him a new zest in lecturing. But it was a strain to lecture to these men on Mondays and Fridays and to spend the middle of the week at his Air Office in London. And lectures were not all. He accepted every invitation that he could to meet the undergraduate societies which were springing up or forming themselves afresh; and there was much new business to be attended to. 'I lead the life of a defaulting debtor,' he said, 'chivied by people who behave as if they had lent me money.' His method of lecturing became still more informal—a few facts, the reading of a few passages, comments, and observations adapted to the experience of his audience, and breaking at times into sheer fun. When he thought of using old lecture notes that had been carefully arranged, or written out fully, he found that he had grown away from them; they were a hindrance and not a help. Sometimes he would prepare what he had to say in his half-hour's walk from his home at Ferry Hinksey. But in the presence of the men fresh from the front he would catch fire. No one could get quicker into touch with his audience than he, or hold it in keener expectation. 'Raleigh's not always at his best, but when he's good nobody can touch him,'—that was the general verdict.

Some of his friends doubted if he would ever return to writing about literature, and at most expected only short essays, in which he would have continued to show that literature is never to be thought of as an end in itself. From his own experience, and from his reading of the older critics (of whom Johnson had come to be his favourite), he held that if a man has anything important to say he can

easily say it in a few pages, and that the rest, though not without value, is of the nature of 'setting' and 'make-up.' He had abandoned all intention of writing a book upon Chaucer, who was the subject of one of his best courses of lectures. In 1900 he had spoken of it as the book that was to follow his *Milton*; in 1903 he had said that it was on the stocks.

Latterly he read little, and there were few books that he read through. But he was an adept in sampling a book or a manuscript. He would read a few pages, and turn others, and know all that he wanted. He had become an epicure in his reading, holding that the mind can feed only on what it relishes. Yet somehow there seemed to be few recent books of which he could not speak with knowledge; and though he might pretend to have no claims to speak as a scholar, he would continually surprise those who were engaged in a special study of a subject by his ease in discussing it, and by his references to books which were rare or little known. Nothing that had once interested him appeared to have been forgotten. His verbal memory was remarkably accurate. But he had become increasingly more interested in men than in books.

He was to be seen at his best and happiest in conversation, and there are many who think of him as the best talker whom they can hope to know. All was easy, spontaneous, and unpredictable. It was not his habit to talk for victory, or to pursue a thought systematically to its conclusion. Conversation was to him a game in which he did not wish to score so much as to play clever strokes. When he was in his best form, others were tempted to stand aside and watch; but he expected them to give him his opportunities, and no one could have been more appreciative of their clever strokes than he. At times it may have been difficult to keep pace with the rapidity of his thought as he passed from one ingenious image to another, or to see at once the reason of what appeared to be a sudden transition, but the impression which was always conveyed

was that here was an unusually rich and subtle mind taking its most congenial form of exercise. He was very sensitive to his company, and quick in adapting himself to it, and he liked to talk to all sorts of men, on all sorts of subjects. The charm of his conversation lay above all in his way of seeing things from a novel point of view and in the ease and zest with which he would defend what might seem to be a playful absurdity and show that it was truth. His witty observations on his contemporaries would not have come so pleasantly from a man of colder temperament, but one had only to hear Raleigh talk to know that there was not a grain of malice in his nature. Cant, pretence, and the doctrinaire view of life would invite him to bursts of intolerance. It was the passing intolerance of a very tolerant and large-hearted man who, with all his scepticism about progress and all its policies and programmes, never lost his belief in human nature, and never doubted that life is given us to be enjoyed. Something of this is preserved for us in his Letters.

He reached London on his return from Bagdad and Mosul on 25th April, and two days later was back in Oxford. He spoke of his experiences with enthusiasm, but complained of feeling tired. He was in the grip of typhoid fever of the most insidious kind. An operation was found to be necessary, but it gave no hope. He died at the Acland Home, Oxford, in the early morning of Saturday, 13th May, 1922. The funeral service in Merton College Chapel is unforgettable. His grave is in the little churchyard of Ferry Hinksey.

D. NICHOL SMITH

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

June, 1925

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THE LETTERS OF
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
(1879-1922)

THE LETTERS OF WALTER RALEIGH

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Burton Bank, Mill Hill, 4. 1. 79.

The fact that your letter contained nothing at all of importance did not lessen its value in my eyes as a token of kindness. I therefore beg to thank you for it. I wish you would collect and forward to me a list of the names of great men of all epochs of history, with reference to their stature.¹ I want to verify my theory that genius (or talent) is directly as the cube of the height.

Audio Cousinum Tommum te et sisteram Katam linguam Latinam docturum esse. Doubtless he will set about his task with all the courage of extreme youth, and that he may succeed, if it be not too bold a wish, is the fervent desire of your sincere

Well wisher,

W. A. RALEIGH.

If you like to come out here any Wednesday or Saturday, I can show you over my suite of apartments and send you back again, a tired and disappointed donkey—

I want the list of men. Hurry up with the Encyclopædia. Answer this letter on your birthday. I want to know how it feels to be 37!!!

¹ The question in this letter as to the stature of great men has reference to his own great height, which was six foot six.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

[London] Jan. or Feb. 1880.

Is not this a horrid blotty bit of paper? I came in a minute ago quite cheery like to Jessie, she's writing to you, you know, and I saw Jessie writing to you and I said I was going to write to you because it was a good opportunity you know not-with-standing its being ten minutes to eleven through Mother's not being in the house for she's gone on a visit to the Greenhorne's & so's father because he hasn't been quite well and Oh the paper well and I hadn't any paper because you know I never have and would she give me some and she said you are talking nonsense and you don't want to write a bit and said it was so upon my bounden head and all that and so she handed me a scrubby rubby little half note sheet & said You had better make a rough copy on that forsooth as if the letter wasn't rough enough without I made a rough Copy and I said no that blotty sheet will do, I do not mind writing on it for all that little splotch on the front this was not the other blotty sheet but a new one that I'm writing on now and I know you would not *condescend* this was said biting like to write on it yourself miss so she gave it me and I no sooner taken it than I overs with it & saw that horrid black "*praetextum superior*" on the back and she knowing it all the time and being that restraintive when wishing to be well rid of it so I felt like to up & with it at her trappald heed but I holds in my rising ire thro not having any paper of my own so that behoved me to usen what I could get, so I just said I would write to you and tell you about it and I just hoped you would give her a good rousing for *you* know what's right not only so you also *practise* what you know and would be sure to see how it was & how wrong Jessie is. Now. Oh she done another thing but I forgit. I tried to remember but I can't. She told me just now to go to bed but she often done that before so I just say Oh and go on—there's a pretty row in the house about the Grosvenor Gallery be-

cause teddy Tait he felt to want an outing one day because he had been made house surgeon because A man at the hospital said they choose their house surgeons as they choose their wives because of the importance you see so he said to Jessie he wanted to be taught what to admire & Jessie she jumped at it and said Oh I will take you to the Grosvenor And Walter he is going too making believe it was all to be kind and that and not because I knew the shops for buns & gingerbeer best and she said you may come with teddy and me and Oh! there may have been others but I have forgit so now this morning what Should come from teddy but a note from teddy saying that he was not well and so—it was through the hospital and he was going back in march and all that It makes me angry going so near that awful blot and so what was it o yes and so teddy could not come and jessie said very well we will be able to go any other time to me and my blood boiled and I said you be extremely careful miss you are treading on ground that will bring you to a bad end—Jessie loquitur Where's my blotting paper under your leaves I suppose now She's found it just under her own that's how it always is and I wish you'd come home I do and Oh Miss Shedlock has such a funny song ending that way ada and I sing the chorus only ending I do not know not about coming home or that and Jessie said I wish you wouldnt keep on singing that but do you know pray I am going on with the story now honie soit she that plays the principal part Im sure how many engagements Ive given up all for your day of pleasure and teddy not being able to go thro illness bless him's no reason for you to throw up our plan and say I won't go so she said oh! I'm sure I'm quite willing to go I shall be delighted in fact with great show of goodness but the spite lay hid beneath and I caught its gleam so oh now I'm afraid Yes—here I am on that shameful sheet I told you about don't you remember at the beginning So I got angry faw look at these "beathly thmudgeth" as dundreary would call them I didnt like going near it and I said well I think you

may call yourselves ladies remember I was angry when I said this but in justice to them which I would be the last to refuse they don't call themselves ladies for teddy's a boy you know or you may call yourselves what you please but I'm a plain man wasn't that jolly soundin and Ill tell you a "square unvarnished tale" metaphor by a poet from a pothouse table and suited the occasion and your nothing but a couple of cadgers and neither this or that which in point of fact they was so there Ive said it and do you think it was good of me not to notice going through those blots for I dont like it and oh! the papers done I must stop yours Walter but oh you must remember I was angry with Jessie then you know. Goodbye. I forgot to say yours affectionately but I am because Jessie makes no difference you see in fact all the more.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

*25 Silver Street, Cambridge,
atwix Monday and Tuesday.
The very "which"ing hour of night,
March 9, 1882.*

DEAR OWL

I have just come back from an Owl's meeting and got in the first stroke of twelve. Harold and Harmer left me near the door and made a bolt for King's. I don't know whether they got in in time. But you will know as soon as me for they will be in London to-morrow if they didn't. The meeting of the Owls was me, to "read" a paper on Romeo and Juliet. I had only an hour and a half before, which I had left myself to prepare in, so it wasn't much of a *paper*. But I am full of the play, and I believe men deemed it a success.—

Another thing, I went with Harold to a Mission Hall and took a class of boys on Sunday morning, I have promised to go next Sunday. I went at first under the earnest sollicita-

tions of the Superintendent who called on me, having rooted me out by my name. I think it must stop there. Of course when I say that I cannot come again the Superintendent will not express all he thinks about having put a hand to the plough and all the other normal Sunday School sweetness, so that I am sorry I shall not have a chance of justifying myself for I can't decently refute what he merely thinks. But it keeps me from King's Chapel, being from 9-45 to 11-45, and makes me teach when I ought to be learning, and puts me in a false position generally. For instance, they begin with writing copies and one boy at my table was writing "Stand fast in the—" as there was no room for the last word. Up flits the Superintendent to see all is going well, and in a quarter of a second jerks out "Stand fast in the what? Do you know what that word is? Well I'll put it up above, so as you may have it in your heart at any rate even if you don't have it in your copy. 'Stand fast in the Lord.' Now what does that mean? You don't know? Then ask your teacher"—all very fast and away he flits. Luckily the boy really hadn't the curiosity to make any inquiries at all on the subject; but perhaps a blaze of light would have visited the Superintendent's befogged brain when teacher had succinctly replied "I don't know".

Then in teaching Scripture, or at any rate the doctrinal parts of it, I don't see why reverence should not be the first requirement as much as in teaching Shakespere. This the Mission School frequenters, collectively and individually, lack.

I have put this down because—;

(1) You have written me so much bosh, that I must write a little myself, to keep my hand in.

(2) I have nothing to say.

Once there were two sailors in a boat on a stormy sea in the dark and they were drifting on. They had done all they could and thought they were near the land. One suggested prayer, the other demurred and said perhaps they would get in all right without. The first insisted, but just as he

was beginning, the boat grated on the shore. "Stop!" said number two, "don't compromise yesself."

I shan't compromise myself. Harold takes a men's class. Selwyn says I am being led astray. So I am.

Wed^y Morning

I went to play golf yesterday. Took Harold and taught him a little. Also Strachey son of the Indian man, who is the King's man I know best. I am writing now just to finish up and say a few important things——

Harold is going to open a College Debate on Friday in favour of Compulsory National Insurance and I am to oppose and wet-blanket him. Send me some Verulam tips very quick—I know nothing about it. On Tuesday J. R. Tanner is to have his debate at the Union. "That in view of present state of England it is the duty of every Englishman to be a teetotaller." It is my distinct intention to go down and make a blather against it—a speech, you know, as thumping a one as ever I can possibly manage. I have two essays to do before then, and the Sunday Class to take. So I am pugged for time. And one very seldom gets one's nights.

If I kept this letter much longer it would become a birthday one by sheer lapse of time. With regard to this birthday business, would you prefer:

(1) No notice took.

(2) A present, say a book, with inscribed on it "To dear &c. on her th. birthday," the number to be *accurately* filled in?

I will write to Mother soon.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

S.S. Demerara, Off Spain.

[Jan. 21, 1883]¹

It is Sunday evening and I have time to scribble a late

¹ In 1882-3, owing to ill health, he went down from Cambridge, and in January 1883 went alone to Italy by sea.

reply to letters in the past. We are all quite well, thank you—I and my beastly little family of fellow-passengers. We all appeared at meals in spite of rolling, after the third day. The Captain is a very nice man and read the English service at 11-0 this morning in the cabin. The crew were mostly drunk when we started but are now convalescent. The voyage is the most delightful of the passengers—I mean that you can spend your time looking at the sea and the sun sets every night. Besides if you liked you could write a novel bringing in the people, at least you could if you were a barrel of extract of Anthony Trollope. It might be a drawback to a novel to have no one in it who in ordinary life was fit to kick. No heroine either. But you could make a fair start on two bullet-headed Glasgow men for prologue or stage property, of bestial tastes and low understandings, confident in things. Then a young German with a fatuous moustache who reminds me of W——. I will not travel with this man on land. Then a stupid man who was once at Cambridge, with his wife, who has offensively little to say for herself. I feel inclined to say to her: “Defend yourself, you idiot!” She looks all right though. Then a gentleman of latish middle age who calls his spouse “Ma” in commemoration of an absent progeny, and the lady so designated with a bonnet surrounded by ragged crumples of many coloured starched linen. This old boy has been kind enough to say he will quite miss me when I leave the ship at an early date. I shouldn’t miss him, not even with a revolver at a hundred yards, trying my best.

Then a delicate middle-aged lady in whose face a disagreeable expression appears in consequence of little things, and a man who may be an invalid, but who carries his care of himself to a piggish extent, also thumbs my books and behaves superciliously.

These are my fellow-passengers, whom I do all in my power to delight and economise,—I will not criticise them. If I could select a new lot from the people I saw the week before I came away I should have a ripping old time.

But a sea voyage is very lovely, anyhow after two days, and we have had a moon the last few nights. I forget what you said about in your letters—John Bellini was one I think. Well, I may not be more than five days in Venice, but I'll enquire for him, and mention your name. The curious thing is there was once an old artist called Gyovanny Bellini who hung out in the self-same town. The reason I may have not to stop at Venice is, I am going to get off at Leghorn, and I want to make out Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Florence and Siena. About £1.0-0 will take me round these in railway fares, and I shall live as cheap as may be. I am awful interested in these towns because I shall see Tuscans, whom I know. Venetians I have omitted to study. When I get among these I shall keep a diary like thunder.

S.S. Demerara, Gulf of Lyons.

I stopped there. We had a lovely time passing Gibraltar, did not stop there, but passed it at about 11-0 steamed along on a blue sea in sight of beautiful mountain scenery. Since then it turned cold and rough—all the next day we did what the skipper calls "running along under the Spanish coast"—the Spanish coast however was not within sight so we might as well have run along anywhere else. To-morrow we get to Genoa—and have two days—there is a masterpiece of G. Romano's there also some Titians, Morettos and Rubens. At Lucca, if I go, there are almost all the works of Matteo Civitale—I wish a painter's works were always kept right where they are in his native town, I hate Rubens in Italy. Civitale sculpted, so he had more chance. Perhaps you have seen or know of two adoring angels in the Cathedral at Lucca.

I am now writing two poems, one I have written a line and a half (*these sound very well*) and cannot connect them with the subject, the other I have written two verses of, verses which contain three thundering lies on subjects of the highest importance. You never find out how difficult it

is to read poetry until you write it—the activity of the writer, compared with the lazy receptiveness of the reader, seems enormous, and see how impossible it is to please yourself so that nasty persons will not misunderstand. One has to read poetry with a big effort, to make it mean what one thinks it ought to mean, or else the poet is a fool. By the bye, I have written an Ode to Mazzini of about 183 verses in a letter to Stephen, but as there is a sort of latent humour about these, they do not count.

I have been reading Shelley for the first time and am ashamed of myself, not so much because I think *Queen Mab* a very inferior performance, for so many good people would agree with me there, but because I think the *Cenci* a play ill-constructed, over-wrought, false-toned, with great beauties of expression here and there. There is no one of the characters to sympathise with. Take *King Lear*, make him, with the aid of *Cordelia*, murder his two unnatural daughters, and when brought to justice, descant on how hard it is to leave life, you still have a finer play than the *Cenci*. An unnaturally vengeful old man may be a fine sight—but *Beatrice* is simply repulsive. If she had killed herself—no, there is no way to cook that play so as to bring in a spoonful of possible human emotion.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

*Pisa, Hotel Roma Europa,
January 31st [1883].*

I must write to congratulate you on the effect of your teaching. I find that, failing other languages, I am tolerably game at Italian. This is a very nice Hotel, it is new, or under a new proprietor, so not much haunted, and the only English I have seen were two American ladies who were at coffee with me this morning.

Yesterday at table d'hôte there were myself and four others, comprising an Italian, a German, a Swede, and a

Sicilian. The German and Swede both spoke a little English (*moltissimo poco*), and to each other fluently in German. The Italians spoke nothing. Three languages kept mixing themselves up, and it mystified a Frenchman who came in to discriminate *le cinque nazioni* which we toasted. I noticed a distinct advance in myself during the evening, but I am not a bit ready—I can frame long orations but cannot always answer the simplest question. When Italians talk fast or low, the words often sound like English, which is a fearfully annoying thing. I prepare little things to say to people—for instance the words “*molto troppo*” produce no effect on a cabman, but a simple adaptation from “Punch,” “Non mi occorre comprare il tuo cavallo” acts at once.

I am completely away from English, but yesterday I saw in a shop window “La Capanna del Zio Tom” (*Enrichietta Stowe*) and it touched a thrill—I have no idea why, but the title seems to me endlessly funny. The nigger dialect in Italian must be simply howling. I have not seen any farces about or I would buy them.

I was in Genoa for two days and went to the top of S. Maria Carignano. It is as beautiful a city as I hope to see. Did you go out to the Campo Santo when you were there? The Captain of our ship said it was five times as good as the Pisan Campo Santo. So I went, out of curiosity to investigate this psychological phenomenon. It is a beautiful place with monuments of merchants by Genoese sculptors—quite modern.

Speaking of this equation

Genoese C.S. = 5 Pisan C.S.

there was an old boy on board who would have delighted you. I had only ten fellow-passengers, and as there are berths for thirty we had lots of room. I remarked to him that our condition was better than if we had double as many passengers, to which he replied instantaneously and with exuberance “Better? Yes ten million times better!” The

rapidity of his mental arithmetic astounded me—especially as I cannot get at the rule of proportion that applies. But it must be a very serious thing at this rate to add a single one to the roll.

I have been to the Campo Santo once and am going again to-day. I liked the frescoes enormously. But it is annoying to have forgotten about the men who painted them—the Lorenzetti for instance.

I have bought a *Giornale per Ridere*, which when I find out the Italian for a stamp (I am running it down and half suspect it to be concealing itself, with great subtlety under the name “stampa”) I will send you. One of the jokes is that Esau sold his birthright for some lentils because he was shortsighted and wanted some spectacles. Ha! Ha!

By the bye, let me solemnly warn you against Baedeker. In a café at Genoa I wanted something to eat and the waiter kept on rehearsing dishes which I did not know. Now Baedeker says “The importunities of a waiter may be disposed of with the expression ‘Non seccarmi.’” Well, you can’t get behind Baedeker, I argued, so I employed this colossal engine, and the effect was instantaneous, the beggar went away and had the intolerable audacity not to come back. And while I am on the subject let me say that if you are in a Restaurant and are asked what you want and don’t care, it is as well not to say “ogni cosa.” It seems to excite them somehow, for the landlord comes with an estimate for the building and land and you have to plank down a good lot. But perhaps you know this already—one learns by experience and does not generally buy out more than two restaurant keepers.

I hope you like being a schooner¹—you will find the competition very yacht. I am making some puns which can only be seen by those who know three languages. I have got the scaffolding up and the work is progressing. I practise on bilingual puns. “Il primo piano” (a sequel to The First Violin) and so on.

¹ Mr. Strachey was reading with Mr. Scoones.

I am thinking of stopping at Lucca and Pistoia—there seems to be much sculpture there. The nuisance is one's luggage. If you want to write to me try Florence, Hotel du Nord, or Livorno care of W. Miller, Cunard Co. Agent.

P.S. I repent. I pretended to see that joke about Esau and carried the thing off with a laugh didn't I?—but what in thunder that seedy old patriarch should start buying up cooked vegetables for, because he couldn't see! besides it was the other chap that was blind—he of the moleskin gloves.

"Courtesy opens many doors," but you may curtsy before the door of the Duomo till your spine is as limber as an old postage stamp—'twon't open it worth a cent. Tip a dun, and you'll find yourself all there.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

*Hotel du Nord,
About the 6th February.
[Florence 1883].*

Your manuscript came to hand this morning, and was perused by the entire staff with profit and enjoyment. To-day I have been for a walk in the afternoon. I wanted a view of the city and made for a neighbouring knoll, which having scaled I found myself in Fiesole. I baffled some duns, as I did not wish to see the sights. When I first arrived here, I had an idea loitering round in my head that I was going to do Florence, but despair supervened and I am now at the other extreme and look principally at what I come across. I humbly know that you think me an awful beast for being there but be kind enough to remember the brute I thought you last winter. And I would give a good deal to have you in the city now. I have spoken to no English since I left the ship, and as they anticipate all one's wants at this Hotel have latterly opened my mouth only to give

vent to the monosyllable of assent. I love Italy too, but I cannot help thinking that it is impossible to love both Italy and England by any analogy. And if I had a mistress, she should be an Italian. There are the faces one sees in the galleries not infrequent in the streets. The Italians themselves are not all that could be wished, rather commonplace bestial some of them. By the bye it was quite a surprise to me to see some banns of marriage stuck up the other day. I had forgotten that the institution existed in Italy.

I went to the Uffizi today and am confirmed in my prejudice in favour of Tuscany as against the rest of Italy. Correggio simply harasses me. I like the *della Robbia Adoration* in Colvin's course much better than his in the Tribune.

The people I am most interested in are those I know least about: Sodoma and Signorelli and Strozzi and Guercino and Leonardo. Take out Guercino and these have a great deal in common. If you write to me at any time in the future I wish you would just tell me what it is about Guido Reni that is to be condemned beyond the age he lived in. Sensationalism, perhaps.

I have good news from Cambridge to the effect that there was a young man called Carew who when his accounts became due convened all his duns and paid them at once. A curious course to pursue! The voice of calumny however asserts that instead of acting with so laudable and just a promptness, he "said he thought he would pay a year from that day," which it goes on to comment was on the face of it a statement absurdly untrue.

Sadder features are presented in the story of an individual about whose chequered career little is known save what has just come to hand.

There was, to tell the dismal tale briefly, a young man whose remarks, of a more or less formal nature doubtless and delivered continuously on the general subject of Arks, treated chiefly from the antiquarian's point of view with diagrams of and comments on celebrated historical speci-

mens, and especially Noah's, had a quite unexpected and alarming effect, for I regret to say they roused some very large boas who in conformity with the usual habits of these animals had been, for the past three months, asleep in contiguous parks. The dismal sequel requires the graphicity of the pencil rather than of the pen. I have tried to put this little tragedy into fit poetical form, but the task is a difficult one and I leave it to you. Not so, however, a more inspiring story which comes from my native land, setting forth in rhyme of a bold and telling construction a signal example of noble conduct under trying circumstances, presence of mind, unselfishness, conviviality, patriotism and high resolve not to pamper a wholly idle curiosity all these qualities I say manifested simultaneously. *Lux e tenebris*. There was an old man who was seen to turn to a livid peagreen, and when they asked why made a speech in reply proposing the health of the Queen.

To pass to the next piece of news, I see in *Galignani* that there was a young chappie called Sam who thought fit to ejaculate "Damn!"

I am grieved to the core and can tell you no more about this young person called Samuel. My feelings prevent also my bringing under your notice the case of the Arab called Fatim (—the details are painful) a rhinoceros came up and ate him. His distressed relations console themselves with the fact that a reporter was there with his table and chair and took down his last words *verbatim*. Interesting matter too concerning a young lady called Mabel whose conduct was rather unstable must be suppressed both from its intrinsic unfitness for publication and because even were it of a more sober character the tale of that depraved youth who possessed the name of a certain prophet has quite unnerved me.

DEAR STRACHEY,—

I know you will pardon all this. I got into it if I remember rightly some pages back, and have taken too long

in getting out. I think I got in to escape from rambling about artists—about whom anything I ever put on paper must be so enormously qualified as to be worthless. Florence is delightful, I am going to stay a week more in a pension. I think I have given up Siena. Unfortunately I am in that lamentable state of mind and body that while I recognise what I see as very beautiful and the climate as perfect, in a judicial sort of way, I myself derive no very perceptible pleasure from them. I am not sure that I ever took pleasure in seeing pictures. I always want to go back to them, however, so perhaps I do.

I believe a brother of mine is staying with you—indeed he seems to have incorporated himself into your family with more or less completeness. Give him my fraternal greetings. I hope he had a high old time at the Beckian Parliament. (Look here: if I make any mistakes in spelling refrain from scoffs, because I *know* how to spell every word that has been invented yet, but the pen sometimes goes wrong.)

I shall be here at least a week and then go to Livorno and Naples. I am now off to the Uffizi. The principal thing I have not seen is S. Lorenzo and Medici chapel. Your tip is in none of the guide books—gratitude. Also the Viesseux, which I am ashamed to say has failed. A man glared at me with such pertinacity as I went in and out and came and arranged the papers when I was in and glared at me again, that I agreed with him to pay 3 fr. for a week's immunity from his stoney stare. And as I use the place a lot it is best. It must be perfect to live in a *Villa* at Florence.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

1883.

If you like it try the "Castle of Otranto" by Horace Walpole. That is the best stilted romance style I know. "Well may the blood" says an expiring Viscount to a peasant youth who has fallen in love with a Countess and

been recognised by a friar as his son, the friar thereupon proving himself a duke, and the detection of his son arising from a mark on the son's neck, which was being bared for execution,—“Well may the blood which has so lately traced itself to its source boil over in the veins”. (The boy had shown signs of annoyance.) I never saw anything like that before. The killing and stabbing and the wonderment produced as to why all the characters stay about the old castle, (most of them have no business there), when at least three quarters are searching for the blood of the other three quarters for monetary reasons or for none! There are three discoveries, I think, of long lost children and no end of supernaturalism; all produces a gorgeous effect.

I also read again Silvio Pellico's *Prisons*. I read it once at Granton—a lovely book (same edition) and Adam Bede and a French Novel and other new works. I like all Adam Bede immensely except the extremely inartistic plot.

Geo. Eliot loves to draw self-righteous people with good instincts being led into crime or misery by circumstances.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Guy Fawkes' Day,
Cambridge, 1884.

I send you a Review with an effusion. I wish you would come and see us soon, as you have never seen my rooms or your tablecloth, but perhaps next term will do.

I wish you would indulge in the portentous civility of writing to me. By the bye I think you or Mother might come up for a Tuesday this term . . . if Mother wishes to enjoy the elation of seeing a member of the family in the Chair at the Union, this is the term.

Have you told Tom¹ in what respect I am as good as he? Alas! I never hope to attain a more than formal or partial equality; still even this may chagrin him.

¹ His cousin, Thomas Raleigh, who had been president of the Oxford Union.

TO D. S. MACCOLL

Union Society, Cambridge, Jan. 20th, 1885.

The expected has arrived, and I have refused Beck.¹ I feel rather degraded and extremely depressed. Many people of very sound judgment united in persuading me not to go, without in the least encouraging me as to my prospects at home. What won was the feeling of my family, added to some doubts about efficiency owing to health, added to my strong predilection for a Cockney life. I was not convinced that it would be fair to Beck to take it as a two years' adventure. Besides all this, I have an unfinished education at home.

I do not know how often I shall regret my decision, to judge from the start, about three times a day. It is a concession to worn-out convention, misapplied family feeling and general cowardice.

I shall write to him by the next mail.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Cambridge, 4th March /85.

I have quite a little time before I go to O. B.'s lecture in which to write to you, I think it is better to strike while the iron is hot or while the post mark is fresh. I am interested to find anyone interested in Drummond, he rather eluded the intelligent British public; Jim Stephen wrote a Review and sent it to the *St. James's Gazette* to which he is a contributor, and neither the Editor nor any of the Staff had heard of the book² so they did not insert it. I was

¹ His friend Theodore Beck had asked him to go out to Aligarh to teach in the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College where he himself was principal. He first refused and later accepted this offer, going out to India in the autumn of 1885.

² *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*

annoyed for we both thought the book bad but had not told each other why.

It is impossible for Mr. Drummond to reply as you suggest on the question of classification without giving up his whole case. "There is a broad and all-important division between men spiritually alive, and men spiritually dead" would be what he says in this case "but which individuals of the human race are alive and which are dead, God alone knows." There is no more forcible expression in the English language than is afforded by the last three words for asserting that anything is wholly outside the scope of *Science*. The Science side goes.

A Law of Biogenesis involves division by characteristics fairly easily distinguished—Mr. D. lays down these characteristics in the chapter on Classification—they must be also of a kind distinguishable by anyone who has the ordinary complement of eyes and fingers. I resent nothing more in the whole book than the attempt to make the new Law cognisable only by the elect; the most luminous trait of scientific truth is that it is demonstrable—but how can a Law in the spiritual world which is outside my scope be *identically the same* with a law which is obvious to me in the Natural World?

I thought I had been tender at any rate with religious readers if not with Mr. D. I did not deny the existence of the Spiritual World, I did not impugn Calvinism in its proper province, I did not employ quotations from Scripture though I might thereby have made points with weapons that would have been felt. If I ridiculed the man, it is not the rancour of the oppressed boiling in me, but the feeling that he must have abused his scientific opportunities to remain the bigot he is—the "Intellectual Love of God." But you see circles are so widely different. I talk to no one who would not at once agree with me in condemning the book, and I felt sorry I had wasted demonstration on it. And it seems you talk to people who think it unanswerable. It is a rotten piece of sophistry and I cannot believe

that any really spiritual people have mixed up their spiritual life with Drum's hermit crabs so inextricably as to get it smashed when these horrid little crustaceans are trodden on. And you don't know how much I wanted to laugh at him a great deal more than I did.

I am a good deal depressed at the way people mix up their beliefs with unessentials. The probability of a future life, the existence of God, the case for miracles, the validity of conscience are all hopelessly muddled so that if I say that my conscience is not justly called the voice of Christ, I am excommunicated from the sympathy of people with whom I am in the deepest accord on essentials.

I am glad you have good music—so have we, only I haven't much time. I am tired of the ruck of people and pine for a year of hermitage leisure and occupation and limited circle.

Besides Capel Cure I thought of going to see Selwyn for a few days at Easter at Liverpool.

I fell out of a boat last Saturday, eight others were in it who fell out too. Last debate of the Decemviri was held in the Prince's rooms. There was a "rag" afterwards or general free fight which we all enjoyed. A great many other things have happened but books are as bulky as ever and I have less leisure than St. John.

I enjoyed acting Evelyn in "Money"; it is Macready's part in a five act play and I rather wished to see if I could act.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Cambridge, March 21, 1885.

I was burnt out of house and home yesterday by my clothes catching fire from a match in my pocket and I kept walking along making remarks on the extraordinary variability of the English climate "for today," I said, "it is certainly unbearably hot". But on taking my handkerchief out of my side pocket I found it fringed with brown and large smouldering brown gaps all about it. I at once

took off my coat conceiving something to be wrong. I then found that the coat was on fire and that the damage had also penetrated to underlying garments which had a hole the size of an orange extending its frontiers. I lost a coat by leaving it in an eight which was upset on the river the other day. If I do not come to a bad end I am at least unfortunate in my *close*.

I am going to play golf for Cambridge against Oxford which will be good fun.

P. Wales was up here today and came to King's Chapel, where he got prayed for. Perhaps I might manage to come at Easter: shall I try?

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Cambridge, May, 1885.

To Leila

Love, there is but one May,
All other months December,
When that is passed away
We only can remember,
For false astrologers in vain
Predict that it will come again.

But thy fair image, dear,
Within, about, above me,
Arrests the flying year
Each moment, if thou love me,
The sun himself, if thou but smile,
Delays his usual setting-while.

Could Love desert his fane,
Thy form, and leave it vacant,
Would rather I had slain
The sleeper unawakened!
Ah, perish then when he is not,
Or be eternally forgot!

It would be doing me a great honour if you could find these words suitable to set to music in the Old English fashion. I meant them to be flowing and lucid, but I fear the last verse is somewhat packed: the idea is that of Love sleeping on the altar in the temple of my lady's heart, he is awakened, but if he leaves the place my curse lights on him and I would rather destroy the pile, than leave it blank and hideous. I should like the additional notion of my distaste for seeing him houseless by the destruction of his shrine, but there is absolutely no room for it without that contradiction in terms, a long poem.

There are here just now S. H. Butcher and his wife, Eleanor and some other friends. I love him. We had a good time on Saturday night discussing patriotism at the Apostles, he was excellent, lucid and valuable. Give my love to Ada. I have her roses, which now fade but have been wonderful. I send you a bad photograph.

Beck has been here for some days, I believe he will take me with him after all. He offers a bone (work and appreciation) the shadows must be very palpable ghosts to make me drop it. I like some of the people I see in England (my family for instance, whom it is not pious, in the classic sense, to leave) so much that I shall walk in a dream for some time if I leave. But they have a distracting effect and I believe solitude in India might act as the hardships of youth have been said to act on historical great men, beneficially.

TO HIS MOTHER

Cambridge [May-June, 1885].

I have given an ultimatum to Beck under these two conditions:

1. That I shall not begin till October.
2. That between himself and me (the formal bond is for 18 months only) I shall not be considered guilty

of the shadow of a meanness if I come back in 3 years. Bad health of course would excuse any earlier retirement.

He has accepted these on his own responsibility. So unless his old Syed objects to the first condition (Beck is telegraphing to him now) I shall leave England in September. I cannot say I feel any regret, now that I am going, that the decision is so made. It relieves me of anxiety about my degree, gives me a definite object and takes me away from a great deal that I am glad to leave. It also makes this summer in prospect particularly fair. I do not think I should be at a disadvantage in beginning life in London again at 26 having done some little good and gained some little experience. MacColl is almost that age now if not quite.

Gosse of whom I have seen a good deal was kind enough to dissuade me from going. Professor Hughes and his wife too, who are the nicest people, said they thought I did very well as I am. But they do not quite understand.

Of course I am appointing Cardinals for the next few years to fill any possible vacancies. The decisions I have come to I shall forward (from courtesy not obligation) to the anti-pope.

P.S. I find in your letter that you say 2 not 3 years. But understand if there is any formal objection—as that I am not suited for my work, or that anything at home calls me back, I can hold to the formal engagement. If on the other hand I am of the utmost use, healthy and satisfied with my work, it is then that I have plainly said I may leave in 3 years. Partly this, because I believe 2 years not long enough to become familiar with the country or with any language, as Arabic, that I might select to learn. I am sure you will find it more satisfactory to have the company of a Professorial Nawab in three years than that of a struggling journalist now.

TO HIS UNCLE, LORD GIFFORD

One of the Senators of the College of Justice, Scotland

King's College, Cambridge, 1885.

I have at last taken your advice and decided to go to India for at least a year or two. My plan at present, which will of course be liable to be modified by circumstance, is to remain there two or three years.

By way of duty I shall have to teach about 40 Indian youths, chiefly Mahommedans with a few Hindoos, English Literature and as much Logic and Philosophy as I feel equal to. The attraction of the post to me, I confess, lies quite as much in the opportunity I shall have of acquainting myself with Islam, as in the prospect of imparting Western lore, or introducing English habits and tall silk hats. If I stayed three years I suppose that would be time enough to get some knowledge of Arabic.

I am going to start in September; there is a good deal to do before that. I hope to see you in summer if you will let me come and stay at your house.

I have to furnish myself with sun-helmets and that sort of thing; as well as with books (which I will look about for at Messrs. Grant and Reid's shops) to use in instruction.

When I come you can tell me what you think about it all. The College I am going to is an interesting one; it is the result of a spontaneous movement towards education and occidentalism on the part of the Mahommedans.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

*Granton House, Edinburgh,
Aug. 19, 1885.*

Alice is doing a musical birthday book, 365 composers and Sullivan for the 29th of February. This has introduced the b.b. mania into the house and it is at fever pitch. Agnes has the "Supernatural Birthday Book," a different fairy, kelpie, troll, or wraith for each day and I have what I

believe to be the ne plus ultra of birthday books. It is a book which only those whose jaded appetites find no further interest in Shakespeare, Tennyson, Martin Tupper, and Stopford Brooke Birthday Books will fully appreciate. There are 758 ways of cooking an egg which together with the method of leaving it raw (1) makes 759. Of these I select 365 for my "Egg Birthday Book". If you are averse to complex and elaborate receipts you must apply early.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

London, August 24th, 1885.

I have written ten letters to-day including one to Beck. I am not at all excited but feel exceptionally dull. My recipe for banishing apprehension and depression is to think of each action in relation only to its immediate effects.

Thus the step which takes me on to my ship is only a muscular action like any other, and when I get to Aligarh I shall have been away only a month. Foresight I employ, but feeling I restrict to the past which gives it a mellow quality and prevents my being a fanatic. I dare not hope anything at all.

TO HIS MOTHER

*Gibraltar, S.S. "Ancona,"
Monday, Sept. 7th, 1885.*

Having missed the opportunity of preparing a letter for the firm but wary grasp of the pair of tongs of the health officer who took letters ashore at Gibraltar, I make up for it at once by anticipating our arrival at Malta by some four days. And this in despite of the fact that a sunset is taking place on deck and that the attractions offered by the company of my fellow-passengers are there displayed. Ten of these got into wobbly row-boats with their baggage, and went off at Gibraltar; among them four Spaniards natives of Gibraltar who talked and laughed with brawling

loudness and gesticulated like circus clowns—This habit together with their unclean methods of feeding got them disliked and they were called “the Scorpions” in vulgar language.

I am quite familiar with everything up to now but Malta will be new and Egypt and the Red Sea will be “more new than good” I fancy.

This morning we had athletic sports, three legged races, hopping races, and cock fighting at which last I distinguished myself; after repeated victories I was defeated, after some successes, by one Vincent, financial adviser to the Khedive of Egypt and very muscular and cunning with his feet—besides being an estimable person in all ascertained respects. There are a lot of people going to Egypt on board, a Mrs. Graham wife to Colonel Graham whose name I seem to remember in connection with the Soudan, and a Major Besant, a man about my age who is going to toil up to Dongola in command of Egyptian troops. We have pretty good times on the whole, although only a dozen people turned up at dinner when the bay was at its worst. There is a sweepstake on the run every day: the particular sweep who gets up these stakes is a civilian at Assam. I hate him because he reminds me of Browning (Oscar). Not that I do not like Browning and not that I am not fond of being reminded of him, but I always hate the remaining qualities of a man some of whose qualities remind me of Browning (Oscar). So I hate this man. He is a terrific egoist, and his mind which was constructed to contain nothing but himself is bulging and creaking at every point with the strain of so tumid a personality.

I must go and put on a coat instead of a Holland jacket for dinner.

We saw the African coast with its rocky hills cloud-capped all this morning, and I felt a burning desire to get a row-boat with a tent and guns and provisions and explore the place for a fortnight. I daresay I will do it sometime. There are lots of pheasants and monkeys to eat: I am hazy

about the inhabitants. As for courage in going to an unknown land, I am beginning to find India a bore—I know too much about what it is like and I want adventure. Besides my particular problem lacks local colouring viz. how to cram a well worn subject into a given number of unfilled heads. Cashmere however still tempts me.

Wednesday. Today we have been in sight of the African coast all the time. It looks awfully interesting, rocky peaks wooded right down to the water's edge. The temperature remains at about 80° under the awning but I find my cabin awfully stuffy: it is just beside the engines and I suffer in a rough sea because then the port has to be shut. Otherwise it is rather nice to have the chance of shipping seas.

They tell me our cabins will average 100°. This is all at present.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Granton House, Nr. Edinburgh.

[At Sea] Sept. 27th, 1885.

I think perhaps a letter is due from me to you because of course I cannot get one from you directly I reach India unless it comes in this ship with me and if I wait till a fortnight later you will not get it until two months after the time when you posted the letter which will of course reach me by that time and to which mine will be an answer. But this is an answer to it too, only that I do not know the question; a trifling objection when I tell you that this letter is going to be of so comprehensive a nature as to be a proper answer to any question. Some people however have highly specific minds, and a general answer does not content them. So I daresay it will be better for me to divine (which I can very well do) the particular points on which you seek information.

You want to know how I like India. To tell you the truth I have not got there yet, but I daresay by the time I get on shore and post this I shall know all about it. If the

climate is at all like the climate here at present (by here I mean the Indian Ocean. I left the touching mistake at the top because I knew it would not mislead you so far as to make you search the house) I shall hate it without qualification. Muggy and damp and warm, clammy and very hot—you can finish it yourself, to the tune of the Song of a Shirt.

There is a good deal of singing and playing on board here. The piano is on deck, which acts as a sounding-board and makes it heard all over the saloon. Two or three people perform two or three pieces incessantly, there is also, not a non-musical, for everyone is that, but an anti-musical party. The pro-musical party consists of the doctor and a youngish Irish lady washed out and frivolous without being in the least clever, who plays some set pieces exceedingly badly. Then Poohba sings us a song now and then, very flat. We have the Midshipmite and the three jolly sailor boys and so on—Marzials and Molloy and Weatherley with Sullivan and Hatton occasionally and Odoardo Barri and Marzials and Marzials. So you see there is a good deal of variety and we are all very sick. From being a disappointed performer I have turned critic and am a distinguished member of the Anti-Musical party. The extravagance of the musical party drove me away, for they are also the Public Pest Interlingual Recital Association Unlimited i.e. Poohba gets a French novel and reads it aloud to an audience of one *in English* very slow and loud with many pauses and metallic hummings and hawings. I wish you were here, because shipboard could be very pleasant indeed with the right people, but to see so much of and be so intimate with God knows whom, is a satire upon family affection and friendship.

It is interesting to be in Arabia at all, if only in an English corner: to see the desert and rocks stretching away inland. I am Arab mad. It is unfortunate that with a feeble and at this moment prostrate constitution I find I have an inordinate love of adventure. To sail down the Red Sea is like

passing lovely woods and valleys in a train from Birmingham to Paisley. The Sinai range was the most important group of hills we saw. It is extraordinary to think that magnificent barren hills like that, overwhelming in the inhumanity of their desolation, should have suggested nothing of wider scope to the children of Israel than the somewhat fussy ten commandments. The only one worthy of the place is the first. As for "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods,"—it is positively ludicrous to think that this was the cloud-born inspiration in a place where man is an accident and an atom. Mahomet *does* express the place—"The burning, what is the burning? When the earth shall be rent and the heavens crumpled like paper"—and so on.

I think of coming home as a mild adventure by Bagdad, and Damascus, via Bassorah and the Tigris. But I must make enquiries, and indeed to form the plan at all I shall need more strength than I have at this moment. I have had to write this dull letter in pieces I get so giddy and exhausted.

Give my love to Uncle Adam who shall hear from me when I get settled down in my Profial chair which I hope is an arm-chair and not a one-legged stool.

I shall have a horrid dusty hot journey up-country.

As to music, learn long difficult pieces well, not potty show pieces. Once perfectly learnt, forget, and learn others. This tip is worth a guinea, being specially free from worldliness. And perhaps you had better write to me.

P.S. If you get this I am alive in Bombay at least, for I shall keep it in my pocket if we sink tonight.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, Sunday, Oct. 4th, '85.

I left Bombay on Tuesday night and arrived here on Friday morning early, but so many things have happened

to me since last I wrote that I feel in despair about ever communicating my experience. More especially as to-morrow I begin, and am plunged into three hours lecturing a day without books, which will not be here for three weeks, and the excessive inconvenience of not being able to talk even to my servants to give orders makes it imperative to learn Hindustani at once. I have picked up several phrases which I shout with gusto, ordering iced water or saying I want to go to bed.

As we drove yesterday evening to see the town of Aligarh and went through the crowded strange streets, Theodore pointed me out a flight of birds bigger than ravens, but which were not birds at all, but bats. But to that point of readiness for the unusual had I got, that I displayed very languid interest and could only murmur "To be sure, eighteen-foot bats, of course." I cannot accordingly promise that I shall have time to record it if I come across sights so comparatively inconspicuous as of an oyster walking upstairs or of a snake erect engaged in devotion by a temple.

I travelled by train for two nights and two days and saw and heard much: from a Mohammedan station master, from an English horse jockey, from a young officer, from a Parsee: and others.

I saw many strange animals. At 6.0 Thursday evening I got to Agra and met Theodore and Amjad Ali who took me off while there was light to see the Taj erected by Shah Jehan as a token of affection to his wife. It is a marvellous sight in the evening light, the glowing shaded marble surrounded by dark green trees in the gardens and set off from either side by the red brick work of symmetrical mosques. The platform on which it is built looks straight down on the Jumna, a broad murky river which curves away down past the town and spacious fort. We heard a Hindu youth who was bathing away down below singing a love song in the most nasal melancholy and prolonged fashion: Gaelic chants intensified and disharmonized. The words which Amjad Ali translated were certainly strikingly humane as

compared with the tune: they delighted my Principal so I transcribe what we caught of them—

“Though you are at a distance you are mine, for I have you in my heart and you cannot escape me.”

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The other excerpt that reached us wailing on the breeze might be freely rendered thus—

A kiss of my fair I requested
And to answer she was not alert
When I stole it at once she protested
“Your desire, Sir, exceeds your desert”.

Thus sang the Hindu youth and washed himself withal and wore few clothes. And when it was evening the sun went down behind the fort. So we returned to the hotel well-pleased.

We had breakfast here at about ten and in the afternoon we went to see the Syed ¹ who is just recovering from an attack of fever, common at this time. He received me awfully nicely and warmly, and we sat and had coffee on his verandah, with his son and the Arabic professor Mohamed Akbar who cannot speak English. Except for that it is one of the most congenial Societies possible. I pine to know Urdu to talk to this fine yellow robed professor.

Things flew on. I have seen and talked to two of my classes and called at ten houses in the Station. There are lots of beautiful trees and the whole place is very green just now.

And an elongated sulphur wasp with two long pendant legs from his neck is fizzing round me. Punka-a-ah and it begins and he goes. Loathsome insect.

¹ Sir Syed Ahmed Khan. The founder of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh.



WALTER RALEIGH IN INDIA, 1886

To D. S. MacCOLL

Aligarh, Tuesday, Oct. 19th [1885].

I have been here a fortnight now and intend to select a few of my experiences to communicate to you. It is a curious sensation to look west at the setting sun, and to know that the most interesting mass of land is in that direction—Egypt, Palestine, Europe. (In spite of which I find the people in the churches here turn to the East when there is no longer any considerable East to turn to, and thus form a sort of queue round the entire world. From where do they expect salvation?—they are all looking different ways. But the world itself turns to the East in just as mechanical and illogical a manner—perhaps it is an instinct of matter. Good Mahomedans turn to Mecca, and lay their praying mats pointing that way.) The most startling thing here is the quality of the light, especially in the evening. Coming through Rajputana a 5,000 foot hill wooded to the top looked like a hill in Sussex in height. There is a period of about half an hour every evening when the same weird seizure afflicts me, and I have to pinch myself to prove (it is not a proof) that I am awake. In the glowing dull light, material existence loses its harsher qualities; then it is that the dusky skins set off by white or coloured turbans justify themselves most completely.

There has been a festival, now over, lasting for about a fortnight in honour of “the incarnation” Rama. He was incarnated about 1000 B.C.—the son of a King. Theodore delights in the festival in a purely holiday way—it is a sort of Bank Holiday + 100 (Guy Fawkes’ day) and a great deal of juggling and fireworks on the most stupendous scale goes on. Its meaning as a religious exercise is not so obvious. There is a sort of simple miracle play which goes on some hours every day for a fortnight with conventional acting and explanatory chanting of the Ramayan.

The King of the monkeys helped Ram to conquer the

King of Ceylon who is burnt with his wife in effigy. A careful enquiry puts it in my power to state that there is no allegorical meaning. Ram actually lived, and was an obedient son, but pretty indifferent otherwise.

I went with Theodore on a painted elephant which the Collector kindly lent us, in procession from the dusty and sandy plain up through the narrow streets of the town to the temple. It took many hours, stopping every hundred yards and forming circles for the display of feats with fire or sword. The streets are very narrow with open mud shops below, and above two windows to each house, and a narrow ledge, on which people sat, running along outside. The women were crowded on the top of the house about 16 ft. from the ground. Behind, an occasional solitary policeman in blue clothes and red turban stood out against the moonlight, a sort of pelican on a chimney stack. The streets were crowded, not room to move for people, many carrying torches and magnesium lights. Behind us came the King of the monkeys and his cart; in front went another warlike character personated by a real man dressed with an inhuman gold and blue visor and borne on a palanquin. He had toy weapons, a bow and arrow and huge tinsel hatchet with which he threatened the people on the roofs. We had some mock passages of arms with him from our elephant. By nine o'clock the rear of the procession with the god Ram, his wife, and brother, reached the temple and went in, and the streets cleared by magic for the Mahomedan lamentations for Hosein had to begin. The two festivals fall together and when a lachrymose Mahomedan meets a festive Hindu there is a death, so the officials have to make careful arrangements as to times and streets.

I wish you were here; riding on an elephant is very pleasing, and no words can convey the effect of the crowded streets and roofs, and dusky light shops and clear moonlight.

One's students are on the whole satisfactory, the range of personal merit between the two extremes being fearfully wide. I have been quarrelling with Theodore about whether

I am to teach them philosophy, which I am loath to do at present.

Let me hear from you.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Aligarh, Oct. 24, 1885.

Thank you very much for the quotation from Berlioz, it is splendid crushing matter. The elephant has danced and the test of good dancing hereafter is the crash of falling bridges. No one ever thought that an Italian opera was better than a marionette musical box. But what a very nice thing that is.

Bhagwan Das (a dear thing) a Brahmin, one of my college pupils, has a taste for European music—English music he calls it. He is passionately fond of it and means to learn. He confided in me that he had heard pianos at English stage plays and liked the piano best, but a piano was so costly, and the poor thing hoped to get a concertina—which he liked too, and then perhaps a flute. I thought this very sad and suggested a violin, but that he thought would cost too much. His ambition otherwise is to have 30 rupees a month given him for 10 years and books and teachers so that he may be free to reflect on philosophy; but he is not rich so cannot command £27 a year (or 30 R a month) without a profession. He came in yesterday and showed us the position recommended for spiritual abstraction, the legs crossed like a tailor's only with the feet above the thighs, the thumbs in the ears and fingers on the nose and closed eyes.

Jogis sit like that for days and he believes in jogis and their blessedness. Sometimes they stand for years in one position, their arms supported by the bough of a tree, and fed by admirers. The mental experience of a man whose sense experience has not varied for twelve years must be quite as interesting as the tales of explorers. It is a sort of exploration. He is puzzled by the problems of existence and

wishes to get hold of the *prose* works of Shelley, Landor and Byron (!). It is funny to see the English influences and the Hindu temperament together. His father is a pundit and wishes him to ask for help in any of his difficulties from the paternal mind.

I lent him the novel about Spinoza and some other books. I constantly deride the popular religion of Hindus and encourage him to read the Vedas. He sees the weaknesses of the worship of Ram and Krishna quite well and says his father has promised to teach him Sanscrit when he leaves College. I cheer him on to this!

The last episode of the great Ram festival took place the other night: the installation of Ram on his victorious return from exile.

It was in a great canopied hall in the town and lasted all night. We went at ten and came away at three a.m.

After the installation of Ram which we saw from chairs given us close up to the throne at one side, the entertainment of the evening began: Nautch girls first, one at a time with three men accompanying on drums beaten with the fingers, and two native fiddles. The native fiddle is small and is held neck upwards. It has three or four strings: only the top one is played on, the others supply a continuous drone, double stopping all the time and varying the drone now and then. On the bow hand are bells which are rung by a sharp shake of the hand now and then in playing and mark the rhythm.

It is very impressive music—much repetition of a theme which resembles a Brahms theme exaggerated with quarter tones and frequent shakes. The shakes come down flatter than they went up: intentionally. The nautch girl dances and sings—the whole beauty of the dancing consists in rhythm, you do not see her feet and she hardly moves at all, about an inch at a time; the chief skill lies in the serpentine motions of the extended arms and fingers. It is disappointing at first, but there is a certain drowsy poetry in it.

Between the nautch girls a company of farce players or

fools gave an extempore entertainment with as little preparation as my cousin Margaret's husband would require to supply a similar delight.

I saw my beau ideal of a jester or fool—a true genius. He was stark naked except for a cloth wrapped round his loins, one end of which trailed behind him on the ground and as gaunt as Edgar in *Lear*, every rib sticking out clear. His face was gaunt like that of the typical American and a short beard hardly perceptible on his chin. His black hair hung in limp rat tails almost to his neck. He held out his thin arms from his sides and walked with more than human dignity. I never saw such immense and impressive dignity. He could change in a minute to maniacal laughter or deathly fright. This man, unaided, acted a carriage and pair which he drove in state, which ran away with him and threw him off, a boy letting off fireworks, the timidity of the boy, and the sputter and failure of the Squib being well done. He then pretended to get one of his arms lighted and acted a Catherine wheel in a way that made me roll with laughter. His burlesque of a nautch girl and his obvious high opinion of his personal attractions was quite as funny. Then there was a short play;—he applied to another member of the troupe for the post of servant; he said he had been offered the post of Prime Minister at Hyderabad so he did not care for a menial post, but he would try being bottle washer. After much bargaining, during which many difficulties occurred occasioned by his pride, he said with intense dignity that it struck him he was better than his master, so they had better reverse the positions. One of the difficulties of the case was his unsurmountable aversion to doing more than one thing, as became his dignity. “I will be your ‘chaprasi’ and go errands for you” he said “provided you supply another man to come back, which is not in my province.”

We mean to have him and his troupe to the house some day for an entertainment—you had better come on a visit. The inestimable jewel is a native of Aligarh.

A man danced on swords and other nice things took place. We were treated with the utmost consideration; and refreshments, betel nut and cardamom and native sweets were handed round. When we liked we went aside into a swept and garnished little room at the side and smoked. It had white walls and was lighted by little earthen lamps stuck in niches in the walls. I am teaching an M.A. Student in Philosophy and have to read for him. He is a Pathan of Afghan family, captain of the cricket club and a dear good creature; very warlike in tastes. Besides him I teach Shakspeare once a day to B.A. students, and Helps's Essays to less advanced people. Twice a week I lecture on Psychology which is nice and laborious to get up.

Every afternoon for an hour before sunset I play tennis. Sometimes I go round to see the Syed, and Mahmud his son who is completely Anglicised and a high court Judge, drops in here (Beck's bungalow) about once a week and talks for three or four hours.

It is getting cooler, the middle of the day is tolerable outside now. I am on the look-out for a riding horse. I mean to buy one and a good one if possible. I want to practise for the ride from Baghdad up the Tigris Valley which I mean to take before I see you again.

I hope Tom is getting in for Edinburgh. Tell him never to believe Mr. Lal Mohun Ghose or R. B. Haldane on the subject of India. He would only have to see the population of Aligarh (60,000) to know at once—

- (1) That they are on the whole happier in their desires as well as in material subsistence than the English working classes.
 - (2) That they have none of the tastes of the Anglicized Bengali, and a real liking for good Govt. and pomp rather than for a share or vote, which they are not fit to exercise.
- and lots of things besides.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, Oct. 30th, 1885.

All your letters as I get them apply to periods of a remote, an almost geological past. Seated comfortably in Theodore's nice house in his nice armchair and my feet elevated on his nice table, the thermometer at a temperature that all the consumptives, asthmatics, agnites and general hypochondriacs are pining for in England, to wit 75° , I read in your letter a description of a young man, presumably myself, worn out with fatigue, living in a comfortless house, overwhelmed in teaching work. Look on this picture and on this. An excellent house thank you, but I am getting a little ashamed and am trying to get into mine. There is a carpet down already in most of it. A carpenter promised to make me some things but he then went off and thought for a week and until I could learn Urdu oaths it was difficult to put a period to his reflective mood.

As a matter of fact I enjoyed the journey up-country extremely. There is interesting scenery all the way and as comfortable a bed as could be wished for at night. I travelled with some good friends of mine, a Mr. and Mrs. Keene, most of the way. They had a first-class carriage and I had a second-class one and I spent most of the day with them. As for getting things arranged I have now about 9 servants (I never counted them exactly) and they can do one or two things. My cook is a painted fraud. He says we eat a quarter of a sheep every two days. Meat is about 3*d.* a lb. so this is not so expensive as it seems, doubtless however he lies. He drags in the quarter sheep on alternate days to prove it. This of course only proves that he *buys* one every two days, and the bill proves that we pay for it. But who will swear that this is the last time it is bought and how can the eaters be identified?

These questions do not interest Theodore, his method is to row the cook if the monthly bill is above a certain amount: they do not interest me for I am engaged in reflecting

whether reason can supply any conditions of life for a disembodied spirit, and sheep confuse me. But they interest Cox.¹

In this matter I look to Cox. When he has done putting up the Chinese lanterns I shall ask him to look at my cook.

Since I arrived here I have got through Richard II with B.A. students and Helps's Essays on daily life with less advanced persons besides lectures on Psychology. I find Helps a mediocre writer of English and washy in matter, which is a disappointment. Richard II I was glad to read. Last night the Syed gave a dinner in honour of Cox and myself. About six of the station people were there and a good many Mahomedan swells and members of the Committee, about 20 people in all, no ladies of course.

I sat between Mahmud and a Bengali doctor who had passed several years in Russia and other European countries and speaks all languages. He appears an accomplished man without a spark of original talent, he is coming here to dinner to-night.

TO HIS SISTER KATE

Aligarh, Nov. 9th, 1885.

Considering that it will take three weeks for this letter to reach you it seems scarcely worth while to write it. It is like a will, all my convictions which express themselves here will be dead by the time you get it. It is very funny to get news of Cambridge—the native town of Aligarh is a mile and a half off and there may be seen the customs and manners of many thousand years ago, just beginning to be a little changed by spreading English influence. It is asleep here and Cambridge is asleep there. Theodore Beck the principal and principle of this college uttered a string of adjectives descriptive of *Genus* Don Cantabrigiensis the other night from his arm chair which I forget and wish I had remembered. They were so true. He said “sleepy,

¹ Harold Cox, then a professor at the M.A.O. College.

self-centred, stunted, pragmatic, precisian, sand-blind minds" or words to that effect. None of these actually, but by the bye I can swear he employed the term "doctrinaire." When he wants to abuse a thing he always calls it "doctrinaire," while my gravest epithet of offence is "practical".

A great many questions which I had always set wholly on one side have now become practical for me. One is the question of punishment. Perhaps you could suggest? my state of mind is curious,—desirous to punish, I am yet opposed to every special form of punishment on valid grounds. Punishment thus seems to me a thing highly necessary to be done but impossible, except in a way entailing grave evils. I will discuss each form: (1) *Imposition*. Spoils the handwriting and fosters a mechanical habit of mind. Besides my pupils have lots of time and do not care how they spend it.

(2) *Corporal Punishment*. Improves the very bad and deteriorates the sensitive and good, hence tends to uniformity, which I hate. Besides, negative action is the stronger.

(3) *Deprivation of food*. Lends colour to the theory that we live to eat. If we eat to live, lowers vitality and health.

(4) *Treadmill*. Not supplied by the College. Contract prices high. I really cannot think how on earth to punish anybody.

(5) *Dismissal*. Goes to rival College which clasps the patient to its bosom.

I like some of my students immensely. I have already contracted the air of being acquainted with very nearly everything. So to-day in doing Tennyson, who resembles every other author in this respect that I very seldom prepare him before imparting him, we came to the poem of *The Blackbird*. My eagle eyes espied the words "jenneting" and "espalier" advancing on me—these demanded explanation.

I thought first of a bold dash:—"espalier" of course was a kind of lance, for T. says to the bird the "espalier and standard are all thine own" and a standard is a flag, banner,

pennon, or ensign. In that case "jenneting" of course is a small jennet or Barbary horse. But why does the poet state that the blackbird's occupation all summer was to thrust his yellow bill into the jenneting, or small Barbary horse? One resource occurred. The blackbird I might explain was an English fowl corresponding to the vulture and living on carrion. It sat on the spear and flag and ate the horse. But then I perceived the exact phrase on glancing back "To fret the summer jenneting." *The horse could not be dead.* I was rid of the necessity of making the blackbird a vulture, he might be a blackbird, for the poet states that he drove his bill into the small horse merely in order to annoy it, and this is his "sole delight".

Words cannot express the lightning rapidity with which these considerations flashed through my mind. To appreciate all its grim possibilities you must read the poem, which is short. The student who had been reading it aloud now finished and it was my turn.

"Boys," I said, and I cleared my throat, "boys . . . this poem is called *The Blackbird*. To-day is Friday, your sacred day. It is not a suitable poem for a sacred day. We will postpone the poem. Kindly read *The Mourner* which comes next. Kalb Ali Beg, I am addressing you."

The blackbird is looming over me for to-morrow and I am at my wit's end to impart to it a sufficiently secular meaning.

I am hewing out for myself a method of teaching. Theodore and I have discussed the "Educationists." We think them, including R. H. Quick, Miss Buss and Oscar Browning, an infatuated class of people and their theories abandoned tosh. On this we are agreed. They leave out of their sciences the most important elements. Underestimating (1) all later education; as travel, which is more influential than tripos.

(2) All original differences. Their systems are little more than discussions about the right order of teaching the alphabet or the processes of arithmetic.

They also believe that there is an ideal education. Of course if there were, and it were found and practised, any other method would at once be better. They are "doctrinaire" if you like. One important quality in life they don't instil, ability in reading character and apprehending humans. Hence every senior wrangler I ever knew was either

(1) Conceited. A fault arising merely from obtuseness, and not knowing when your conceit is perceived and resented. All people think well of themselves.

or (2) Obtuse, treading on people's toes by dogmatism or silliness generally.

or (3) Oblivious of the existence of humanity. A rarer trait and rather a nice one.

The Educationist systems have done a lot of harm here in the construction of the Calcutta mill through which everyone is ground, with very little choice of subject.

My system is called the "Jack-in-the-box" system. The virtue of the Jack-in-the-box depends on the psychological laws of attention. Its suddenness of intrusion upon surrounding phenomena, and its abnormal ugliness at once rivet the gaze of an infant.

So I devise a new sort of manner of conducting my class every morning, pop examinations round corners, make them discuss with each other (limited this), change classes and repeat.

When I have got tired of this and have enough rupees I am going to Baghdad overland. My teaching really is a very small part of the interest of my life. I am going to try to found in the College (1) A moral Science Club, (2) A Hawking club to revive the sport, which is still to be found here and there in India. But I must get a horse first. Ram Pal Singh and Chunder Pal Singh (not brothers, merely same caste; brothers never have same name here) are Rajputs and swells and would join. We could not eat with them, but they are fearfully nice boys.

I have made this letter purely academic, next one shall

be about the influence of the decay of the elephant on the moral atmosphere of Hindustan (proper, not India) Or else on Cox considered in his bearings on the East. Or on the Anglo-Indian considered as one of God's creatures. He is asleep too, but his sleep is unhealthy in an artificial atmosphere—not like the good stodgy deep rooting slumber of the Vice Chancellor C.U. Cox is very funny. It grieved him awfully to find a man who lived on 3 rupees a month could accept no food from him, and while courteously giving him water, broke the vessel after. It pleased me awfully. I love the Caste System to look at.

"Social Democracy" means all pigging together. Here the so-called lower castes have just as much tenacity and self respect as the upper. My punctuality is making the entire staff jealous. People flock out to see me cross the College quad at the hour, and then go back to try to get ready their things in time themselves.

TO W. R. SORLEY

Aligarh, Nov. 16th, 1885.

Many thanks for your letter which reached me at Naples some two years ago. It contained news of Beck, his acts, and acting. I cannot do better than reward you in kind, although our friend's histrionic career is over and his acts are more sombre than once they were. This may be accounted for partly by the laws of human development, partly by the fact that Anglo-Indian Society, to quote the words of the late principal of this College, offers "neither pretty women, good music nor intelligent conversation." Which is true whether it be apposite or not,—and under the first head I am inclined to think it is.

I find the System of Education here simple and slack! In the first place the Calcutta Mill is much inferior to any English instrument I know of and all the students are ground through this at a lingering torture pace. Not only are they compelled to take two years over work that

cannot last more than one before each examination, but even the B.A. classes here had five hours every day of so-called lectures. Through these they slept, and were able under examination to pass by recalling their dreams.

When an incompletely educated person lectures for five hours a day the quality of his matter is not apt to be high. Originality and condensation have not been the cardinal points in the work of the staff of this College, up to now. And the Committee, who understand little, are apt to be shocked if they perceive that anyone is not under operation from some Professor or Lecturer for the full five hours per day. Calcutta sets *books* not subjects, even in mathematics. And accordingly the normal method of teaching has been to pig through the books at so many pages a day.

With a little pampering of the Committee we have the educational administration in our own hands. I started at once lecturing twice a week on Psychology.

In this subject they waded through Bain and nothing else. I am thankful to say I have a set of Ward's notes but I wish I had his Article in the Encyclopaedia. Is it published separately? And if you want to benefit me truly you will some day send me your syllabus for Psychology lectures. Knocking up lectures in a rough and ready way, I do not proportion the thing rightly.

Besides this I teach Shakespeare and Helps to classes of different degrees of intelligence,—besides other standard authors from Milton to Sidney Colvin.

My stupidest class is going in for its First Arts. The thermometer of intelligence in this college is graduated both higher and vastly lower than in an English School, I think. One old Mahomedan bigot with a protruding chin and firm set mouth who wears spectacles and a dilapidated fez, always blocks the way with questions. He will pass nothing he does not understand. Accordingly when Helps in one of his Essays says that to prepare business in full council was "as inappropriate as making love by Committees," he blocked the way with a stentorian interrogatory

. . . "Making love?" "Making love," I said, remembering that Latin, besides sometimes explaining English, occasionally conceals its unintelligibility, "means indulging in amorous advances" and I passed on. I was engaged in supplying annotations for a technical term in the next sentence, when the question "making love?" repeated louder told me I had not escaped. I saw nothing for it but an explanation. "Making love" I said "is a phrase indicating those protestations of affection towards a lady which are preliminary (I wished I could use the French word *préalable*) to an offer of marriage." I had defined the thing only in its most legitimate form, but I flattered myself I had nailed him. Marriage is understood here (half my pupils are married) if love is not. But the little prominence on the top of his fez erected itself more dogmatically into the air, and he asked "Why should it not be done by a committee?" No one laughed. The whole class seemed anxious to hear my answer. "In the West" I said conclusively "it is commonly believed, even by writers like Helps, that this matter is better done when entrusted to the person chiefly concerned."

Syed Hosein is the name of this old bigot—he is an attractive character in many ways, and once fought a man for affronting his religion. The whole scene took place with complete solemnity. No one smiled. The thing *is* done by family committees here.

I teach Afghans and Brahmins "with many between." There are a great many political questions here to be hammered out which cannot be delayed because the people themselves have not, broadly speaking, learned to put anything in question form yet. The questions must be ready for them. Send us Haldane here for a year and we will send you back something very like Salisbury.

The amount of Surprises in all directions here that wait for anyone who has discussed Hindus and Mahomedans till he is sick at home is immense—surprises on points of fact and not tending obviously, or by any process of infer-

ence, to be found in the silly Indian papers, to establish one principle. Lucas is coming to see us for a month. When he comes back he will talk "from the chair." Do not believe him—the thing is not so simple as Lucas. (—Would have it.) But the warning is hardly necessary.

Life is pleasant enough here on its material side, and the picturesque beauty of a native town is added to wonderful sunsets and new beasts and trees. Give my love to Whitehead and Wyse. No one yet has written to me before I wrote to him. Most not even then. Whitehead might pioneer this missionary movement if only to save me from cynicism before my time. You shall hear from me again and do let us know if you change your abode.

Tell me about you.

TO HIS MOTHER

Nov. 16th, 1885.

I am awfully fond of some of my pupils, especially Ahmed Hosein who is about my own age and going in for an M.A., and Bhagwan Das, a Brahmin, more spiritual and emotional than any youth I ever met. It is wearing out his body I am afraid, I know the condition exactly. He comes and pleads for books and devours them. I lent him a life of Spinoza which he revelled in, and to-day I read him the poem of the Raven which he listened to with wild excitement and funny little gestures. When he came in I was looking about a disordered room, (I have no bookshelves made yet) and told him to sit down, I was delighted to see him. He rushed and brought a chair and set it for me.

I. Please sit down.

HE (*troubled*). It is not in keeping with my ideas for me to be seated myself while you are not sitting.

I. Is it in keeping with your ideas to obey me?

He sits down, still troubled.

He is in a constant state of emotional distress, and told me that when he saw the sun setting (a mysterious sight

here) he sometimes thought of all the poor people who were burying their friends and this troubled him very much. The only cure for this sort of condition (which is mortal) that I ever found is gross animal pleasures. But as a Brahmin he eats only grain, and generally not the richer sort of that. All night he thinks about theological questions and finally he has a profound disbelief in pleasure of any kind. And when I asked him if he took no pleasure in the trees and sunset and air he told me what I have told you. A Missionary who is fond of him offered to take him into his family if he would conform, but the Missionary's exposition of the questions which trouble him did not give satisfaction. Theodore lent him *The Imitation of Christ* which he liked immensely. He dreads responsibility in life after leaving College; people will be dependent on him, he says, and what he would like really is for some one to give him £25 a year for 10 years and books and teachers. He may become anything in the way of a writer and philosopher, but the difficulty is a language. English, which he knows well, is still a foreign language, and Urdu his native tongue is not literary and commands no audience. So I am encouraging him to learn Sanscrit which his father, a learned pundit, can teach him. Cox is going to read Shelley with him, which will do Cox all the good in the world, or ought to. It is our emotions not our years that age us, and Cox is a baby to him. Theodore reproached him the other day with having petitioned to go off to Muttra by night with some other boys to see a cricket match and this after he had been ill for a week with fever. He placed his hand on his heart in the quaintest deprecatory manner and said "I know it was unwise, Sir, but the boyish spirit rose within me."

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh,

During the week and Dec. 15th, 1885.

I want to go to bed, but circumstances prevent. I am at Theodore's bungalow and the rain is coming down in

torrents and the lightning is doing its best and I have 400 yards to go. The more there is of to-day the less there will be of to-morrow, so I may as well begin a letter. Mr. Lucas is here staying with Theodore—they are both asleep in chairs in the next room—and the cause of the somnolence is that we spent the whole afternoon shooting over the plain. We saw a great many wild ducks and cranes and storks but there was no cover and it was impossible to get near enough to them. I shot two pigeons and Theodore shot a waterfowl and Ram Pal Singh shot a pigeon and that was all we got. The plain that surrounds this station is most picturesque and attractive, broad and barren with occasional trees and morasses. Today the sky was covered with clouds and there was some rain so that it looked like English country in early autumn. Next week the College Examinations go on, and on Saturday I start for Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta. I am going about as far as from London to St. Petersburg for a week, but I hope to see a lot of India, beginning with roughing it in tourist fashion about Lucknow and the temples of Benares and ending up I hope and trust with some decent English Society in Calcutta by way of a change. Theodore is going for a week to Patna to stay with Amjad Ali and to meet some Mahomedans of the old school who have never yet consented to meet an Englishman, and is then coming on to Calcutta. Cox is coming with me so far as our mutual tastes permit. We are all going to meet in any case at Calcutta.

We hope to pitch our tent in Cashmere all the summer vacation—it is I believe a splendid place, but the foot, equine or human, is the recognised instrument of transit. I saw Delhi a little time ago and described some of it to Alice. I should be glad to see Miss ——'s show, because I want to collect information about the Missionaries at first hand. At the same time, I have formed the *incipient* opinion that the position of women among the Mahomedans is on the whole better than their position at home, and as for their religion I should be loath to see it altered. Married

women have always held property in their own right. All that is best in the customs and feelings of the nation grows up involved in their religion, and the effect of what is called conversion is to substitute a new and imperfectly assimilated set of ideas, to which a part only of what is best is transferred. Just as the worst English are to be found on the Continent, so the worst Christianity is to be found outside professed Christian countries—blatant conversionism and crass ignorance united. There is very little chance of changing intelligent Mahomedanism into Christianity, for Mahomedanism refuses with much feeling any compromise with polytheism. Accordingly the missionaries will tell you that the Hindus are a better race than the Mahomedans—they are more plastic and open to “influence.” Judged from the point of view of a man who wishes to learn and does not profess to have anything at all to give to his fellow creatures for this life or the next except sympathy I should say the reverse was the case. And I should be very sorry to think that under present conditions I was preparing the way for Christianity among the students here. Indeed I believe that precisely in so far as I have influence or success I am making it impossible, for I do not think it likely that anyone who has been taught to reason for himself after being an orthodox Mahomedan is any nearer Christianity. He leaves dogmatic Mahomedanism on the other side so to say. Doubtless he approaches transcendental Christianity. But the only reason in practice for transcendentalising any religion is that men may keep the forms of thought and the practices which have become dear to them through time and association. A wicked proposal has been made for handing over Lady Dufferin’s medical fund to the missionaries and letting them work it: the Syed went to Agra the other day to talk to the Viceroy about it. If it is done the money has been collected under false pretences.

Our cricket team has just licked the cricket eleven of the Delhi Mission College (with three Cambridge men) by an innings. Cox went to Delhi. The other team were not

very nice in their behaviour afterwards—although they were entertaining our boys, they all disappeared and gave them no breakfast.

I am sorry my letter is so much controversial, I have nothing on earth to urge against Christianity as I understand it. But evangelical magic is as harmful as any other superstition. I have been defending the religion against Lucas who is a furious and outspoken Jew—not religious, but intensely national. He got my back up so frightfully by his view of the character of Christ that I almost *had* to attack Moses. I didn't, but I criticized the Jewish system and got him in a corner. He then proved that he was not in a corner, and quoted the prophets extensively. I tried to prove to him that Christ never taught the doctrine of eternal pain: but his objections would have done credit to the verballest dustiest arch-Pharisee of the sect. He propounded a loathsome doctrine and said it was Jesus Christ's. All the objectors to Christianity and most of its supporters do this. That is why I hate all its opponents and most of its supporters—intellectual hatred, of course. I fancy I dropped on his Judaism, though. I believe you like the Jews. So do I, in their place. Lucas is great sport, and a refreshing visitant. We mean to make him argue with Cox. Theodore is a support and refuge to an extent I had not anticipated. I like to get back into his society from any one else's.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Aligarh, 1885.

I have seen it all again, and lain on my back on the marble platform of the Taj, by moonlight. It is a lovely building without a doubt. Mahmud says it affects him as being the finest evidence of conjugal affection in the world. That is exactly the point I don't like to think of, it seems to me to be vulgarised by the fact that it is a tomb erected by a widower.

I hate parties who pile trophies to prevent other parties from forgetting that third parties are dead. Besides the old sot left money for another for himself, but his son Aurung Zebe bagged the bullion and shoved the governor beside his late lamented in the same old diggings. I am not losing my nationality you see.

I will now tell you a joke of Jim's.¹ He concluded an attack on Christianity conceived in the spirit of the Stephen family by saying "the poet has remarked that Heaven lies about us in our infancy, but I am not one of those who see in that a reason why we should lie about Heaven in our old age."

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Aligarh, Feb. 20, 1886.

We have a judge here who is an epicure. He asked Cox to dinner and was disgusted to find him a vegetarian and teetotaller. He spends much of his time dictating new dishes from the most advanced cookery books to his servants: he translates them as he goes along and then criticises the cooks' efforts. He gave Cox some solemn advice about the conduct of life, "Always do your frying in butter", and "You have been feeding until now, begin to *dine*". I went to dinner with him the other night and the menu was Parisian. He refuses invitations because so few people understand a dinner. "A menu", he said, "is not a thing to be lightly undertaken." He is a great Arabic scholar as well and on the whole rather a character. We rolled the tennis lawn here, did Harold and I, the other Sunday while the people rolled along the turnpike on their way to do their praying "out of books,"—that is what strikes the Mahomedan about Christian prayers. It certainly is funny to keep on reading what Mr. Cranmer thought. We did this because our bhishti or beestie refused to roll; he has half an hour's

¹ His friend J. K. Stephen.

work a day pulling up water for baths and drink. But it did not convince him he ought to, he has "caste prejudices" (always handy to keep by you). "Caste prejudices" is a word Herbert badly needs in the matter of morning Church—it beats conscientious scruples hollow in its awe-inspiring qualities. I am going to haul him and wig him. Our methods with our staff breed a certain insecurity of tenure, but they put our backs up beyond description. Our old cook said some marmalade that had been sent us by one Mrs. Slater was good marmalade.

WE. How do you know, do you eat it?

COOK. Na, but A can see weel eneuch; hit's got the look o't.

WE. Taste some, it *is* rather good. (With sudden generosity.)

COOK. *Hiz* doesna touch *your* food.

WE. Why? (With rising indignation.)

COOK. Hit's no permettit to the elect.

WE. Then how is it that Maulvie Amjad Ali dines with us?

COOK. Hoot awa'—he's no a Mussulman.

WE. On the contrary, a very good one.

COOK. Aweel, that maun appear on the great dy.

WE. Syed Sahib is a Mussulman you will hardly deny, and we frequently dine with him.

COOK. Mussulman here, Mussulman there, he disna' dae "pooja" (prayers).

WE (retiring from a weak point in the character of the greatest man in India). The Maulvie Sahib at least prays five times a day.

COOK. Aweel A'm no for ereckin' ma creature judgement to the heights of speritual pride: but a'll no resk it, I'se warrant ye.

WE (only we didn't know enough Hindustani for this last speech). Go to, you are a fool, ignorant alike of good feeling and the true history of your own religion. Your godless great-grandfather departed from the traditions of the

prophet and adopted the wallowing system of caste as a hunted pariah will refuge in a sty, while open handed and free-hearted Arabs to this day eat with any hungry and needy stranger. You steal our dry tea and reject our cooked food, pampering your noxious body on the first and thinking to save your soul on the second. You sniffle at meals and give tithes of all we possess. You are dark, for there is no darkness but ignorance, in which you are more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog. Fie on you, dishonest Satan! You will be damned into everlasting redemption for this.

We let him go to his daughter's wedding all the same.

I am getting rather sick of seeing none of my friends, I suppose that will go on getting worse. I wonder that bold ballad-like things are not more often done. I might sit in this house for a hundred years before anyone would come to look for me, disguised as a minstrel. It is our own fault that life is prosy. We are too much afraid of losing it to dare to experiment.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, March 9, '86.

Our bearer spends his time in reading the Bible to the two gardeners while they work. I mean the Hindu Bible, with wood-cuts of Ram and elephant and monkey fights and gods with four arms and trunks. I suppose it is improving. The Hindu religion has one striking feature: it does not mix up morality with itself. I think it was a mistake committed a good many hundred years ago to mix the two, for morality becomes adult and independent, and religion is unjustly discredited.

The Vedantic and philosophic Hinduism appears to exist only in the brains of two or three highly educated white men. Amjad Ali came and had dinner with me alone the other night and yarned away for hours about the prophet, and told many nice stories about him. He made his daughter give up all worldly possessions. It may interest

you to know that Mahomedanism is making very rapid progress in Africa: it is by no means dead, as you would admit if you saw some of our boys shouting the call to prayers instead of leaving it to the servants.

The old Syed has taken to attending College Prayers, which has created a great stir for he was always reported to be an infidel. One of the members of Committee has offered him 1 rupee for every attendance, so he says he can earn enough for a scholarship for one of the boys. He is anxious to sell all his past as well as all his future prayers, the price he asks for these first is 4 annas or $4\frac{1}{2}^d$. The orthodox Mahomedans with that charming generosity of imputation which distinguishes the orthodox in every country say that he is approaching his end, and is afflicted by fear. I remember similar lying stories about Voltaire, circulated in tracts.

If you are at Granton give my love to Uncle Adam, this letter is for him too if you like.

We are discussing our plans for Kashmir and have the most amusing and fundamental differences. Cox says it is absurd to take a tent, he means to stay in the villages. These are mud and wattle and few in number so he has at last agreed to a tent. When Theodore suggested moveable bedsteads he was very shocked and said he means to sleep on the ground. I am in a difficulty for I have set my heart on going to Khapalu in Little Thibet. It is only ten days march from Rawal Pindi to the capital of Kashmir and we have more than 2 months. The objections to going to Khapalu are that it is only a name on the map and absolutely uninhabited country has to be passed to reach it. Inaccessible mountain ranges appear to cut it off from mankind. But it is only 130 miles from Srinagar and I mean to go there if I can. The vale of Kashmir is a lovely place, I believe, with some fine ruins. I want to strike across from it to the uppermost part of the Indus valley where Khapalu is. The name attracts me. Cox says we might come down the Indus in a boat. The objections to this are

(1) The Indus is not navigable at that part.

(2) The Hill tribes are robbers and assassins.

So that must be put off.

We are thinking of holding some cheapjack meetings in Amritsar and Lahore on behalf of the College.

I hope Uncle Adam is well. I settled not to come home this vacation for it seems to me unlikely that once home I could prevail on myself to come out again.

TO HIS SISTER KATE

Aligarh, March, 1886.

There is a splendid Rajah here: he has come from the hills to marry his son, his encampment takes up an aliquot part of the province. Theodore has called on him five times; the first three he was out, the fourth he was at his food and appointed the morrow morning any time after nine. So T. got on our joint horse and tooled around at 10.0 but an officious policeman stopped him at the outskirts of the tents and said that his highness was weshin himsel and coudna be fashit. Theodore came away indignant: the idea was to interest him in the College by discussing the education of Rajputs or persuading him that the College had been put up in his honour. The Rajah has given away about 50,000 Rupees in alms on the occasion of his son's wedding. The son is being married to one of his own caste, the daughter of a small Zemindar who lives in a mud house in a village near here.

Our washerman came for his wages today and asked for a month's pay in advance because his father was dead. Harold unfeelingly remarked that that ought to lessen the family expenses. It then appeared that he has to entertain his caste-fellows at a huge feed which will cost each man of his family more than a year's wages—about 100 Rupees each. The bearer explained, "Not only is it a sad thing for this man," he said "that he has lost a father, (he's no

carin for that) but in addition it is a sad thing for him that he must spend so much of his substance on entertainment." Of course when *any* father dies he reaps some advantage, there is a universal stuff. The funeral rites of these people reduce many of them to poverty. So I gave him his rupees after Harold had told him he was a fool to ruin his prospects in this manner.

I came across the news of the death of Bradshaw in the papers just now. I am very sorry, although I never knew him very intimately; he was a nice element in King's, for he kept clear of College squabbles and lived in an atmosphere of his own. They will not get another Univ. Librarian as good. It is a curious life,—Eton, and then rooms on staircase D. at King's for the rest of the chapter.

A mongoose *will* live in my house. If I go into the room he is in, he goes into the next. He kills snakes, it is his essence to kill snakes, without killing snakes he can neither be nor be conceived to be, so I don't much mind. But when he stands on his hind legs on a drain pipe and watches me on the sly, as if he were a Russian spy, or I were an interloper in the house, or as if he had a mortgage on the premises and feared arson, or I were a lunatic given to drink, or as if I cared to play hide and seek all day, or he were in any respect qualified to exercise a salutary moral vigilance over the most degraded of men, then and not till then I begin to feel curiously exclusive towards him. I once saw one kill a cobra, he nipped in and crunched its head with his delicate pointed teeth in the most elegant fashion. If the cobra gets in first of course it is the mongoose who has not time to make his will.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Aligarh, India, March 20th, 1886.

Again we have two holidays for the Hindu feast of "Holi", a sort of Spring festival or carnival. The town is thick with people running about and throwing red and yellow

paint over each other. Everyone stains his face and clothes a brilliant carmine or ochre. I cannot quite make out the cause; I asked Chander Pal Singh, but he said: "Sir there is some reason in fairy mythology for all these customs. I do not know the mythologies." He is contemptuously indifferent to the rationale of his religion, but he may be seen at this moment covered with gamboge all the same. It is no matter what you believe if you keep up the customs, so he is devoid of superstition but goes on keeping up his.

The other night I went to dinner with the other two to a Mahomedan gathering in the town. The Prime Minister of Patiala and his brother were there. They have been staying with the Syed. They came an hour late—there is no fixed hour for meals in Mahomedan households—and we sat and waited. We were the only English. The room was a truly Eastern one with one side open to the air and square pillars dotted about supporting the roof. I sat and made up some sentences to say to Mustapha Khan who is one of the gentlemen about the place, a tall portly person with a black beard, beaming with benevolences. I met him first at Theodore's, when he brought his baby to show—a boy about three with large round lustrous eyes. On that occasion he sent away the child with a servant and stayed on himself talking. I did not observe its dismissal, so now when I see him I always ask if he has found his baby and express sympathy for its loss. He invariably thanks me and replies that it is found. I explained this time to the company through Amjad Ali that Cox had been a labourer in England, so that good manners must not be expected from him, (his manners are excellent).

We had dinner in a large room, hung round with glass texts from the Koran: at one end of the room over the host's head was a specimen of English illuminated printing which ran

THE

Mahomed Yusuf (name of host)

Pleader of Aligarh

seen above his head it was ludicrously like a ticket on a wild animal's cage describing the genus and species.

I sat myself next to Amjad Ali near the bottom of the table. The Syed explained to the P.M. who sat next him that Beck and I should sit one each side if only we knew Hindustani. I like sitting next to Amjad Ali, he is quiet and observant and whispers nice remarks. All the dishes were Mahomedan, some of them extremely nice and some spiced and peppered up to the intensest limit of taste. An old retainer of the house sat the other side of me, a poor old tutor with bare arms. They are very democratic in that way, a king has to stand in the presence of his former teacher.

Beck admires the P.M. He is a full faced portly reticent man, rather short, with immense haughtiness of carriage: a really consciously pompous bearing, not at all like the unconscious dignity of a free man under an open sky. He raised an army of Sikhs in his State at the Mutiny and came to help the English. He has done other plucky things. A dinner at the College was given in his honour (he is a generous supporter) and Theodore and Mahmoud poured eulogies on him in speeches. Now it is all over and I have still no means of knowing that he is not an extremely vain man, possessing brute courage. He made one delicious remark. Mahmoud read aloud to him an account of the London riots, translating it into Urdu. He knew it would surprise the P.M. and detailed how 90,000 people had gathered and listened to seditious language. The Prince asked if they were still alive and on being told they were, only replied: "Bad management."

Personally I do not care much for that tremendous sort of Eastern bearing. Theodore has a sort of puff ball manner in the presence of Eastern inferiors which is doubtless judicious, but I cannot give up the off-hand way I love. The tremendous way with inferiors necessarily accompanies an excessive bowing and smiling when a magnate is introduced. I do not mind how low I bow but I will not

smile to a man until I have some means of knowing that he is not a paltry fellow, and most probably not even then.

I went a long ride with Harold on a bicycle and C. P. Singh (or Charles Polson) on a tricycle yesterday, it was the first ride I have had for more than a fortnight since I was disabled by falling off. The old gee likes galloping at a great rate best. We started at 4.30 under a blazing sun, and rode out about five miles. We had nothing on our heads but cricket caps but I find this doesn't much matter at that time if you are really exercising pretty hard; you would feel it if you sat still.

As we passed the ripe corn fields we saw crowds of monkeys standing among them like greedy wicked little men, pulling down the ears of corn, stripping them and gobbling. Monkeys are sacred, so are bulls, and it is an act of merit to turn loose a bull-calf on some anniversary, he then wanders over the country, spoils any amount of crops and gets very fierce. But the Hindu is religious if he is nothing else. I love riding, but the blazing flat country (really beautiful just now with crops and trees) is very sad. The air is dry and hard and dusty. Nature is too much for one; it is impossible not to fear her a little and so superstition seems natural.

Sunday.—At this point last night I went out on to the verandah to have tea with Harold. There was a lovely full moon and our garden shone under it with clustering rose bushes and trees with giant blossoms. I was engaged in explaining my view that India is the most romantic of countries if the human material were not absolutely lacking (and without doubt it is difficult to produce a voluminous religious effect with one penny whistle even in the noblest cathedral) when sounds of revelry and clapping struck our amazed ears. The bungalows for the Hindu boarders are scattered about between our garden and the College, so we sauntered out, and found the Hindu boarders entertaining a select number of the Mahomedans. There had been

speeches and we came in time for the last. It was about the necessity for brotherliness between the two communities and so on. They all got up and offered us chairs. Then there was a magic lantern show given by the wizard Charles Polson and the assembly broke up. We went to the Mahomedan boarding house with some of the boys who promised to show us the royal game of Khabardi (pronounced Cubberdee). Md. Anim the vice-captain of the cricket eleven, a very gay and dashing little person with a fez and a moustache, was most active in organizing this. It was 11 o'clock and most of the boarders were in bed but it was one of a series of holidays so we felt no compunction in countenancing the game. Md. Anim went round the cloisters pulling people out of bed and shouting at the top of his voice that he had sweetmeats to distribute (which was not the case). A contingent of twenty was soon raised. One boy he brought to me limp with sleep and said: "Here is a boy very fond of playing Khabardi".

Then we began. It is a sort of wild prisoners' base with touching and collaring and daring the enemy on his ground. In the midst of the riot the Manager Maulvi Mahomed Akbar suddenly appeared. He stood in the full moonlight and everyone shrank on all sides. He lives in the boarding house to look after the fellows, and possesses I should judge a good deal of authority. I could not catch the whole drift of his remarks but I gathered that we were all condemned to have our dinner an hour later than usual for five days. I felt quite guilty—Harold and I were in whites so he had no idea we were there. We came forward and explained by interpreter that the game was got up for our benefit and that we did not know it was forbidden. (It appears that it had been played till 3.0 a.m. on the previous night.)

He was apologetic and gave leave for the game to go on, so we played it a little time more: I expect it surprised him to find his two superior professors in scanty attire shouting and running in sport about the quadrangle.

So I wrote to convey my regret this morning. It must be a handful to keep them in order, they are all so fearfully independent and some of them with a genuine recklessness I admire.

We are going to have Charles and Roger Polson in to play cards this evening. Orthodox Mahomedans object to cards, so we generally avoid asking them. I wish you could see Roger Polson. He has lovely eyes and a straight-forward, fearless and utterly unpractical expression. The beautifullest people in the College however are the Civil Service Class, all about 11 or 12. Two of them are of extraordinary beauty. They each have a set of rooms just as if they were grown up and refuse to do their preparation together. For the rest, you never see one of the three alone, they go about as if on a chain. They have the most winning manners, very shy with us but I believe they rag the Reverend gentleman (Maulvi Amjad Ali) some. He treats them very loftily and parentally, and whenever he sees one boxes its ears, but not that and not his thin beard, —which he wears, he says with a diplomatic frown, because “it makes one look grand,”—is sufficient to prevent their disrespectful jokes. He is five feet high and very lofty in his ways, except when we put him on the top of a book-shelf wrapped in a coat too large for him. I tied a bunch of roses to his fez the other day and sent him home to his wife (who says he associates too much with the English and talks too much about them) looking exactly like the March hare.

I forgot to say a very important thing: the brother of the Prime Minister is about 40 and speaks some English. He will not smoke in the presence of the P.M. out of respect. On the little finger of his right hand he wears a huge seal set in gold and about the size of Hymns Ancient and Modern without music, small Church copy. You feel this great thing thrust into your hand when you try “to shake hands” as you shake it. I am getting the lid of one of Cadbury’s cocoa tins attached to my finger against that time when I

may meet him. If only one could get hold of his, one might declare war or pardon Patiala criminals.

TO HIS MOTHER

[*Aligarh*] April 6/86.

It is a most astonishing spectacle, Christianity in India. Some twenty people with a few dressed-up Eurasians to go and sing and hear a sermon in a little whitewashed Church every Sunday, the sermon generally being about the "chosen people" once led out by the hand of God into the desert but now driven out by overpopulation into bloody conquests and the multiplication of fat appointments.

Now these people either believe (as they say they do) that eternal salvation and happiness may be won by belief, and a life modelled thereon, or they do not. If they do, it is certain that they make absolutely no efforts to give this salvation and this happiness to the 60,000 inhabitants of the town who go on buying and selling o' Sundays, and offering flowers to Vishnu and Ram just as if there were no difference between Brahma and Jehovah! Herein the missionaries are more respectable. But on the other hand one sympathizes less with them, perhaps, from the impossibility of understanding the inextricableness of their mental torsion in believing the aforesaid little dogma about conversion and belief. What is the difference between the two doves: the dove at the baptism at Jordan and the dove who whispered inspiration into the prophet's ear. They are both pretty fables; only, most intelligent Mahomedans do not pin their faith on their dove, and I fear many intelligent Christians do on theirs. But the ridiculous thing is to suppose you improve a man by shoving him from one religion into the other. There is no great difference between them in merit; each has points in which it is much superior to the other, and personally I prefer the Christian. I fail to see how aggressive orthodoxy can arise in either religion

except from evil human passions, tempered by intellectual sloth.

I would not trouble to say all this, but India makes the thing so very clear in the concrete, which seemed to be so in the abstract.

TO HIS MOTHER

Moradabad, April 25th, 1886.

We started off for our holidays yesterday afternoon and at present are staying here with a Hindu Rajah who is deputy Collector of Aligarh but whose palatial family residence is here. Our train left at 7.0, rather an auspicious day to start for Kashmir—Shakespeare's birthday and Good Friday. Theodore is not sentimental on the subject of days and seasons: when I told him it was Good Friday he only remarked "I wonder if there are any *buns* in India?" and lapsed into a long reverie. Of course there are not.

When we got in our small covered pony cart to the station we found there were only two first-class carriages. Each one is a long oblong room with bathroom attached, very luxurious after English travelling. But the brother of the Nawab of Rampur was going to see the Nawab 15 miles from here, so he occupied one. When a great man travels in India he always has five or six retainers incessantly about his person (indeed he never is alone at any time of his life). Five followers were in the carriage preparing hookahs for him or engaging him in conversation. Great men, little and big, talk to their servants very affably on all sorts of general subjects. We were introduced to him and he professed his intention of sending his son to the College.

Into the other carriage we got and filled it pretty well. The reverend Maulvi was with us. Then a Baboo ticket collector came up and said that a Commissioner of a province was coming and we must make room. I knew the man, having met him at Aligarh, and I knew he had a fearful official swagger because of his paltry dignity. So I was

moved to observe that we had taken tickets and seats and that there was a fifth bed which Mr. Commissioner could make up for himself between door and door. The Baboo made difficulties and seemed to expect Amjad Ali as not being a European should turn out. This stirred my spirit and prompted the further observation that we were new in India and it made no difference to us whether he was a Commissioner or a militar (sweeper). He should get civility but not our beds. It is customary I believe to mention the archangel Gabriel under circumstances like these but the Baboo was not up to Scripture allusions.

The creature now arrived and proved more accommodating than was expected, so we took him in.

I know of nothing so romantic in everyday experience as an Indian Railway journey. Crowds of poor people of many different races at the Stations and between, the train going along at a moderate pace so that one can lean out of the window and see the plain like a sea around one, with dusky figures moving about here and there. It favours reflection quite as much as the sea and is as quiet. We had to wait two hours at a junction, so I lay down on a blanket on the ground by the station and slept. It was (and is) deadly hot. We arrived at 4.0 in the morning.

We were met by the sons of Rajah Jai Kishen Das (best pronounced R. Jackson Dyce) and found we were to stay with him. Our original inviter, a nice old lean learned Mahomedan, called Maulvi Zainul Abdin, had sent a man to the station but the Rajah's offspring had sent him away saying that we had promised to stay with him. We did not much like this, but they are strikingly hospitable people, so we came with them just now and mean soon to go to our Mahomedans.

This house is a palace. It consists of one enormous courtyard surrounded by pillared rooms leading into each other. One side of the house has been made over to us with a bedroom and bathroom each, and a big pillared sitting and dining room in the middle opening on to a verandah

slightly raised above the courtyard. The ceiling is supported on cusped arches very elaborately designed in a sort of hard smooth plaster. There are traces of European influence: high gilt mirrors thickly decorated, and round above the arches at the top of the room about twenty fashion plates of say 1840 framed, and pictures of Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, the Duchess of Connaught and a Roman Catholic print of the "Sacré cœur de Jésus."

Our hosts are high caste Brahmins and so cannot eat with us or use any vessel we touch, which fact emphasises their hospitality. They are glad to have us; the eldest son explained to me this afternoon that most of his English acquaintance refuse to believe in his friendship as he will not eat with them. Of course it is impossible for a Brahmin to give up his caste until he has some intimacy with English people. So far as Hindu Society is concerned he would be giving up religion and almost life.

The Rajah is a liberal-minded man and runs down the Brahmins justly. He says they tax the nation more heavily than any nation was ever taxed by foreign conquerors—and he ought to know. They tax them at births, marriages, and funerals, on Sundays and weekdays—always. The history of R. J. Dyce, Esq., is curious. This house and all its appurtenances once belonged to the Nawab of Rampur, predecessor of the one I mentioned before. It was confiscated at the mutiny and given to J. Dyce's brother who saved the lives of many English. When he died it passed, not to his sons, who are now in comparative poverty (one of them was expelled from the College the other day, nominally for stealing my tea), but by the Hindu law to his brother with the title of Rajah. It has many small courts opening off this one and a mosque attached—it makes the reverend one very sad to see it. All the straggling roofs are terraced. Opposite where I sit are the Rajah's quarters; on one side, the longest, all covered with vines, are the women.

When we got to the station the Nawab's brother drove off for his twenty mile journey seated on the back seat with

his followers or two of them in front of him. He leant back and puffed at a large hookah set on the box beside the coachman—it loomed like a will o' the wisp down the road in front. We came here, had some tea and went to bed. I lay beneath a punkah watching through the pillars Dawn's left hand in the sky and wishing for some one (or some fifty) to show these things to. The house is in the middle of the crowded weird city, but it covers so much ground that it is perfectly still and quiet here.

At seven we went to the opening of the fair which a Mahomedan tahsildar or sub-collector had got up.

Tuesday. I wrote that on Saturday. On Sunday we came away and are now the guests of the Maulvi Zainul Abdin and a Deputy Ismail Khan, an old school Mahomedan. On Monday morning at 7.0 we held a meeting at the durbar of the fair under the stretched awnings. We had hundreds of people, stately old Rajput and Mahomedan "raises" who sat and listened attentively but gave no sign of life, approval or dissent. We were the only pure blood of English I saw in the place. Theodore's speech was translated by Ahmed Rosein, our M.A. student, and mine by Amjad Ali, who translated it "freely," he said, but who seemed to me to be enlarging it considerably and who was certainly quoting from the Koran. We had guests to meet us at dinner every night. One was a general of the Nawab of Rampur's forces who has been shooting tigers (22) in Nepaul. He is a splendid looking man and talks English fast and plenty. Another was the tahsildar who got up the meeting for us. He is about the size of the general, 6 feet high and enormous broad, and I think the most energetic man in Asia. The Collector had nothing to do with getting up the fair, this man did it all. In conversation we casually mentioned a tug of war which we had had at the College. He did not know what that was; it was rapidly explained—a dozen men on each side pulling across a ditch, and he added at once "I'll have one to-morrow." There is certain to be one.

The fair is splendid; painted elephants and all the

great men living for the week in tents and sitting outside with hookahs, and shops with all sorts of things, Brumagem and Kashmir wares—shops all of bamboo. One caught fire and they were all in danger, but the burly tahsildar mounted his horse and shoved through the crowd and extinguished it.

I should mention Punch. Punch is our kind host, whose house we half live at,—Ismail Khan. He explained in conversation with Beck, that he thought this speechmaking a very useless business. When Beck quoted the success of a speech he made on this translation system he replied, "Yes, of course, but there were a few who knew English and they clapped, the rest followed like sheep. If you speak here I shall go and clap but I shall not understand a word." He did not come however. When we started he gave us tea, but remained sitting on his bed smoking a large hookah with silver carvings which he shared with me while I was there. He explained that he never got up till 8.0. He is a bland and very jocular person, but an opponent of Syed Ahmed's religious views.

We are going to breakfast (11.0 a.m.). Hundreds of interesting things occur while one is here but I have no time. We are off to Amritsar tomorrow, then Lahore and Murree. It will be hot.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Amritsar, Panjab,

April 29th, 1886.

I write this now largely because it is impossible to say when I shall be able to write again. Perhaps next week from Mari (pronounced Murree). We travelled from Moradabad to Saharanpur in the afternoon some days ago. We had all the shutters up and the wind rushing into the carriage through windows filled with dripping grass, and with these precautions the heat was about equal to the

first room in a Turkish bath. We could have gone on by night at once but we had had no food since breakfast and there was very little room. So we elected to stay and wandered round the town at night and saw the mosque, a fine modern building which cost only £8000 or so, and has two high white graceful minarets. The town was dark with an occasional lamp flaring in a little open mud shop. Sombre characters in large brilliant turbans met one in the lanes, and the general dismal appearance of the town would have been fear-inspiring in Europe. But cities here have somehow a much greater security, the Mahomedans believe in Kismet and go about their business, and the Hindus do what ever they have been accustomed to do and object to changing their habits under any circumstances, so unless you meet a Thug you are safe enough.

To-day—this morning—we went round this nice wonderful town. Of course Theodore trundled us to call on a Leading Mahomedan. After talking to him for about half an hour I left the others talking, on the pretence of the sun being too hot to be out, and trundled off alone to the Golden Temple and fruit shops. I thus sacrificed my share in two subsequent calls on L.M.'s—nice fellows, no doubt. The Golden Temple is a costly and elaborate building in the middle of a large beautiful tank surrounded by quaint buildings and towers. Huge tank, impressive temple. Belongs to the Sikhs who have a little religion of their own 300 years old. Beautiful general effect. Lot of inlaid mosaic and marble and pigeons. Unintelligible religion. Why does the high priest of the religion keep on fanning a cushion of gaudy hues in the middle of the temple? Why does a man beat a drum in the corner? For what reason does he stop? Why do people bring food and plank it down on the floor and then mess it about? Why is there no good plain straightforward stone idol? Do they mind me in my stocking soles? Why does the Sikh policeman who accompanies me ask me if I have any cheroots in my pocket? All Sikhs shun smoking as an irreligious habit but does he

think I am going to pop a cigar on his refined sensibilities in the midst of his elegant island temple? Why does inlaid marble work about Indian temples never represent a religious idea? Except a Jogi or two in the devotional posture. A parasite took me into a shop to show me Cashmere goods; I saw a lovely gown for me which cost £4. I then left and came back here. We are going to have a meeting of L.M.'s. Speeches. I talked to fat stately dignified Orientals at Moradabad, some hundreds of them, as if I was 80 and good, and they were 10 and naughty. None of them expressed any emotion on his manly impassive countenance for the whole hour and a half. I told them they were beggars and paupers. That is good policy.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Murree [May 5, 1886].

I am in Murree at a biggish hotel on the top crest of a wooded hill. The hotel is built in Swiss style with a wooden balcony off the drawing room,—where I sit, 7,500 feet above the sea. Away down, below the sea of delicate air that breaks on my balcony are ranges of lower wooded hills with dim puffs of smoke from submarine mud hamlets. One looks down 2,000 feet on these and further on the horizon the plain is just visible. Round on the other side are higher barren hills and in the distance, snow,—not the Himalayas proper but minor mountains perhaps 20,000 feet high.

It may interest you to know that I am dressed like a bandit, rough leather socks and sandals (fearfully artistic ones) and gaiters, and money and cartridges in different belts and a huge wideawake double hat. My sandals give me so much æsthetic pleasure that they would be worth wearing even if they were not (but they are) extremely comfortable.

Yesterday we had a ride on ponies round the nearest wooded peaks; exquisite views of the distant hills all the

way. The roads are quaint, they are cut out of the hill and one sometimes looks down thousands of feet across deep valleys. The ponies go at any rate up or down positive walls. The boy who brought me my pony said it was hungry. I said "Cause it to cease to be hungry. Refresh it." He said he would when it came back. It proved very hungry and I let it wander about eating while I sat on like Don Quixote admiring the prospect. It would wander rather near perilous edges for fresh grass. There is no place here that you cannot at once fall off—none at all. From this balcony what I should really fall on is the kitchen crockery in the yard below but the nearest point I see over the edge is 2,000 feet down.

When we start for Cashmere we first go 5,000 feet down to the river Jhelum and then follow that all the way. We have been buying cooking utensils and the like to take. This is a large place, houses dotted about among trees all round the peaks, but few interesting people appear to live in them. A horrid girl has come into the drawing room and is carpentering away at scales and exercises. She stays in the hotel with her Mamma who is trying to marry her. There are lots of jolly young officers in the hotel and after dinner they all go and smoke in the reading room, while these two ill educated women proceed to the drawing room and the older one snoozes in a chair, one eye open, while the younger plays, not scales this time but the accomplished product, beautiful thumping slap-up works of art. This has gone on two evenings and (very rudely) not a man ever went near. So Harold and I took pity on them (we hate them, they stare so rudely and unconsciously like cows, at every one) and went in, but we didn't like them any better after.

Kohala, on the Jhelum.

We have gone two stages today and are on the borders of the Maharaja's territory. The Jhelum, like a magnified

Wye, is roaring past below. Theodore and I rode, we had some splendid canters through the woods when the path became approximately level. The path ran most of the way along precipitous gullies among some of the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen. Right across the deep deep ravine were hills towering into the clouds with high trees up to the top, which looked like bushes. This is giant scenery but it is proportionate, so one does not realise that a wood clad *hill* is as high as a European Mountain. Harold started walking a day before us and slept half way in a wayside staging bungalow. He got fearfully rained upon, and while the thunder and rain raged round our hotel we smiled as we thought of the departed one who had started in whites with a flimsy parasol. We have found him again now and we are all far away from civilisation. Eight strong aborigines carry our luggage daily. If you reflect you will see that this is not more than is necessary when one has to carry *every* necessity of life, bedding, provisions, etc. There are shanties or rest houses for shelter all the way to Srinagar the capital of Cashmere. I enjoy riding along the rocky paths immensely; it is so completely different from the heat and the grotesque antique religions of the plain. There have been slight earthquakes here. I hope they will not recur, for the path is generally cut out roughly on the side of hills with lots of loose things above.

I wear a money belt and a hunting knife—for defence, but I think unnecessarily for the people are rustic and kindly. They are badly governed and like the English. I see a joke there. The literature I have brought for two months is this

1 vol poems De Musset

Prose of Leopardi

Lyly's Euphuës

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason

1 vol Browning which I left by bad luck among the Mahomedans of Moradabad where we stayed. It is a funny

little collection: Harold has a New Testament (which he barely appreciates) and a Persian Grammar. We start at six tomorrow. I shall be able to get this letter sent back and posted to you.

I have no time to write a letter to Mother this week, so you might let her know you have heard from me, as she gets anxious. It would be awful fun travelling with ladies in this country, an ideal kind of travelling, but it would greatly increase the expense from extra equipment. It is gorgeously independent, and being in a saddle all day is good after being under a punkah all day. Harold and I have hit on a scheme for coming out of the country by floating down the Jhelum on a raft. Logs are floated down, but the stream is apparently very swift and rough and wide and strong. We must enquire if there are any cataracts first.

My one candle is being attacked by moths and the noise of the Jhelum makes me sleepy. Good night. I may turn up in England next year for three months. If I did it would probably be at the expense of staying a year or two more in India. I am most of all affected in that direction by the old Syed. He got into our railway carriage a month ago when we were all on our way down to Allahabad to see the Muir College opened, and brought in one cigarette for him and two each for Theodore and me. In the course of conversation he said "I hope you will stay, when my death, at the College whole life."

I don't know anyone else whom I admire and like so much who has made a kindred request. But the dull heat of the plain in summer, not unpleasant in a languid way, diminishes one's efficiency and makes the memory of a month ago like a dream, dim and unreal. Acting in the interests of W. A. R. I should leave in a year or two to give myself a chance at writing. But it would be like divorcing one's wife.

TO HIS MOTHER

*Srinagar, Cashmere,
May, 1886.*

I have had to miss a mail while we were en route. We are now in this the capital of the world so far as I have any reason to believe for beauty, and I resume my familiar habits in a small tent sitting on my bed and writing on a table which cost me a Rupee this morning.

Between Murree and Baramulla there are ten marches with a bungalow rest house of some description to stop at. The first four are decently appointed and served for travellers; the last six are tumble down mud shanties which shelter one from the elements and no more.

When we arrived at these it was always the same story, the men who were hanging about said in reply to our questions about food that they could get us nothing except milk and sometimes eggs and chupatties—a leathery tasteless kind of scone. But by the evening our servants and the coolies arrived, and we got up a sort of a dinner, for they had carried meat, tinned and otherwise. These ten marches we did in six days, going two marches on four out of the six. I was in the saddle on an average six or seven hours a day. The distance of a march is about 15 miles but that conveys no true idea for it is good riding to do it in 3½ hours.

The road or wild mountain path, which is the main thoroughfare to Cashmere, wound up and down the gorge with tremendous inclines, sometimes clinging precariously to the side of the cliff a thousand feet above the river. Every now and then a winter torrent had forced its way sheer through the path and one was forced to scramble. The path followed the Jhelum all the way and the ponies followed the path: most preferring the extreme outer side. As we got higher up we came among the snows, snow mountains, mostly bare in July, peeping over the nearer hills. The servants walked until they began to grumble and got late,

and then we placed them on ponies. Cox also walked until he began to protest against double stages and then we placed him on a pony.

On the last stage we came on the most wonderful sight I have ever seen. You go about 14 miles and then climb over a low hill. When you get to the top of this, the whole vale of Cashmere lies extended below. A basin, surrounded on all sides by distant inaccessible snows with lakes and rivers and meadows. Looking from here or anywhere in the plain you see nothing but snow peaks on the horizon in every direction so that it is hard to see how anyone got here. Indeed there is only one way out without going over snow passes, namely the way we came in, by the Jhelum, which steals its way out through a gorge in an unobserved corner.

We lived for some days in tents in the Chenar Bagh or Plane tree garden on the river bank near the town. Many trades flourish in the town, chiefly metal work and papier maché and shawl manufacture. The shawls are very beautiful, some of them cost R1,000; I believe they are out of fashion in Europe. But I bought some more embroidered table cloths. I have some stuffs belonging to you at Aligarh, it is a sap sending them off, and most of the things I buy hereafter I mean to keep till I come home. I bought some silver too which I must smuggle home myself for it is illegal to send it by Parcel Post.

The river flows through the town and you go about in Khisties a sort of flat gondola worked by six or eight men who ply short paddles in front and behind. The town is full of wooden architecture, quite unique, little mosques with decorated wooden roofs rising one above another. Just now we have been living on one of these boats and are on our way up the river to Islamabad. At Islamabad is an old temple called Marttand which probably belonged to snake and tree worshippers long since disappeared. We have seen one or two ruined specimens of this kind of temple standing in the middle of water and somewhat discomposed

by last year's earthquake which killed 3,000 people in and about Srinagar. They are very impressive temples built of huge druidical stones and with constantly recurring trefoil arches. None of the people know anything about them except that they are Hindu and were built by giants—both incorrect. So the tree and snake worshippers have perished—so may all the religions of the heathen. So did two of their divinities whom I shot on the bank yesterday—one eight feet long whose skin I wanted, but he got off into the river and when I shot him dead at last there, inconsiderately sank. They said he was deadly. He is certainly dead.

At present I am unable to do much, having carelessly sprained my ankle on the route a week ago. When it gets better we mean to go back to Srinagar and make some expeditions out Haramuk way. Haramuk is a snow-peak about 17,000 feet high to the north of the Cashmere lakes. The people are superstitious about it. There is a sacred lake halfway up visited by many pilgrims. Our boatman tells us that many Englishmen have tried to go up and none ever succeeded. The reason given is odd. When you get near the top, snakes with heads at both ends come out and surround the mountain and you are obliged to beat a retreat. One holy man once got to the top and came down with his hair white (A bottle of dye in a cave at the bottom). It does not look a hard mountain but the top is too far off for the difficulties to be visible. There is not a great deal of snow on it in July. The people say it is forbidden by God to go up it, so they do not assist you with much spirit. There it stands clear cut against the sky looking provokingly easy. It riles me. It could certainly be climbed by a skilled Alpine climber with proper implements. I mean to reconnoitre it if only my foot will get well, I believe the side they try it from to be the wrong side. It is 12,000 feet from Srinagar which is 5,000 but of course you can pitch your tent just below the snows and I believe from there to the top and back would not be more than a long day's work in June. When it gets dark the curve

of this hill low down against the grey horizon makes me indignant, the paltry looking knob is an incessant annoyance to me. And I know that the view and surroundings if once we got up would give one a few minutes that would make it worth while to have lived. As it is, I have seen views which I remember nothing like in Italy or Switzerland. The most beautiful flat river scenery rich in grass and trees and flowers with many kingfishers and other brilliant mother of pearl or canary coloured birds, and along with this the snows, near on every hand and the nearer hills coming down into the lakes. The scale must be gigantic, for a hill 1,000 feet high with a tomb on the top near the town looks like a mound.

May 24th. We are going to dine at the Maharajah's tonight. It is the Queen's birthday and all the English people in the town are invited. There is to be a big Nautch afterwards and the whole affair takes place on the banks of a beautiful lake, two miles from here. I am never exactly well, owing to various small ailments, but the climate compensates everything—getting a little hot now like the summer days in Switzerland, but nothing to our gridiron at Aligarh.

I regret to say that 6 out of 8 of my charges at Aligarh have failed in the B.A. I have no time to discuss the matter now except with Theodore, which we do daily exhaustively. I scarcely think it was my fault to any great extent, and if it was it only proves that I am not fitted for teaching, which I always knew.

We floated down the river in a night and a day from Islamabad. In the evening we heard the muezzin from a wooden mosque which Beck had drawn on the way up. I drew an old snake temple in the middle of a pond; quite a small one.

I will write next week from here unless we are right away on Haramuk. It is extremely easy travelling about here owing to the easy kindness of the people—who all want the English and hate the present Govt. $\frac{3}{4}$ of the people are Mahomedans and the Maharajah is a Hindu and allows

no cow to be killed in his territory. So in the winter the boatmen tell us they sometimes take a cow up a high hill when no Hindu is looking and have a good feast. It is in the blood with Hindus to venerate the Cow. Once a religious reformer got thousands of followers in central India,—a missionary had been at work on him and he accepted the whole body of Christian doctrine, making it into a new creed by the addition of two tenets, (1) that he himself was the second incarnation (2) that the Cow was good and worthy to be venerated.

TO HIS MOTHER

Cashmere, May, 1886.

My proposition about Christianity applies partly to all countries and is partly based on the unintelligence and fawning habits of the barbarian lower classes of India. They are told "Believe and you shall be saved" (No good denying it, I know they are). The things they have to believe are not incredible to them, for Krishna is universally believed to have done miracles vastly more wonderful and numerous than those attributed to Christ, but are trivial looked at from the popular point of view and in any other light such as St. Augustine's, say, are *far* above their comprehension. They cannot be comprehended at all without a certain tinge of mysticism; and mysticism, boiled down for the people, is claptrap. How much do you think a Christian Zulu understands Justification by Faith and Vicarious Atonement? Are you not aware that these two are essential and conspicuous features of Protestant Missionary effort? By dunning away for years I suppose you might get our black table youth to feel that somehow he had got out of a pretty scrape, but do you believe his state of mind then would be better than it is now? I don't care about answers to these rhetorical questions, I like gossip better, so I conclude with my conviction that no religion at all, and no men-

tion of the name of God, is considerably better than Christianity in the form in which it is being disseminated by the majority of missionaries whom I have met, or in the form it takes in the minds of the majority of sincere English professing Christians.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Kashmir, June, 1886.

You have certainly written me a lot of letters lately and as it is about two months since I wrote you one, here goes. We are on the border of a lake, in tents, much as usual, but the lake is called the Manisbal Lake and is not the same as the one I last wrote from. I am beginning to write an account of our trip for the Cambridge Review in which we figure as Brown, Jones and Robinson, Cox being Jones. But I am dreadfully lazy, "living on" gives one a gentle simmering interest in things, sufficient to bear one up in the climate, and I suffer from ennui without welcoming such work as comes my way. So I may stick before the middle of things. Brown we left on the smaller and other lake with the smaller boat and I am here with the larger "Khisti" which easily holds two beds, two chairs and a small table, and with Jones. The reason that I have never yet been off alone, is, I take it that the most inconvenient combination of two in close proximity for a number of days is Brown and Jones. They differ on principles and far more widely still in habit. When I am with Brown, I do as Brown does, for the most part, but Jones is a dear good creature, quite happy to spend a morning sewing buttons on to his things and humming ghoul-like refrains to himself, (for he cannot reproduce the simplest air) or reading any book that is at hand. If necessary he cooks for himself in the same cheerful spirit. He has mended my clothes repeatedly. I am living in his manner just now, that is on rice, dal (a sort of pulse), omelet once a day and an occasional pudding—and chapatties of course with butter. With one

exception—I insist on meat once a day. So a duck is swimming about tethered to the Khisti outside and a treaty has been entered into regarding it. It is not to be killed, Jones stipulates, within a hundred yards of the boat, or anywhere in his sight. One barbarian boy killed the last, right in front of Jones, grinning the while with his pearly teeth. Robinson insists that Jones shall eat his dinner at the same time and place with him, for he *will* not be left alone with the dead. Jones must attend the wake though he does not share the rites. We get on perfectly otherwise, as always. Jones is certainly wonderfully independent of circumstance and attains also a high degree of unconsciousness in his neglect of convention. I think Brown's British tastes annoy him, his clamour for punctual meals, his employment of many attendants for the simplest personal services, seem to Jones to fill the whole sky and day. As this letter has grown up past the age when character has definitely formed, I may as well go on in the same style. The prices of things here may interest you. I put pence for annas, an anna is really about eleven tenths of a penny. Duck 4*d.* Fowl 2*d.* Pint of milk $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* Eggs one dozen 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* Meat 2 lbs. 3*d.* Rice and flour so cheap that I don't know the price. A housekeeper's paradise but no houses. We can live if we like on 6*d.* a day without the aid of a manual.

In about a fortnight more we start back, a long and somewhat hard journey. But my foot is healing and I am going to make an attempt to scale a shoulder of Haramuk first. This from here will take quite a week. Haramuk is 17,000 feet, no one has ever been up.

Just before I wrote this I paddled out in the lake, in the small boat which dances attendance on the larger. I enclose a picture. Gusts caught me and the boat was nearly blown over. The grass matting and posts supporting it ought to have been removed, for one person with a teaspoon in a flat light topheavy boat is not very powerful. People shouted directions from the shore, one old man prepared

to swim out. I got blown the way I did not wish to go, but did not understand the apparent anxiety that was filling some fifty breasts. When after some effort I got to a distant shore and paddled the thing round home, with Subhana (a small but useful boy of the family whom I took in), I ascertained that they feared the khisti would be what they called "drowned" (dubhgaya). Their anxiety was not on my account but lest the family boat should be injured. Jones had refused to leave his tent to shout directions to me in English. He conceived that things would come right, he told me, without his stopping his literary labours to add to the frantic rumpus on the shore. So he listened dispassionately and then went on writing: he did not even look. I admire this conduct of Jones. If the thing had upset, the distance was not a quarter of a mile to shore.

TO HIS MOTHER

Kashmir, June 14th, '86.

It is Sunday, I believe, although as we have omitted to provide ourselves with a notched stick I cannot be quite sure. There are no Sundays here or rather every day is quiet enough for Sunday. We are travelling up the river towards Srinagar again, preparatory to leaving. We have been spending a week at the foot of a nullah or valley in a circle of hills and going out every evening in pursuit of bears. During this time we only saw one. As we were coming along the path through the woods homewards he appeared forty or fifty yards away, but he saw us before there was time to fire and disappeared round the corner at a rapid jog-trot. Another evening we had observed some marks on a mulberry tree, and waited for two or three hours on some rocks behind the bushes about seven yards off. There was a crescent moon, barely enough to see by, but at last we heard a crackling quite close to us below the tree, then another slight crackle and then all was still. The

cautious creature had scented us and had made off quite noiselessly through the brushwood. We wore shoes made of twisted grass rope which were quite silent and soft, but I defy anyone to move through the undergrowth as noiselessly as a great clumsy bear. They go about like fairies, appear and disappear. I am not sorry we did not kill any, for I like bears. They sit in mulberry trees o' nights, as I do o' days and have their meal. Then they are dreadfully intelligent and they use their fore paws like hands. If you wound one I am told he plucks grass with his hands and packs it into the wound. It is mean to kill animals who employ their paws as hands. The hand is the principal of human distinctions and the bear is progressing, superintending his own evolution. He is on the way to join us. And yet there be grudging and captious spirits who simply because the Civil Services are overstocked and there are few promising openings in trade, are fain to keep down competition by cutting off this aspirant to humanity in his sanguine prime. Yet he is quite harmless. He is not dependent on man, but lives apart far up in the hills, and makes his den, which is very difficult to find, comfortable with collected branches. Until he can meet man on an equal footing in the most cultured drawing-rooms, he will not be under any obligation to him. He sometimes attacks people, after they have shot at him—which is not against him. I like the bear.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

June, 1886.

Speaking of the purdah system, we had an unexpected discussion of it the other day with our old cook. A letter came for him while we were at the Manisbal Lake. He got a scribe to read it, and learnt that his house, in a village near Aligarh, had been broken into and some things stolen. He came to us in distress and explained that he wished to return as soon as possible, for all his male relatives were off

on service in different places and there was no one to go and tell the police. Perhaps you prefer the *oratio recta*: "Ma informer disna specify the extent o' the damage, but there was an awfy lot o' things in the house, what wi' my own getherings and what wi' my wife's siller, and more by token my dochter's weddin' that wez to *be*, and a' the braw things that wez loaned for the occason, and eh sirs A'm like to die for shame if them that's reposed their faith in me disna secure their gear. And naebody ava to tell on thir blaygairdly raelies, just two three bit things o' wanes, and ma guid wife, and she keeps the purrdah just as strick as the meen-ister's own leddy. Ay does she, a maist partecklar purrdah."

This swagger about keeping purdah as strict as the maulvies themselves amused us, and we demurred that on so important an occasion she might go and tell the police—pronounced polis both in Scotland and Hindustan. This produced a long rant on the benefits of the purdah, which the lower people adopt in imitation of the upper circle, just as the Hindus adopted it from fashion during the Mahomedan supremacy. The English we said kept no purdah and we thought it a bad thing. "Ay du ye, an' it's mysel that knows fine, for I sairved wi' Meester Nisbick—Kullum," says he, "a cup of tea for the mistress, and divna take it yerself, send nurrs." (An excusable foible on his part.) He then gave a diatribe on the behaviour of the boat-women who were sitting smiling in the boat where the conversation took place. They are a strong bronzed race who live in the back part of the boat and work at propelling it or grind corn—very unlike the Pharisaic old cook. Now if you keep purdah in your house it is very bad form to mention your wife or mother at all, by Eastern canons, and by any standard it is exceedingly bad taste to hurt the feelings of other people by rating against them in their presence, as he did against the boat-women. He is a contemptible character. We started for this place at four in the afternoon and got here on ponies by 8.0 o'clock. Our things came on mules, except the barrel containing the breakable utensils,

which was carried by a coolie, over 18 miles of very rough walking and did not arrive till 10.0. An English porter could just have lifted it. There was no coolie at first to carry it, and the petty official at Baramula caught a man who had just come down from the mountains carrying a load of wood. The man was very tired and protested and his old mother came too to make intercession and there was a fearful row. Theodore intervened, offering the man double pay, so he consented—it was really rather important for us to get off. The skinny old cook had flown at him and battered him about the ears with his hands when he raised objections. After going two or three miles they met a man who was willing, so they changed. We overtook this new couple on our ponies, the coolie trudging along in front with some 80 lbs. on his back, the choppy chef-de-cuisine picking his way along after him, a dirty and unwieldy old hookah in his hand, urging on the coolie in a high nasal squeal. He came to explain their lateness—we could get no food till they arrived—and said the coolie was a “bad bad man,” he had been obliged to beat him almost all the way.

I drew a long breath and reflected that we were in the East. We gave the coolie good pay—he could easily have spifflicated the cook, but they are as patient as mules from habit. The load was one which the old devil would not have carried 200 yards himself. He came to Theodore the other day to get some medicine for indigestion and as he described his suffering and symptoms big tears rolled down his corrugated cheeks. It is not a lovely character, so much pity so highly focussed on one mortal. His good point is his profession, he always is keen about that, and produces edible meals with few utensils and bad material.

TO HIS MOTHER

Murree, June, '86.

It is no good trying to prove to me that I can't ride and never will be able to, that may be so, but unfortunately on

the reverse you *have to*; going into Kashmir. You may be an accomplished Railway traveller, you may know your Bradshaw by heart, you may tip a thousand porters and fascinate by your glances a million barmaids—but you can't go by railway where there ain't one. You may be agent for the Coventry Machinists Co., you may carry oil in barrels about your person and study maps all day, but you can't ride a bicycle from Murree to Srinagar. And as for walking, it tires one more and makes the journey slower. I have had a good deal of practice by now on some 20 different g's.

I wish you wouldn't put my back so much up about politics and religion. I can prove to you without any doubt that Mahomedanism is, so far as eye can judge making more way than Christianity in Africa—I am sorry, but it is certainly a better and simpler religion for savages.

As to Gladstone, since the time when he sent Gordon off to the Soudan, letting him understand as Gordon plainly states (we can believe a man of honour who is no politician) that he should have support when he wanted it, since he deserted him and came down to the House the day after receiving a pathetic and urgent message from Gordon (which you will find in the blue books) and deliberately lied to the House on the subject, I have wished for nothing but a miserable death for the old Parliamentary hand. That of course does not affect his Home Rule Scheme, but I have heard of no one with brains who believes in that, except the erratic J. Morley. Then for any man to state that the retention or not of Irish Members in the Imperial Parliament is a matter of detail while the *principle* is a Parl. at Dublin, seems to me contemptible, but for an old statesman to have no *pronounced* view on the subject worse still.

As for right being with the Liberals who are on the side of Progress, I have seen that stated, never proved. I do not believe it. What does Progress consist in? A wide franchise? Both parties believe in that (and I do not). General love for mankind? It is only vanity that can prompt

one party to claim the monopoly of that. Movement towards democracy? It will be followed by movement back again—or at least prove that it will not. Why should not the Federation of the Colonies be a part of Progress—the Conservatives are more enthusiastic than the Liberals about that. Personally I believe the only sound Progress to consist in movement towards greater individualism, and on this point the balance I think is with the Conservatives, for the Liberals incline to regulating laws of a Socialistic tendency. But Progress, I admit, *might* just as well consist in movement in the opposite direction towards a Society in which the man is nothing except as a part of the State—as in ancient Greece.

What I know is this—that one of the most pestilential kinds of fellow is the Liberal who from his elevated standpoint of altruistic morality sees fit to call in question the worthiness of the motives of everyone who holds official position or who does not share his views. Mr. Slagg is one. A year in India with a knowledge of Hindustani would make it impossible for any man to write his ridiculous articles, and a mitigated priggery would shrink from the appalling assumption that every Indian official or Conservative is actuated by self seeking motives alone. It is these fellows in conjunction with young Bengal (and you will not meet one Liberal in three who professes himself unable to form an opinion on Indian or foreign affairs) who fill the minds of people at home with the grossest misconceptions and will do much towards our losing the country, not only for ourselves, which does not matter so much, but also for it. No one who has travelled about India and heard accounts of the last suspension of the Indian Govt. or who sees something of the potential oceans of trouble, can fail to be impressed by the picture of India taken from the British or left by them, as the best approach to Hell upon Earth that has been known for centuries.

Now on these two questions (1) Liberty of the individual as far as may be (2) Proper direction of Foreign Policy; I

believe with the Conservatives, and I think them the two most important. I believe in these things as most conducive to the well being of *the world*, and if you prefer to put it in so glorious a phrase, its on-going (I fancy it will go on however anyhow). Therefore if anyone says to me "What, you don't mean to hang as a weight on the world's on-going?" I am forced to put the question down either to vanity, or in a fewer number of cases to ignorance of the fact that I and most who think in the same way believe they are doing the best (however mistaken the belief may be) to speed the world's wheels. And as for Home Rule anyone who follows Mr. Gladstone believing *him* to see the future clearly (funny that the Land Bill is so soon forgotten) is stultifying himself and Rep. Govt. and is incurring a share of responsibility for any disaster that may follow. Thank God, Mr. Gladstone is defeated and he is also old. I do not know when I have despised my countrymen so much as over this business. Is the scheme the G.O.M. has produced really so in accordance with that which each Liberal Elector had carefully framed in his own mind for the better Govt. of Ireland that they should accept it with a rush? It appears to me to contain some extraordinary features. I believe we lost the American Colonies largely because we retained the right of Customs and Excise without permitting representatives in the Imperial Parliament. Does the old Parliamentary hand accept the analogy and clearly foresee in the future rebellion of Ireland and a new declaration of Independence? For he seems not to have told his followers so. Perhaps a few years hence he will be saying so if he lives. What a fearfully amateur construction of a house. There is not a constitution new or old in Europe that seems to me so like the essay of a school-boy as the one he popped on the House of Commons, without warning and obviously, from his excessive pliancy as to detail, without reflection.

Then his manifesto was the most time-serving document I have seen for a long time—truckling to the mob, and

trying to prove that parties are always right, and secessions always wrong, as much as to say Monday is always a good day and Tuesday a bad.

You can tell this to my two dear friends Dr. W—— and Mr. T—— whom I admire and respect on other grounds than their clear headedness in politics, if they ever happen to ask for news of me. For anyone who confesses that he believes in Home Rule for Ireland because he believes in Gladstone, forfeits in my opinion all right to vote, or to have his political arguments listened to, except as a temporary diversion, by intelligent men.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Aligarh, July 10, 1886.

Many thanks for many letters describing the whole of Germany fairly accurately so far as I am a judge. I have just got back from Kashmir after an extremely laborious delay. I stayed with some friends who had a red house almost on the railway line on the way down, and when I left them after travelling five hours we were stopped and told that floods had damaged the line and we could not go on. I slept in the waiting room. Next morning I went with the engineer of the district on an engine to see the damage, when it appeared from telegrams from the other side that for fifteen miles the embankment was occasionally washed away and many bridges gone. Having spent all that day out in the sun in seeing the attempt to get the English mails across, which was done by two parties from either side meeting each other, in all about twenty-four hours work, I spent the next in the waiting room. Then in the evening I went back to Lahore, which took all night by train to try another route—of course the roads were flooded too. From Lahore I went by local trains (third class for lack of funds) to the banks of the Sutlej and there climbed down in the mud to broad barges, on which my Aryan brethren and Semitic cousins were crowded like

anything, and men walked out up to the neck, pulling these to a rickety steam ferry. On that we were stacked exactly like pilgrims for Mecca, all the natives around me were squatting in compressed malodorous groups, puffing and fanning themselves, and infants squashed and crying. It took about an hour hauling across, running aground now and then. We were protected from the rays of the sun by a corrugated iron roof, but as it became too hot to be approached within a foot the benefit was not immense. It was a high temperature, I should guess 150°. Then at the other side we had to walk half a mile ankle deep in gray mud, to get to a sort of steam tramway, coolies carrying our luggage; there was a man who works a cotton mill with me—a vulgar, genial, boastful, strong-constituted creature. Then our trams or trucks waited about an hour in the sun while they tried to put our luggage on, but it appeared there was no room. I saw some trucks piled with cotton bales, so I remarked that unless they found an empty truck quick, I would unload one of those myself and lug it up and hook it on. Soon they found one. Then while we were left sitting, the puffy little engine began shunting whole lines of cotton trucks on in front and behind. I got in a rage and went to the engine driver to inquire the reason of this; he had at first put on so many cotton trucks that the engine was incapable of moving the train, then had been fooling about for twenty minutes doing nothing, while counsels were taken. I found the engine at some little distance and said it must come *at once* and pull our train without any cotton trucks at all. It replied that there was only it to take both passenger and luggage trains so it must first arrange to take some cotton trucks as well. I threatened it, and said if our train was not pulled at once I would make such a noise as no chosen people whether officials or desert wanderers had heard since the taking of Jericho.

It said it had no power without the order of the station master, so I ordered the station master to be fetched. When he came I said: "give the order for this engine to pull

our train at once." I was pretty angry by this time, for half the native passengers had been sitting in open trucks in the sun all the time and trying to screen their walnut-stained infants from the breathless heat. He faintly protested. I said, if he didn't I would write a letter about him to his official superiors which if it were ineffective would certainly not fail for lack of literary finish and incisiveness.

He gave in and I led the engine by the nose, so to say, and got it started very slowly, stopping casually every mile to drop or pick up passengers. We caught our real train after ten miles of this, only by a quarter of an hour, so I was glad I had made a row. It is no extreme illustration of what a casual Englishman can do where there are no regular English officials.

Then we had a night and half a day's travel to Delhi by a line on which there were no refreshment rooms. But about midnight a kind man whom I met asked me into his carriage and we ate chicken and bread and beer. So after that my troubles were comparatively ended, for it was a moonlight night and we were passing quaint little fortresses and boroughs and knobby rocky sudden hills in the extreme North of Rajputana, and next day we got to Delhi and I had a great deal of food and bought a novel and travelled second class once more. And I am quite lean and brown. Second class here is very good with sleeping accommodation and lavatories. It costs five times third and half first. As Europeans, I and the vulgar cottonist always insisted on having a bare hard small third class carriage to ourselves, for it would be too much to be packed in in close contact with poor people whose national traditions, habits, taste in food and characteristic odours are so widely at variance with our own.

I was glad to get back here. Syed Mahomed Hosein, a friend of ours who scraped money and went and got educated in England and tramped on foot through Ireland in order to see it, turned up yesterday. In course of conversa-

tion he asked if "whoa Emma" was an expression frequently used by English ladies when anything occurred to surprise them? We said that although there was no possible objection to such a use of the phrase as a matter of fact it had not as yet been generally adopted. He had a theory that it might be derived from "Ouimaya" which is an interjection of Mahomedan ladies apparently equivalent to "Great Mother," "Lawks" or "Gosh" being their Anglo-Saxon sisters' equivalent resource.

Here the punkah flops all day and the languid air dreams dreams. The damp heat is utterly different from the heat before the rains, pleasanter but not so healthy.

Mangoes are here. I ate eight yesterday and as many as I dared early this morning. Big red melons are also here. I am bored and wish I were in England for a very short time without any fuss of arriving or leaving.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, July 17th, 1886.

I got your letter two days ago containing much sage advice about how to pass examinations or rather to make others pass them. I am afraid the time for consolation had gone by, for I had long ago ceased to ponder on our failures. I am not careful lest I teach too high, for I hold that anyone who wishes to be called a Bachelor of Arts, chiefly in English subjects, ought to be able to understand anything I am able to tell him. I repeat myself a monstrous deal, as you will easily see from the following simple consideration—I teach four hours a day; but to give oral expression to the whole of my knowledge would take, on a generous computation, about twenty-eight hours, therefore I must repeat myself every week. And finally I love to think for the credit of their Creator that the creatures who have just failed to get a degree must have been exceedingly ill-taught in early youth; as indeed I have other reasons

for believing. Their early instruction in English is carried on for years by natives who speak, write and know the language badly—this cannot be helped, for whereas I cost R500 a month a native English speaking master costs say R30. But accept my assurances that I am worth 17 of him and so ought to be paid R510. I am certain not to fail, for the idea of failure is meaningless except as set over against that of success (see H. Spencer's works *passim*) and therefore success being impossible in passing examinations (for this is no success) failure is also impossible. Moreover I have failed already in proving this point to the Committee (which is a true failure), and so cannot further fail.

I share the ambition which has given the English their position in India, and which keeps them there, for the feeling is not rife on native soil—the ambition to do the work I am paid for. I profess no ulterior philanthropy and am not devotedly attached to the teaching profession except when I like my pupils, which is rarely.

The Manager of the Boarding House, who has been at the College since the beginning and who was also Professor of Arabic, has just died. He was quietly reading a book when he gave a sigh and died. He must have been weakened by fasting the whole of Ramzan in the hot weather. The Syed was afraid he would, and knowing he was weak, had written two letters to him expressly to forbid it. He is a greater loss to the College than anyone except the Syed would be, for he was devoted to it and knew much that no one else knows about its practical working. Moreover he was of very high family and greatly respected by all Mahomedans and so of use in conciliating the old school. Two of his sons and some of his nephews are being educated at the College; he spent all his income on educating these boys—the Syed and Mahmud are going to pay to keep them here.

Nothing has happened but this, we have begun work again, and I talk away like lightning. It is likely to be a dull three months, for the damp weather makes it uncom-

fortable to take exercise, one gets so soaked with perspiration, and there is very little decent society.

I have a new writing table which has taken ten months to make and I am proud of it—green baize and carved wood. Above it the suspended fan flops drearily except when the fan-puller dozes. I have no society except a vegetarian and an embodiment of the Mahomedan “cause” in the person of a comet with a divided tail.

Bhagwan Das came in for the evening yesterday. I pressed food and tea on him; he politely refused. He then enlightened me on the subject of how a Brahmin is outcasted. The common people he says when they get together for gossip talk of nothing but Jogis and Ghosts. This he has gathered from personal experience. Dull business performing on the trapeze of life quite unobserved and without the net of Heaven spread to catch you.

TO HIS MOTHER

[*Aligarh*] 4th Sept., '86.

I am ill ¹ again. With a break of a day or two I have been in bed five to six weeks. I got up and was I thought quite convalescent when some small symptoms returned and I went to bed at once, since when I have been getting steadily worse and weaker for five days.

The sagacious seek a cause for this relapse and say wrong diet and work. Diet is nonsense. I flourished like a cedar of Lebanon for four days on the diet that ultimately felled me and the only deviation from it was the inclusion

¹ After his return from Cashmere in July he had a bad attack of dysentery probably caused by over fatigue, and was laid up for some weeks, and in September went, under medical advice, to Ceylon. This visit did him good for a time, but the illness came on again that winter, and when he went home in the spring of the next year it was apparent that his health would never stand the climate of India, and he did not go back. For two or three years after his return to England he still suffered from great weakness and recurring illness.

of half a potato which the doctors admit was an inadequate cause. Perhaps I sat up and wrote a little too much.

But it is nonsense to neglect the most obvious cause—dysentery like fever is caused by malaria which is as thick as peas now in this dampest of places. The whole house reeks with damp. Once it seizes you it is hard to get rid of and may return without warning. In the wet weather Aligarh is about as unhealthy a place as there is in the world. One third of the boys are ill all the time. The casual way in which the College staff and committee regard the absence of half a large class from illness was a considerable surprise to me at the time I came out. In six or eight weeks the good weather will be here.

I cannot move away just now for the shaking would make me worse. As I am no good to the College I wish I were anywhere but here.

The Mail is a comfort. I got a lot of letters on Thursday and am very sorry I cannot answer them.

TO HIS MOTHER

[*Aligarh*] *Sept. 18th, '86.*

I want to live on porridge and scones in a cottage in Yorkshire with some not too laborious occupation to bring me in £100 (not less) a year. Leisure a necessity. Of the hundred I should live on 50 and 50 for books and travelling. Harold knows a lot about these things, having lived much among working people and suggests a village Schoolmaster. We have been talking about England a great deal lately, hence this dissertation.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Oct., Ceylon, 1886.

Do you know the poems of the Australian poet, Gordon? I dreamt I asked you the question, stating it as my opinion

that they completely superseded the Psalms of David—an obviously incorrect view. You replied that the Psalms of David were inspired, and a discussion ensued on the nature of inspiration. Driven from the position that everything was inspired, I maintained that nothing was verbally inspired, and that it was not worth while calling anything inspired, for in their stupidest moments the critics read more into Shakespeare than he ever meant. I was confuted by your producing a “Synoptical Scheme of the Verbal Inspiration of the Psalms of David” printed in the form of a shilling novel and written by P.

From this it appeared that the verbal inspiration was supplied to the Psalmist something in the form of *bouts rimés*, one word of each verse was given and David had to supply the rest as best he could from his own head. In spite of his striking success at this game, it was proposed to omit in future copies of the Bible all the “human” part and print only the inspired words, which made absolute nonsense. This proposal was warmly supported by the Psalmist’s namesake, Mr. David E, who had written a pamphlet and formed an influential League which was about to return him to Parliament.

There is more in this ridiculous dream than meets the eye.

I knew only one verse of Gordon’s poetry, so my statement was rash. It is a good one, perhaps you have seen it.

“Not a bullet told upon Britomart,
Suddenly snorting, she launched along,
So the osprey dives where the sea gulls dart,
So the falcon swoops where the kestrels throng.

And full in my front one pistol flashed,
And right in my path their sergeant got—
How our jackboots jarred, how our stirrups clashed
As the mare like a meteor past him shot,
But I clove his skull with a backstroke clean,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.”

That is the most fascinating refrain I have met, it matters little what you do for the said glory, the music is so good. I should like to have his poems.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Mount Lavinia, Colombo,

Oct. 8, 1886.

Many thanks for your letters, the last I got was a short one written while you were in Surrey. I wish I had been at Brighton with you and I wish I were now at Granton with you. It is true I have here a sea beach yellower than Cramond, fringed all along with waving forests of cocoanut palms and with huge rolling breakers which roll in day and night in Wagnerian harmony, and in which I bathe. But it is unfamiliar, crabs larger than I am at all accustomed to run about the rocks, and there are sharks, I am told, cruising about outside a sort of natural breakwater of submerged rock which lies about a quarter of a mile out. Nevertheless, the bathing must be safe, for the landlord of this hotel, who is a very fat man, has bathed here all his life. If I were a shark I think I should like him. As it is things are different, for he invites his guests to play pyramids with him and then puts it in the bill. This would not be a drawback to a shark. He does however in a certain sense appeal to my palate also, for he keeps one of the best hotels I have ever been in, where the cooking is positively Parisian. It is beautifully situated on a mound jutting out into the sea, and every prospect pleases. What prevents my enjoying it is the feeling that I am doing absolutely nothing here while things are going on as usual at Aligarh, and secondly an absolute lack of society. People pass through a good deal, mostly Australians on their way to and fro, or English residents in Ceylon excursionizing, but I have never yet met anyone from whose conversation for twenty minutes I derived any pleasure. So I am perishing of Ennui and disgust at my futility and as I say wish I were

at Cramond. In spite of this aspiration to visit you I have no great desire to write you a letter, but self interest eggs me on, for I like getting letters.

Did I mention that Theodore told the story "Give me a drum" to the Syed, and the old gentleman was convulsed with roars of laughter? He explained his enjoyment by saying that a very fine moral lesson was conveyed by it. He is rather like Uncle Adam in many points—for instance he says he is a Sufi and that Sufis have no hatred for false teachers, because everything being of God, the false teachers are just as much a part of God as anyone else is. And he adds in just the same way (only he knows very little English) —"We are a wonderfully amiable set of people." Of course he is not a Sufi so far as belonging to any body at all goes—he would probably say he is too good a Sufi for that. It is a splendid sight to see him laugh. His face, which is strong and stern when in rest, suddenly lightens up like a mountain crag, when the mouth opens and during this volcanic eruption, massive roars issue from somewhere deep down. It is like an earthquake and an Aurora borealis in one. The solid earth which you knew has disappeared. The difference between him and Uncle Adam is that he has a whole hemisphere of his nature devoted to the minutest practicality. He never kept an account in his life while he was a free lance, and still throws away his modest private income like water, and sometimes calls Amjad Ali and others miserly wretches, in conversation with them, on the ground that they are not in debt for large amounts. This is the relic of the nobleman at the Court of the Delhi Emperor. But so soon as the idea of the College became established in him, he became minutely exact, and keeps record of every farthing of *College Revenue and Expenditure*.

He himself sees to all the plantings of trees and so on, and designs all the College buildings, a branch of knowledge he took up at 60 years of age. This side is latent in Uncle Adam and might have been developed under another fate.

That is a digression.

This is a missionary country.

Do you want to know what a Singali gentleman out for a walk looks like? Take Herbert and, if necessary, blacken his face. Wrap a red or white printed cotton table cloth round his waist very tight, leaving little room to walk; fasten with a leather belt, and let it dangle almost to his ankles. Put on him one patent leather shoe and one carpet slipper. Above, a grubby shirt (unless it is one of his master days his own will do) with no further embellishment than one large catseye neckstud. A black dress Eton jacket and a bashed-in sun-faded low-crowned felt bowler hat complete him. This is the *premier ton*.

Another style.

Take Tom, when he comes home from America. Shave his head quite bald, if necessary. Buy two pounds of strawberries in a deep basket. Having disposed of the strawberries paint the basket red and yellow and invert it on his head. Put on him a long sleeved yellow embroidered jacket and coloured leather slippers. For the rest, no change required. By the time you have done this I may have travelled sufficiently to give you simple recipes for converting Mr. Millar Craig into a Patagonian fire-eater and Dillon into a Tasmanian backwoodsman.

This is very different from Aligarh. The people speak English and dress in European fashion and go about with bikes and parasols. It strikes one as a place made to show to supporters of missions, with converts hired (or converted which is all one) and planted out. Whereas Hindostan is unintelligible and belonging to the old world and very plainly the seat of whole strata of civilizations.

The contest of the religions there is like an elephant fight. How a Hindu does loathe a Mahomedan in his secret soul, to be sure! How very little a Jain does devote of his society except to the particular one of the eighty-six castes into which that curious people are divided.

I saw two Buddhist mendicants in yellow robes and that refreshed me, for they looked real, and just before I had seen two black young ladies all in crêpe faille with tulle passementerie and mauve gimp and fixings and chip hats trimmed with magenta barège ruchings. It made me sick: they ought to have "Saris" and a purdah to hide themselves behind.

TO HIS MOTHER

Nov. 15, '86.

I am reading Martineau ¹ and like it, indeed I think I shall leave off writing this and go on. I disagree with him often enough to make him interesting and seldom enough to make him profitable. A red-faced Englishman whom I travelled with two days ago (he works a cotton-mill) being unable to gather the subject of the book from its title, asked me what it was about, and on being told that it was a treatise on How to behave, said it was a pity to trouble about that for if he went wrong he looked upon it as the policeman's business. I did not tell him that that is also the most approved view in the Science of Ethics.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, Nov. 29, '86.

I am reading Wordsworth with one of the younger classes but it is difficult to explain to people of purely Indian associations Wordsworth's love for nature. When William says

"Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee,"

the stupid ones, a majority, ask "Why?" And if I say

¹ *Types of Ethical Theory.*

because Nature is calm and beautiful and the soul that soaks itself in Nature becomes calm and beautiful too, they do not call me Postlethwaite, for they never heard of that gentleman, but they either think of tigers and cyclones or inquire what it means to soak oneself in Nature.

And yet nature is as lovely here as there. But the court-ridden Eastern poets seldom see it. So what can I say but "Walker! Let us pass on to the next point, for behold the Academical year waneth and the Calcutta winnowing is at hand."

I have to set some more papers for our yearly examination. Time flies. I can quite realize how those who stay out here six or eight years find it not worth while to go home then. The old die, the young marry. Or sometimes, that even life may not be without its humorous aspect, the young die and the old marry. And the very young indeed are born.

Personally I seem to remember my friends better than they remember me. Which is not an unmixed misfortune.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, Dec. 13, '86.

I have been out shooting again, but the animals had good luck this time. Humanitarians may say what they like, but there is nothing like a gun for fostering an interest in Nature. The skies and plain and jhils and flights of splashing birds are all stamped on one's memory and dreams after a day of it. Possibly someone might be found enthusiastic enough to wade up and down a jhil waist-deep in water for an hour and a half from pure love of Nature in her stranger aspects, but such are few, and for me the gun is a useful crutch to sustain my blunted and easily fatigued appreciation. Besides nothing worth seeing can be seen from a road, a bath chair, a railway, a house or a ship. And accordingly you must get something to lead you away from these

and far afield. Now ducks *do*. At Christmas I think Harold and I shall go for a few days to Jeypore, where there is a Maharajah who lends elephants to strangers, and a lake, and generally high old times.

Everyone I have ever heard of in real life always slept longer (during the period of adolescence at least) into the morning than his female relatives appeared to consider was warrantable by the Laws of God. So my friend H. is not such an awfully special case. I have wakened the saintly Tom at 2.0 p.m. As old age draws in upon them both I hope they will improve, so as to be really excellent old men. It wouldn't do H. any special harm to live in lodgings if he got with the right sort of people. Character is formed sooner than we commonly believe. A man who cannot take care of himself when he is 21 is always best drowned. Who on earth is to look after me as I stroll around India from Ceylon to Kashmir? Not that I quote myself as a success, but I feel aggrieved at the lack of anyone to exercise the proper sort of control. And so far from the latch-key question being a burning one there are 12 doors to this bungalow and most of them generally open.

The youths that are launched early on the world buy knowledge above the market-price, but those who are launched too late buy it far dearer. I am a fatalist.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Aligarh, [Feb. '87].

There are a great many people that I should like to have spent Christmas with. I particularly dislike being away from England at that time. But I am pretty happy just now, as I find my health getting rapidly better and the weather is all that could be wished if only one could keep warm.

I think it pretty certain that I shall come to England this Spring. May and a part of June perhaps. But I

can't tell when and I may stop in Egypt on my way, I want to see Egypt. But if you are making up a programme, put me in.

I read Helps's *Realmah* yesterday and the day before. He is an entertaining enough writer but terribly feeble and garrulous at times, especially in the conversational parts. His essays are old-womanish. I have to "set a paper" on that book and am quite unprepared to ask a single question about it. The last generation of readers was so fond of what is elegant. I confess I like what is stark and rugged and blotched—it fits the facts. But they philosophized about the tea table or kindness to animals and invented a false theory of love (which survives in the three volume novels) with the delicious consciousness that they were talking cleverly. Helps is of that gang. They never dared to carry this philosophy beyond the drawing room.

When I come to England I shall take a look round for some permanent employment hereafter.

A missionary has just arrived at this station. He has a small church of disreputable native Christians, but has been for two or three years on furlough to England. He is a very cantankerous hypocritical old man and bears a great hatred to our College because Govt. grants us more money than it does to him for his pettifogging educationo-conversional operations. So I hear, on trustworthy evidence. But I shall soon know him better and form my own opinion. He has called here and I on him. He has a most unlovely exterior. He used to officiate at the little church here, but since he left a coloured window with a cross in it has been put up and he refuses to set foot in it. Court, the police superintendent, will thus go on officiating—a nice man, not an original thinker. S. also refuses to allow the hymn "Abide with me" to be sung in his presence because of the line "Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes." He appears to have a far greater aversion to the symbols of Christianity than I have. He will doubtless soon come

round to ask us if we are saved. He did to Beck a few years ago, but dear Theodore has a very abrupt and conclusive manner with such people. If he asks me why I do not go to Church, I think Mr. Cunningham's epigram will serve my turn, "because I disapprove the morality, disbelieve the history, and dislike the art." Harold is briefer, and says he does not go because he hates setting a bad example. This will open the way to pleasant genial conversation in the course of which Harold is quite certain to say at least a dozen things in absolute unconsciousness and good faith, that carry dismay to the Rev. one's soul.

No doubt this man is looked on as a hero in his own circles at home. In point of fact, except for the hot water he makes for himself, he has a fairly easy life.

He is of no use, politically, morally, or socially. Treats the natives shamefully, as too many of his like do. It is of no use anyone coming to India who has not had sufficient education before he starts to acquire sympathy for forms of belief and manners widely differing from his own. But this special quality is what missionaries from the nature of the case, chiefly lack. They have come to *give* instruction, help and sympathy, not to get it. The charitable attitude of mind is fatal. I am not sure that a man of self respect would accept the gift of eternal life at the hands of so general a lover as Jesus Christ.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, February 22nd, 1887.

I was unable to finish or send off my mail letters last week because of extraordinary College business, which occurred just at the time, and for a day or two kept me uncertain whether I should not feel compelled to hand in my resignation at once. There has been a battle royal between the staff (which means Theodore and myself his lieutenant) on the one hand, and the entire Committee and

students on the other, on the matter of College discipline. I will put off speaking of it, remarking only that the corpses of the enemy strew the field, so to speak, and the prospects of our being able to "affect the kingdom" and get hold of a respectable share of the real power in this Institution, are brighter than they have been yet.

I heard briefly of Uncle Adam's death last week, and from you and Ada to-day. I feel, too, as if a chapter of my life had closed. I had been cheating myself a little before with the prospect of seeing him again if I came to England this summer, which was particularly grateful, since when I left him last I had no real expectation of ever seeing him again. I miss him fearfully already, I had somehow a sense of his existence as the one of the older generation whom one could appeal to or get sympathy or advice from. His God is my God and that is and has been since Abraham a real bond of feeling. Apart from sorrow for myself and all of us who are left behind, I am more Stoical. He has got a separation from his much-abused junior partner, the body, and has escaped from some at least of the bars and shackles that do really oppress me sometimes: Time and Personality and Causality.

I am very sad to think I shall not see Granton again.

Perhaps, as I now have time, you would like to know something about the row that is raging. The Boarding House, as it is called, of the College consists of a number of rooms built round the College Quadrangle. The members of Committee, who love nothing so much as petty authority and interference, are always individually poking about in it and giving orders so that it becomes, as the Syed remarked, like a woman with four husbands. All authority in the boarding house ought to be in the Principal's hands and the Committee ought to give their orders through him.

One fine morning the Syed issued an order that none of the students should beat the College Servants on pain of expulsion. This was an annoying order, for the servants

are very cheeky and it is the habit to slipper them for offences. But it was the order of the supreme authority, so when it was defied and a servant was beaten by one of the students next morning, he was expelled for the time. Thereupon fifty students petitioned and on the refusal of their petition packed up their things and left for the town, intending to live there and attend the College and School Classes. They have been in the habit of intimidating the Committee in this way and of winning against them. But they reckoned without their host—the English Staff. We, or the Principal, refused to allow them to attend any classes or to go up for their Examinations unless they returned and unconditionally submitted and apologized. Then scenes ensued. The terrified Committee, fearing the ruin of the College by this secession, began to plead for the students and the students telegraphed for Sami Allah Khan who came as a *Deus ex machina*, saw the seceded students first, and promised they should all be pardoned. The Syed had been quite firm at first but at last became so filled with fears for the future of the College that he joined with the Committee in believing that terms should be come to. Then he laid siege to us, representing that he was willing to pardon them, that the College he had been building up for 12 years would be ruined, and so on.

But we gave him delicately to understand that it was in that case a choice of ruins, for the whole staff would resign unless four of the ring-leaders were expelled and the rest compelled to apologize. They were not prepared to sack the whole English Staff so they gave in and Sammy went away crestfallen. Meanwhile the students have gradually been getting lower and lower in spirit and most of them will now, I fancy, come back and submit. They had no idea previously that they were fighting anyone but the timid Committee whom they have often defeated before. And as the last set of Englishmen here used to take no interest in or notice of the Boarding House, but simply to do their so many hours' teaching and then retire into isolation again,

they fancied when they left that they would easily bring the Committee to revoke its order and meanwhile go on attending classes. Now, when some of them have come back, we mean at once to claim that absolute authority shall be put into the hands of the staff in all matters of Boarding House discipline. Hitherto the position has been intolerable, we are treated as visitors and outsiders in the Boarding House, which is distracted by the intrigues of a medley of Committee-men and boys. If the boys on the other hand had known that we would take it up they would certainly never have gone away. Now they are slow in coming back because of loyalty to the expelled comrades they have leagued themselves with. But there is little doubt that the great majority must come in and submit.

If the Committee refuse to hand over the whole future management, Theodore and I go. But we mean that they shall and do not mean to go at all cheaply. The curious thing is that there would have been no difficulty from the first if we had been in the right position, I find it perfectly easy to command obedience, and we understand the feelings of the students much better than the Committee does. That may sound strange, but what puzzles and non-plusses the Committee is the rise of the English Democratic Spirit. The Committee members give foolish orders in a temper and then when intimidated "come down." So by making the Syed's quarrel our own we are in a fair way to get the whole thing into our hands, and to finally exclude all intriguing interference on the part of the Committee in the discipline of the College. The students are very susceptible indeed to anyone who uniformly treats them like gentlemen, and by showing a decent regard for their feelings it is easy to get unlimited authority. I have never had any of them fail to do what I ask of him.

But your old Oriental gives hot-tempered orders, and when they petition against these orders is as like as not to call them "Soor ke bache" which means the sons of a pig. This irritates any Mahomedan.

They were all aghast when they found the Staff against them and devoutly wished they had not gone.

I trust they will now come dropping in, for it is rather a severe loss and lots of them are decent fellows. The mistake was that they are apt to regard the College Boarding House as a sort of inn, which they may live in or not as they choose, while we look on it as an English College, the most important instrument in education.

It is an occasion of joy to us that we have routed the Committee, and the rest I hope will turn out all right in time. We are going to step into the incapable Committee's place at once and draw up Regulations for the Boarding House.

This is a very general account; nothing can give an idea of the state of things as I found it in the management of the Boarding House or the pettiness and number of intrigues.

I feel considerable longing to get home, but, as you see, it might be imprudent to come if I meant to resign shortly after coming back. And this is a fundamental point, we can none of us stay here unless College Discipline or Penal Law, in and out of class, is put absolutely into our hands. The pettifoggers on the Committee love to show their power, but it is a characteristic I believe of the English race in India that you can't have their services without giving them a share in dominion. I loathe the position they offer me—three hours' teaching and no power. So now we are going to have the power too, *Deo volente*.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aligarh, 15 March, 1887.

Syed Mahmud turned up here the other day, and when he heard that I was going to England for six weeks insisted that it was not long enough, so unless some hitch occurs I am coming for nine weeks from about the 24th of April

to about the 27th of June. I have been fairly well since January, and staying all the summer is quite out of the question, I could hardly get a doctor's certificate to warrant it.¹

I have been staying for a day or two with Theodore out at Bhikanpur the home of some Mahomedan "raises" or land-owners of this district. You doubt whether Mahomedans here have homes. What is to prevent them? I have seldom stayed in a more charming place. A huge square fort built of solid earth, and on each of the bastions or corners, the house of some member of the family with a mosque in the middle. They belong to the Shirwani clan, a family of about four or five thousand, and live here at a great distance from any town, among their feudal tenants, managing their estates. We sat out on the fort in the evenings overlooking the whole of the country and smoking elegant hookahs.

Dotted about at the distance of two or three miles from Bhikanpur are the headquarters of other branches of the family. We went and saw two other houses, the last on the way home. It is the home of a family of brothers, the eldest of whom is at present in Mecca. The two youngest were in lovely long Arabic robes engaged in reading the Koran with an Arabic teacher when we arrived. We want to get hold of them for the College. They are about 13 and 11 and are called Moussa and Isa or Moses and Jesus respectively. The elder of them is the prettiest boy I ever saw, with a clear light brown complexion and lustrous dark eyes. All the family ride as if they were born on horses, they seem to prefer the wickedest horses to others. The houses are in beautiful Oriental style with gardens attached. They gave us a Hindustani breakfast at this house on our way home.

I don't know what constitutes a home, but in my judgment these people are more to be envied than any Anglo-Indian or most English. I felt quite cheap and suburban

¹ He returned to England in April, but his health did not permit of his return to India.

among them with their quiet country life and pervading traditions. They made us exceedingly comfortable and were kind in every way. Our host is called Mozammilullah Khan, and has a sort of candid assured manner springing from good birth and breeding that contrasts favourably with the manners of some of our counter-jumping Collectors. It is impossible, if you keep your eyes open among these people and get to know them well, to retain much of the hallucination of superiority or the flatulence of knowledge.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

London, June 6th, 1888.

The Nawab¹ pines to hear whether you can lunch with him on the 14th. I want to give your sister a small present—I want it to be a book. Has she Rossetti's works or Matthew Arnold's Poems, if not, would she be likely to care for them, if not what would be better? At present I incline to think Rossetti's *House of Life* the achievement of the century in the face even of the claims of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, so it occurs to me most readily to give Rossetti. Have you ever seen a sonnet by Blanco White I think, ending—"If light can thus deceive wherefore not life?" which is called a masterpiece, and is famous. I could have written that sonnet if the idea had occurred to me, and there is no reason that it should not have occurred to me. It is logically and clearly worked out from the idea.

I could never have written the best of Dante Gabriel or Ignatius Ewart, even if their main ideas had occurred. They have in common a way of hitting on unfamiliar collocations of words, not very full of meaning at first sight, but with a sort of fascination about them.

¹ Nawab Fateh Nawaz of Hyderabad, then in London on business connected with the Nizam's railway, to whom he was acting temporarily as Secretary.

They are not too clear, to be which I begin to think damns a poet if he is in for the blue riband (always so spelt).

"Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,"—an idea one might have hit on. But would it have occurred to one to introduce the following lines, which say the same thing?

"Ah, do not when my heart has 'scaped this sorrow
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow
To linger out a purposed overthrow."

Lines 2 and 4 are what I mean, they say quite simple things in marvellous words. Dante Gabriel can hardly ever resist the temptation to personify an abstraction, thus handicapping himself at welter weights and perhaps enabling Ignatius Ewart to get the verdict by a nose.

TO LUCIE JACKSON ¹

London, Aug. 3, 1888.

. . . Yesterday I did not, for once, visit my Mahomedan at all. I spent the morning reading dramatists, to qualify myself to teach English Literature, and in the afternoon an acquaintance came and took me to a swimming bath, to qualify myself for becoming a "Professor of Natation," while in the evening I read Walt Whitman's last book aloud to Alice, thus establishing myself as a (qualified) Whitmaniac. I had no adventures, but perhaps I did not give them a chance, for adventures are like friends, and if you sit much at home cease to call.

It has been a lovely day here, the Serpentine looked extremely peaceful glittering in the sun this morning, with a certain quiet sadness, too, imparted I think by some dowdy individuals who were taking their pleasure laboriously and silently in boats. I had seen Alice off at Paddington in

¹ To whom he was now engaged.

the morning—*she* is in a fair way for adventure if I did not misjudge some of the persons penned up with her, who seemed excitable and inexperienced—and then I went slowly across the Park.

Two slim, grim, well-dressed youths had a large dog whom they seized repeatedly by the fore and hind paws and after a preliminary swing flung him into the water. As the dog weighed about five stone they could not fling him far, and he always came down thus in about a foot of water, and scrambled out muddy and dripping to submit to a repetition. He took his encores with a cheerful submissiveness that puts our best actors in the shade. I remember a gentleman who lost his temper because I and a few friends refused to allow the play of Hamlet to proceed until we had encored his death as the King. Yet his thud in falling was scarcely louder. The joint owners of the dog (they must have been owners) went through the business with a mechanical and depressed devotion to duty that affected me much. . . .

To L. J.

London, Aug. 4, 1888.

Last night I spent with Charles Strachey; we each had an arm chair with a chair between us to hold books as we passed judgment on them.

I am sending you Stevenson's last book¹ which came out a few days ago, which I bought and read this afternoon (I had a meddlesome red pencil with which I slightly disfigured it) and which I think splendidly spirited.

Life whirls along at a breathless pace in Stevenson's stories, there is never any saying who will not be hanged before the end. His characters are courageous and high toned to match their circumstances, and the whole work is a good tonic; it makes life, which we are apt to treat so seriously, sit lightly on one's shoulders for a little.

¹ *The Black Arrow.*

This is the first of all Stevenson's stories which has a heroine or a love-plot, but as before the main interest is in fighting. Even Joanna is dressed as a boy most of the time, and Stevenson is obviously rather embarrassed by her when she has to come in dressed in flowing gowns. She does not care a snap of the fingers for plentiful corpses, and when about to be married against her will takes it dry-eyed. Unlike the young ladies of the beginning of this century who cry about 30 times and faint thrice per volume, she only begins to sob once during the course of a history of battle, murder and sudden death, and then she was wounded, abused, and deserted. There is no sort of young ladyism about her and she is as self-reliant as an old sea-dog. She amused me a good deal.

I don't know why I write all this, in the manner of a review.

To L. J.

London, Aug. 13, 1888.

I have just come home from Strachey's—and met with an adventure in Church St., which appears to be an adventurous street. I do not know why I should write to you because I met with a petty adventure, when there is always the Universe at large to write about—the same number of stars—besides a great many meteors to-night—and the whole of humanity and its interests.

But it is the concrete, the personal, the petty, that interests me most, so I try to make it interest you. And when it begins to bore you, tell me to stop.

After this you will be disappointed perhaps to learn that I have only been in a common, vulgar, undignified street row. Nothing so interesting as the Arabian Nights, merely one of the million and one Hammersmith nights. I found a policeman engaged in lively conversation with a lot of youths, and waited, with the true loafer's instinct, to see what would happen. It seemed to me that he had

lost his temper, and it appeared that he had knocked down one of them on slight provocation before I came up. Now he was pushing them about and telling them to go about their business (singular fallacy that of the Police in supposing, as I observe they invariably do, that everyone has pressing business temporarily intermitted. I had none). A good deal of indignation reigned among the small group of men about, who said that the policeman had unjustifiably assaulted one of the men. One little man came up to me to endeavour to get my evidence on this point and we exchanged cards. On looking at his here at home, I find it is a grubby bit of pink paper with the printed legend:

If you care
About your hair,
Put it under Professor Thornton's care.

I presume he was Professor Thornton. My card had less of poetic merit, but it was cleaner.

In the meantime the policeman had collared one of the youths and a very pretty row began. A brawl of this kind is meat and drink to me, the policeman was struggling on the ground with one of the men, hammering away with his baton. Somebody whistled, and in a very few minutes there were half a dozen police and about twenty hansom cabs on the spot.

Two men were taken into custody, and two more poor things who were taking siestas on door steps were also arrested, pretty much at random; one of the police asked me if I wasn't going to help, and I replied (as I conceive is the duty of a citizen), that if he demanded it I would, although I thought they were mistaken.

So soon I was helping to take a very pathetic gentleman to the police station, the row had gathered about his ears like a thunderstorm, and he protested with great earnestness and small variety of diction that he knew nothing about it and was merely enjoying the cool of the evening on a doorstep. He was a humorous if somewhat tedious swain,

and I was really sorry when I found that they charged him with being drunk and incapable, which I regret to say I fear he was.

He regarded it, he said, as particularly unfortunate that he should have arrived from Wales only a day or two back to undergo this treatment. On the other hand he philosophically anticipated economy from the gratuitous lodging for the night. He was particularly proud of his position as a knight of labour, and volunteered to support with a wager his opinion that his hand was the horniest in the station at the time. This was irrelevant, but gave him much satisfaction. I gave my card to the sergeant and may have to go to a police court to-morrow where four or five men appear to be involved. They might just as well have arrested me, I did what I could short of assault to get arrested. A policeman certainly ought to have an imperturbable temper, all this fracas arose from the abuse that I found just beginning. The policeman was a good deal damaged, but it seemed partly his own fault. There is a great lack of cool-headed people in the world.

It is a small adventure isn't it? And an absurd one to recount at length to you.

To L. J.

London, Aug. 22, 1888.

. . . I never told you about my police court experience. I went and had to wait a long time and heard two extra cases—some spoons had been stolen from Warwick Gardens and a footman had had his watch seized by a gentleman he was “conviving” with.

We got one man off who had been falsely charged, so I was satisfied. I confess I rather enjoyed it, all the other witnesses seemed afraid of the dear crusty old magistrate, and spoke too low, so I shouted out my name and address and cultivated a Sam Weller-like demeanour, as brazen as

possible. The magistrate had a satirical way, which is not fair, one thinks of splendid repartees, but to utter them is contempt of court. I cannot continue, for the post is going. I have written 17 letters and a speech for the Eastern already to-day.

To L. J.

Trevone, Padstow, Sept. 20, 1888.

. . . The summer has arrived at last here. Hotter days than we ever had before. Yesterday we were introduced to a certain Mr. Old who owns a fishing boat and who is perhaps going to take us out mackerel fishing to-morrow. He is a burly fisherman and is anxious that we should take part in a plan of his to hunt seals. It seems that the seals get out at high tide into a subterranean cavern opening down into the sea at a precipitous part of the cliffs. The cliffs are too rocky to be approached except in calm weather, but then you can bring a boat to within a hundred yards of the entrance to the cave. The plan is that we are to swim this distance, climb up a rocky passage through a narrow hole and so find ourselves coming up through a trap into a dark cavern. It is essential that the swimmer shall be armed with a heavy club and a candle. He lights the candle and peers about for seals, if he finds one, he intercepts its escape and clubs it. Should he succeed in demolishing the seal, he ties it to a rope that he has brought in with him, and it is dragged out to the boat.

There is something gruesome about the picture. Mr. Strachey objects to the adventure. In the first place, he says justly, that the seal is a gentle, pleasant animal, and that to intrude into its private drawing room in scanty clothing and strike a light in order to brain it is bad taste, besides being an unpleasant business.

Moreover he cannot see without, or swim with, spectacles. There is further a considerable uncertainty as to how the seal behaves when assaulted, Bogey says he grubs

up earth in the face of his assailant and then breaks his back with his tail. And the fisherman admits that the rope is taken in partly because if the sea rises at all one has to be hauled out.

I think I am going, I am so curious to see the seals' house, but I do not think I can bring myself to assault a seal if I find one. So I expect Mr. Old to form the same opinion of me that Richard of Gloucester did of Dick. But the idea of arriving unclad, wet and shivering, lighting a candle, adjusting spectacles and battering a poor seal has a cold bloodedness about it that is repulsive, especially if the seal makes no reprisals. And accordingly be sure I shall run no serious risk on so ungenerous an adventure.

My Nawab has given me a respite so I think I am not coming back till Monday.

To L. J.

Trevone, Padstow, Sept. 23, 1888.

We went to-day with Mr. Richard Old and Mr. John Blake to Gull-land, which is a marvellous island, brilliant in colour, and washed all round by emerald seas, inconceivably broken and precipitous at places, with huge chasms and inlets where you look straight down on swaying wells of indigo water, inhabited only by gulls and black birds with long beaks; with no grass, but knee deep on the rocks with samphire and other fatty marine herbs . . . I wish you were here for a week more, I had no conception at the time of the number of marvellous sights we missed. For instance, if we had climbed down to the side of that ridge at Bedruthan and gone about two hundred yards along (only the tide was then too high) we should have come to the "Giant's Cavern," a vast "antre" or hall in mottled granite and basalt, running a long way back under the cliff with a magnificent archway at the mouth, and a considerable stream running into it from a cavernous and endless corridor

behind. And Wine Cove and Pepper Cove are splendid sights, and the savage joys of mackerel fishing are unsurpassed. We did not go seal hunting.

I am sure I was meant by providence for a backwoodsman, or a Red Indian, for I hate the town and the dissipation of one's energies by seeing far too many people. Ten or a dozen people are enough to know, the rest ought to be picturesque "supers."

To L. J.

London, 29 Jan., 1889.

. . . I give you a Brief Compendium of my life. I got up at nine and read a whole newspaper after breakfast. Then I sat and thought. Then I read a whole book about Wolsey before lunch. After lunch I wrote a small piece of a lecture about the Rev. M. Luther.

Then I got a letter from the Editor of the *St. James's* enclosing some articles of mine saying "he liked them very much but they were too good for an evening paper, for in order to appreciate their points a good deal of culture and education would be necessary in the readers, and such readers were in a minority." But perhaps he was only very kindly gilding the pill. However he invited me to send him other things of a less cultured and occult nature, so I wrote an article called "*An Indian Politician*" and sent it off. The points of my remarks were only about three inches broad, so even this I fear may be too refined. It is like elephant shooting, the business of hitting the public taste, and requires young cannons. Puns, and great fat brawny jokes, and healthy muscular truculent party sentiments—suggestions for a new body of rules for Hanwell, with a view to Mr. Gladstone's approaching visit to that institution, and delicacies of that kind.

To L. J.

Taunton, Feb., 1889.

I am sitting alone by the fire,
Returned from my lecturing drama,
In a dress even you would admire,
The ulster and sportive pyjama—
So before my diminishing taper
Compels me to give sleep its due,
I think I will blacken this paper
By writing a letter to you.

Grand Field Day at Taunton

Colonel Ewing, formerly husband to Juliana Horatia—now husband to somebody else—in the chair. Introductory remarks vague and scanty. The lecture then started and a well-trained audience gave voice—(or rather gave ear) after him, and did not pull up until seventy minutes after the find. The brush was not awarded, as the lecturer had only one, and said he wanted that for his beautiful wig—to keep it in order.

Large class, lasting almost an hour, supplemented by a number of improvised classes in different corners of the room, where ladies, who would not address questions to a person on a platform, got hold of the victim and badgered him in private.

I am staying with some people called Prideaux, an old gentleman and lady who were very kind to me, and doubtless have other even more excellent characteristics.

I went to an Inn at Oxford—a lovely Inn which gave me the nicest possible things to eat, fishes, and eggs, and ground rice, and in the evening I lectured to a lot of scornful demoiselles at a training college. Sadler¹ came in and sat behind and never wants to hear me lecture again, which is a great relief. I talked to him for about an hour after,

¹ Sir Michael Sadler, at this time Secretary to the Oxford Lecture Extension Delegacy.

walking up and down in the frost—it was a superb night—and the burden of his remarks “was sail in, my son, sail over.” So if I can get centres there is nothing else at present to prevent my getting into full extension work next session—although whether that is an end in itself, I don’t know.

I go to my dear people at Tiverton to-morrow—I really liked them all very much—I have been awfully well, considering, most of to-day, and am as fit as possible this moment, after six hours’ journey and two hours’ talking.

To L. J.

Cardiff, 8 March, 1889.

. . . The engineer of the docks, a “self made man” I judge, came to dinner last night. He has been in every country of the world with his eyes tight shut except for bridges.

Once when he was making a railway in the Bombay Presidency the villagers of the place had a festival and toted an idol about and at last deposited it temporarily in a field and went away, incautiously or trustingly leaving it without a guardian.

Now if there is an animal that more than another is unable to take care of itself, it is a god. So it proved, for my engineer passed by and marked the idol. No one was near; he went into the field and knocked it down. He told the story with grim satisfaction, pausing conclusively at the point (the prostration) to give time for enjoyment. But his iconoclasm only made me feel idolatrous. Idolatry is a very fine form of religion, I am convinced. Here are gods who can do nothing for you, there is no beauty in them, and it takes a very lively imagination to endow them with virtue or power of any kind; it is a fine thing to have so firm a grasp of unrealities as to be able to worship them.

Like the great forces of nature too they are not the slaves of morality.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

*Barry House, Cardiff,
March 11, 1889.*

Do you think there are two kinds of beings classed as humans? The one with the inside all right, the other with nothing but just a little withered blackness—like a bad nut? That is my impression. The quaint and not altogether reassuring thing is that these others—the ones that are not us—behave in so life-like and awe-inspiring a manner. They eat and drink and sleep and talk even—all without the faintest meaning. It is like living with dream-people. Persons who have a great many dumb pets generally take to Philanthropy—that is highly intelligible. I have met several people here, and they are all like that;—Herbert's fellow-apprentices and others up to the great Mr. Brunel himself. Likewise all the members of the Camera Club. It seems to be a growing ailment.

I hope you are getting well in Sussex, and having a good time. Seriously, I have given this question prolonged thought, and I believe they are of two kinds. And for every ten that reveal themselves to be only rather a better husk than usual, there is hardly one whom you are compelled to wave to the loftier lyre. The good equally with the bad I sing, the knowing equally with the unknowing if not a little more—all shell, bark, and hardened resin. God made man and straightway the adversary dressed up mumbling puppets—a hundred to one so that it is impossible to go in search of the true without running into the false, as thick as gnats in a fever-wind, and every one to be asked how he does, and how is his mother. Bah! he had no mother.

To L. J.

¹ *Manchester, March 25, 1889.*

I have arrived and found a very pleasant house full of nice books, and have made the acquaintance of my master, who is quite startlingly like Matthew Arnold in appearance. I begin lecturing on Wednesday and shall stay here till Thursday morning, and then take lodgings. I get away, I am rejoiced to find, at the end of next week. My fellow assistant, a Balliol man, came to dinner and Mr. Ward came down. He is very weak and ill, poor man. I have seen no one else but Mrs. Ward, but I like the place, and think I should be contented if only I saw "prospects." To-morrow I am going to meet the council and be appointed.

Mr. Ward is going away in ten days, but he is going to let me use his library, which is a delicious one.

I drove my engine through Derbyshire and very lovely it was. Rocky, precipitous hills with little streams rushing about in confined valleys—I have seen no hills for about a year, and they affect me strangely. I think Life on a slope = 3 (Life on a flat). If only someone would offer me a gamekeeper's post with a free cottage I should feel greatly inclined to jump at it. In the meantime we must cultivate our garden, and I have to post myself up in the Punic War.

It seems to me that the drawback to literary work, writing or teaching, is it means loss of temper, not ebullition necessarily, but steady constant drain and harrassment, whereas gamekeeperism means, or ought to mean, equability.

¹ In March 1889 he was asked to go to Manchester to lecture on History and English Literature for Prof. A. W. Ward who was ill. He returned there for the summer and autumn terms and in November he was offered the King Arthur Chair of English Literature at University College, Liverpool.

To L. J.

29 March, 1889.

MR. WALTER RALEIGH

At Home

3, Lorne Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.

Commanding a beautiful view of over the way. Within easy reach of a tram line affording access to the Town Hall of Manchester and other equally undesirable places. Ten minutes' walk from the Grocer's. Surrounded by the commodious residences of his colleagues. Two miles from Owens College.

These fine residential chambers comprising 1 sitting room (for a skilful sitter, or the chairs will break) and 1 bed room situated above the sitting room (so that the occupant is prevented from sitting up late by the noise of himself going to bed in the room above) have been secured by Mr. Raleigh for a limited period under the auspices of a landlady who affirms her ability (but calls no witnesses) to cook A Chop, and will be tenanted by him for the ensuing week.

Mr. Raleigh begs to call the attention of his patrons to the exceptional advantages afforded to their literary genius by the daily visit to his premises of the Postman, who will continue his amusing impersonations of the Exile's Friend daily until further notice, *not refusing an encore*.

I have lectured three times on three subjects, and while I live with Ward have been practically driven to work from 10 to 2 at night. I do not think this place will do for me—not that there is too much work when one has settled down, but I do not think Owens College has a soul. So to spend time on it is like teaching a poodle tricks. Unless it is a good slave-market in which to expose oneself for intending purchasers—and perhaps it is that—the work is nothing like so nice as extension lecturing. I shall have to come to a conclusion shortly. But I find that they would not allow me to extensionize for Cambridge or Oxford—and one might as well extensionize in the name of Whiteley as under

the auspices of Victoria University. It is a new, vulgar, feeble body, and accordingly petty and jealous.

To L. J.

Manchester, April 3, 1889.

I have only one more hour at this place now, to-morrow; so I begin to feel the approach of a kind of holiday and I can write you another letter. I lectured to-day on Burns, which gave me some little trouble, for the MS. lecture which Prof. Ward lent me was rather in the goody-goody tone, and I found it impossible to use it much. It was in the apologetic "we weep for his sins" vein, which I never could at all stand in relation to that poet. I suppose I shall get into trouble with the authorities if I continue to lecture *virginibus puerisque* in the strain I felt moved to adopt.

"What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure
'Tis no matter how nor where,"

were among the lines that had my commendation for their open-hearted recklessness.

I am not leading a life of pleasure, no Cameronian of the strictest sect could accuse me of it. I breakfast at half-past eight and go to College at ten, lunch there, and spend the day in these damp rooms, reading and recovering.

It rains a fine murky rain from hour to hour and day to day, and I do not know anyone well enough to drop in upon them.

I begin to dread next term, but I daresay that is the influence of this revolting climate and these miles of suburban streets.

My landlady has short thick fingers; when she wants to come in she knocks, in no tentative or supplicatory way, but as if she were driving a nail into the coffin of a

foe. Then whatever I am doing, reading or writing, conversation must ensue, aggressively cheerful and decisive in tone. A book of what to say and when to say it is needed for landladies.

To L. J.

Manchester, Ap. 23, 1889.

. . . I have lectured for two hours, half an hour well and the rest beneath expression badly. I find that if I take trouble with a lecture on a subject I am interested in, it is not only much too absorbing and exhausting to myself but also much too good (I who write to you say so) for my class. They do not understand it all. They blink at it. I made some remarks on Poetry in general which cost me more than fifteen matter of fact lectures, and they laid down their pens and smiled from an infinite height.

So I must just boil down text books in the recognized fashion. It is very good of Professor Ward to lend me all his MS. lectures, for from a study of them I have been compelled to think but poorly of them. So they sustain me spiritually, for if the head butler supply such dregs what should be expected of the head bottle washer?

Perhaps you think I am too prone to despise everybody. Not at all, only they mistake their vocations. They ought all to be in trades.

To L. J.

Manchester, Ap. 27, 1889.

. . . The events that have shed their lustre on my biography since I last wrote are connected chiefly with processes of nutrition, deglutition and suspension of consciousness in sleep. For anything more exciting to record I am driven to subjective history—I have read a good many things, a life of Scott, the *Pleasures of Memory* by S. Rogers, Roman History and other things. I deliver my lectures on Roman

History verbatim from Ward's MS. books, he seems to have dictated them to some lady scribe which makes them amusing and obscure, "unmerciful" is always used for "municipal" and the like. When I am rich enough to hire a scribe I shall prepare mine that way—it is so much easier to speak than to write.

I have but a poor opinion of the *Pleasures of Memory* by S. Rogers, stilted stuff for the most part with occasional felicities. It consists of what would be abject nonsense in prose. Memory leads to Virtue, for the soldier, who has had every trace of finer feeling erased from his breast by the iron hand of war—I mean War—drops a tear at the thought of his childhood—he ought to be cleaning his musket probably.

Mr. Rogers wholly overlooks the cases of "Memory the friend to Vice," as when the aged clergyman in the midst of a discourse suddenly remembers the orchards he robbed when a boy.

The bee, Mr. Rogers goes on to remark, has a good memory. Pride swells her breast (the large variety of bee called bumble is thus to be explained) when after a day's foraging she smells her way home again by remembering the scent of things she passed on the way out. The bee, he says, is a perfect duffer at seeing anything, in spite of possessing a remarkable eye, hence she is compelled to follow her nose.

I do not know how he picked up these facts about bees. But I like to think when I see a bumble bee that it is not a distinct species, as the vulgar pretend, but only an ordinary bee that went out little, coming home big, swollen with self-gratulation at its own matchless memory.

The hoary grandpapa may be seen playing at games on occasion. This is an advantage due to memory, says Mr. R., for he forgets that he is not still a boy. Memory is thus credited with everything remembered or forgotten. The little poem used to be greatly admired. It has some nice expressions. . . .

TO L. J.

Manchester, Ap. 29, 1889.

. . . This afternoon I took a holiday, it occurred to me that for days I had not seen a well-dressed lady, so I took a tram three miles into town to look for one. The beauty and fashion of Manchester I failed to find, dowdies there were in plenty, interesting from their faces but not beautiful in attire or graceful in action, and the rest seemed like ballet girls holidaying—fine hats and short jackets—I wish I could draw them—such people! This town makes one pine for beauty—in stone or vegetable or man.

So I came home disappointed after buying a book or two, and having dinner for fifteen pence—Manchester is a cheap city.

I wonder if all these ugly people feel themselves drying up, as I sometimes do, for want of beauty to look at. And it is quite involuntary on my part and surprising to me that I should so feel, for I have always tried to think that it does not matter. The children here and there are the saving comfort. I saw one barefoot little girl arranging her shock of hair furtively at a mirror in the entrance to a shop and the sight was a pleasing one.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

*Pig Perch, Drizzleton, Slush,
April 29, 1889 [Manchester].*

Only a note. I have altered my opinion about Crabbe. I lectured on him without reading him as I intended, and I think I gave him a pretty severe dressing. Then when he was smarting from the effects of this, I read a lot of him. He is a splendid teller of a story, there can be no doubt. But I did not remand the order for his execution ("he had such ugly ankles")—I mean he is never a poet in any specialized sense. Since then I have been making hay of Samuel Rogers and putting Bloomfield at a cart's

tail. But I have already deified Burns, and I am going to cut Keats up into little stars and paste them on the firmament. Or rather I am going to point out that it has been done.

Scott to-morrow—not a poet, I think, but fine old man. Good old Scott.

I lecture in a very picaroon, jolly beggar, kind of way, think it wakes them up. On Crabbe I say:

“Why should we abuse Crabbe? He has never done us any harm: we have none of us read him.”

On Keats I am tempted to say:

“We now come to John Keats. It does not matter when or where he lived. You have come prepared to put down on paper, for committal to memory, any facts I may give you concerning his life—and you none of you, I know, have sufficient leisure to read his works. I must ask you to alter this. The facts, it is true, tell in Examination. But you will none of you be any nearer Heaven ten years hence for having taken a B.A. degree, while for a love and understanding of Keats you may raise yourselves several inches. In any case, you cannot expect me to give you any facts about his life in one short hour. If you waste your time, I am determined not to waste mine.”

This sort of thing will obtain for me the rich, the enviable, sack. I think I will stoop to, say, three facts.

I have offers from both Cambridge and Oxford, so doing nothing was well. Sadler says “My impression is that there will be eventually a large demand for your services.”

How the Professors here manage to give a dozen lectures a week, as they do, I cannot make out. A single lecture of my own, if I take trouble with it, costs me so much that I want to be carried out on a stretcher at the end, not to begin afresh for the next hour on Roman History. They think I have very light work with six hours a week—neither do I work long hours, but unless I alleviated it by reproducing rubbish, of set intent, for a part of the time, I should be killed by it. As it is, I can't sleep.

I rather pine for my larger and much more interesting audience. The mechanical dogs here afflict me and I get dog on the brain. You see I could make £300 a year extensionizing, I think, so it is hard to set it aside. But for doubts as to my own toughness I should jump at it. I am going to the Principal to-morrow to ask him if he is going to formally invite me to be in his party next year.

But I want power—I have found three or four monstrous blots on the system here (I am not a reformer by temperament) and I can do nothing. Everything is exceedingly black, blacker than you would suppose by looking at the facts without the glasses of my convictions or moods.

I love Diana—she is a lady—and there are so few. I have bought all George Meredith's poems—one called *Love in the Valley* is beyond words lovely. He is the best poet.

I must now go out. I never work in the afternoon lest it should send me the furze-bush way to the Everlasting bonfire. I can work about four hours a day.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Manchester, May 7, 1889.

Really I stay here because as I have no human to look after my future except myself, and *am* that tired of doing it, I have determined to hand it over neck and crop to the Almighty. I am saved for a time at least from the loathsome task of pushing myself, writing articles that I have no wish to write and the like. To do forced work under an iron routine is nothing like so bad. I could write a political article daily if I had engaged to do it. But to have to sue for leave to be sweated is too exhausting.

I am suffering from the disease Carlyle calls "passion incapable of conversion into action"—as if any passion really were. Solemn and straggling, starved and full-fed, whole troops of feelings occupy me by their dishevelled

procession through my mind, and in spite of their wailing and gibbering leave the will unawaked.

I more than dread awaking it, for it would send them packing, and, having cleared the house, would contract its view and forget the world these visitants had returned to, and so set about some pitifully petty task. They do not make a happy household, they are all inexorable and some despotic; still at least I know which are phantoms and which have bodies—but my work suffers all the same.

A great many of them join in ridiculing the reign of James II as an absorbing occupation for a human soul (one of these is beautiful and pale and commands my respect)—others taunt me with having a knowledge of what is the be-all and end-all, and with deliberately putting it out of my sight. They are ugly and dual then. It is a nice houseful.

This comes of living alone.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

May 12th, 1889, Manchester.

I have Tom's notes. I will write to Sorley who is a Professor there ¹ for information. But I have grave doubts about my fitness. The work seems to amount to from three to four hours a day, except Saturday, of lecturing, on lots of subjects from Anglo-Saxon to English History. Now here I like to have at least six hours to prepare a lecture even in the hurried poor way things are done here. I lectured two hours running to-day and I was really nearly dead. I feel it still. It takes a bullet-headed, stupid kind of man to do the work at these colleges, with great capacity for work and little nervousness. A lecture costs me far too much if I try, and if I don't I am so bored I cannot even lecture intelligibly. I lectured on Shelley to-day to gaping loons and wanted to be carried out on a stretcher

¹ Cardiff.

at the end. And in the afternoon I played a mild game at fives and it surprised me unpleasantly to find how weak and frail I was. Nothing but the fact that my nerves are all agog keeps me up.

I daresay if I had health I could devise means of doing the work. I save a little over the bullet-headed by being able to work indolently and being a master of labour-saving contrivances. But my impression is it would kill me. Moreover, I am sorry to say I have very strong opinions about the futility of the method of education in vogue at all these places. They are all governed by men of business whose idea is that *business* should go on there all day. They turn out no *men* here on the Arts side. I grind along and do my work, but the system is a wicked one—or would be if stupidity permitted. In India I adapted myself and taught as I pleased. Cardiff and University College and all the new fungus Colleges in manufacturing centres are just the same—there is not even among the Professors the most distant approach to an idea of what culture is. Among the blind, however, the one-eyed man gets many invitations to dinner.

Do you know I had written about twenty pages of dissertation on “Alastor” and the search for ideal loveliness in the world, and the right attitude to the ideal with illustrations from Shelley onwards—I took a lot of trouble and meant to put it in as a digression for a quarter of an hour, and when I looked at their faces, and saw how dissatisfied they were that up to that point I had given them few facts and dates, I lost courage and skipped it all and gave them instead the dates and names and “handy book of reference” descriptive of Shelley’s works? (This might have been reasonable in you. But not one of *them* has read *any* of Shelley, nor will) which pleased them better. Down they crammed it, looking over each other to get the title of the Ode to the Skylark or the Epipsychidion. I do not complain of their coming from very hopeless homes; poor things—I do complain that the Examination system fetters me so that I

can do nothing to help them. Of course they do not want to hear any of Shelley, but I could make them if I had a free hand—or a few of them. But if I tried to give real Literature lectures—a criticism of Life—I should soon come in conflict with the Powers. And I know myself and the world well enough to know without any diffidence that such lectures would be worth twenty times an accurate biography and bibliography.

I shall not stay at the work unless it brightens. The year will do me good in making me a more efficient instrument mechanically—in readiness and speech. But if I could only get into business I should prefer it. Several Professors seem to do 15 hours a week here without any trouble—but of course Mathematics or the like is vastly different from Literature; they repeat and repeat.

So I am more than doubtful about Cardiff; it is better to be an unmarried man than a married steam roller. I do not see how I could do the work, and the drive and pressure would take all the taste out of life. If it were four or five lectures a week I should like it, and it would keep me fully occupied. There is no demand for what I can do, but that is no reason why I should serve the God of flies.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

*Owens College, Manchester,
May 16th, 1889.*

Behold, here is paper; what doth hinder that I should be baptized? I mean, that I should write you a letter? If the same fount of ink that has so often pursued its arid course through deserts of dissertation for Owens College, or evaporated on the flats of refused invitations, will serve for a nobler purpose, I am here and ready to use it. And let me hasten to say that this letter is about nothing in particular, so if you have poor about your gates (which, literally, I cannot help thinking unlikely) or publishers in

your drawing-room (I *hope* not) you can postpone it. I received my last direct reminder of you by buying a book of yours about the eighteenth century, which I have largely read, and better, largely used. I do not know whether I ever told you how much pleasure I got from your Congreve, which surprised me in a shop (long ago) just as I had by coincidence finished reading the plays in the Mermaid series. Or rather I know I didn't, for I have never been at a sufficient distance for the remark to acquire momentum enough, when launched at you, to pierce the mail of your incredulity in this regard. But two hundred miles is something, so go, little fact, may you strike home. I am a good deal puzzled—and the question is now a very practical one for me—to get a comfortable or permanent niche in the order of things in general for literary criticism. If it is simply tracing literary cause and effect as history is said to be the tracing of political cause and effect, I do not see why a lover of literature ever should go on to it any more than I see why a lover of painting should study chemistry.

Besides, an annoying author springs up here and there who has read simply nothing, and plays havoc with the influences. My class here has read very little, but it comes to College and religiously learns why Byron wrote as he did—imparted with a certainty that amuses me more than them.

On the other hand, there is the Mrs. Jarley function of criticism, which I try to mix with the other.

I like the German scientific notion if it could be worked out, but I do not see that caring for particular books as to their matter, is a help to philosophizing about them. And they cannot demonstrate that Burns could by no possibility have been born in 1700.

I am at a loss for anything consistent, so I go on the beaten track which seems to me inconsistent.

Ward is away and I do his work. Considered as a man, he is pleasant; as a slave driver, considerate; as a scholar, distressingly encyclopædistical, or encyclopæic. I am not sure which

But I learn a good deal, although I waste some time on teaching Roman history; and I am going, like the raven which could not be bothered going back to the ark, to stay at present for a time in this exceedingly nasty city. I hope to come to see you in June when I get back to London again. And to apologize, if need be, for that ursine form of friendship which inflicts its random reflections on you as a demonstration of regard.

Your book helped me a good deal with some of the "illustrious obscure."

To L. J.

London, May 19, 1889.

Since I last wrote to you I have been driven from pillar to post: it is now Sunday and I am preparing to go back to Manchester. I have not been holidaying only—I had to prepare lectures as well.

London is so lovely just now with pink may and white lilac and fresh air without the heavy taste of glue that I seem to find in Manchester. I am extremely well on the whole, and in spite of my work and rushing about am going back better than I came.

On Saturday I went to the British Museum, and dined at Mr. Chamberlain's—an extremely nice party of young people almost all of whom I knew—I talked to Joseph for half an hour after dinner—I was at his end—and he expounded Mr. Gladstone's character. In the drawing room I made Mrs. Chamberlain's acquaintance—she is very young, without any American accent and very simple and charming. She had *such* diamonds—must have had, for me to notice them. Then we went to Austen's study and smoked and were ribald and I felt revived—a dinner party, if one is tired, always either revives or oppresses one.

And now I am going back—Manchester has made me see London through brilliant coloured glasses—it is such a relief to get among people one can talk to again—about

anything, Keats, or ghosts, or religion, without being looked askance at.

Henry Butcher, who is a dear friend of mine and Prof. of Greek at Edinburgh, warmly commended Manchester and said I had much better stick to it. Joseph himself sang the praises and interests of a provincial town. And certainly at present it makes one value one's holidays at least.

I am a good deal impressed with the necessity of working this summer—I am trying to get a book to write, but I may fail. Not a book I want to write, but a pot-boiler. It heaves one into a little notice among diggers.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Manchester, May 27th [1889].

I looked at that book concerning S. Rogers and his contemporaries and found it very entertaining. There is hardly a litterateur of the age not mentioned there except Keats, who was singularly unknown outside his own circle. As for old Crabbe, he is a prosy old boy—no poet in my estimation. I am going to lecture on him at Oxford in August to some four hundred Extensionite picnickers. They wanted an eighteenth century man and I gave them him for my own sake. His gains were very remarkable—but at that time publishing a book of verse, so far from being a diversion for capitalists, was a recognized means of augmenting a slender income. Byron got fabulous prices, so did Moore and Rogers and Bowles.

I challenge anyone to produce two lines of poetry from Crabbe. But then I am perhaps out of court; for I cannot conceive how a question ever arose as to whether Pope is a poet, or how a definition of poetry that is not a much better definition of almost anything else could be invented to include his works. It all rests on the old distinction of "prose and verse" which perverts even modern romanticists. I was reading an essay by one Court-

hope the other day where he maintains that certain subjects are unsuitable for "metrical treatment," and imagines that he is combating the proposition that anything is capable of being treated poetically. He thus manages to produce a lie as the contradictory of a lie—a rare and goodly feat. Terse vigour and regular cadence are Pope's qualifications and poetry is driven back on rhythm.

Could you come away at the end of June—we could settle whither later? Any day just before the end of June would do. Paris or Porlock or Pesth or Putney, I don't care.

Percival is in Newcastle. We are trying to arrange to meet. But really for all fair and humane influences I might as well be down a sewer as in this place.

I should like the sea I think as well as the Eiffel tower. How about the coast of Brittany—would the devil-fish hinder our bathing? It would be frightfully cheap and I should think this is a good year.

I have been lecturing on Wordsworth—I never have time to write, so I talk for an hour, which is demoralizing but good practice. Ward's lectures which he lends me are terrible cut and dried criticisms of the phrase-making school—I never could see the use of characterizing a poem at greater length than the original like a penny hawker. The critics are a terrible set, and so, in the way of pedantic accuracy, are the pedagogues.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Manchester, May 28, 1889.

I hasten to apprise you of the circumstance that I have found the following couplet in Crabbe,

"O days remembered well, remembered all,
The bittersweet, the honey and the gall!"

I regard this as a *lusus Musae*—he never again to my knowledge got so near to poetry. The second prize on the ground of the matter rather than the shambling form

is awarded to some lines on his wife's wedding ring, after her death.

“This ring, so worn, as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold,
The passion such it was to prove
Worn with life's cares, love yet was love.”

There is no third award.

To L. J.

Monkeychester, May 29, 1889.

. . . I walked three miles or more to the Free Library in the City. I read about a quarter of what I wanted to read when I found it was ten o'clock, and a bell rang for closing and I was turned out. The streets were cold and cheerless and I began to feel hungry, but it seemed I was too late for any shop where food could be obtained. At last I found a place, but all they had to give me was cold crab and bread and butter. We eat too often, I think, I had had nothing since half-past twelve. In consequence of which I enjoyed myself immensely—the crab is really an extremely palatable beast. You must not reproach me for this—I really think it is a better way than humdrum excess of food, and as I was so hungry it must have been healthy.

I lectured on Wordsworth to-day more to my satisfaction than usual—I rather think that when I come nearest pleasing myself my class regard me as a kind of monster—then on Roman History.

To L. J.

Manchester, May 30, 1889.

. . . I have done lecturing for the term now, and begin to see the summer before me. The summer, a wide plain, not unsprinkled with sparse flowers, but with a kind of

grey tint over it all too. Beyond that a long tunnel black and close and dense and with no end to it that can be foretold. I shall shriek as I go into it I know.

The very thought of the British Museum makes me shudder, the impossibility of solitude, the grim stationary nature of the whole place where the hacks remain from year to year, never any older and never any further on towards any goal—Sphinx's desert. . . .

To L. J.

The "Rising Sun," Lynmouth, Ju. 28, 1889.

We have had a splendid day walking here from Porlock, the guide books say it is 11 miles, but by a frequent judicious selection of the wrong way we took seven hours over it. I am in my bedroom, the floor heaves and sinks like a solidified sea, but there is a table, and the landlady, who has a certain sinister confidence in her manner as if she knew my family history, has kindly lent me some ink.

My window looks straight out on the small port of Lynmouth and a few masted boats; below, at long tables, the nautical population is drinking—and the whole inn has a studiously Old Salt appearance and character which would make old Pew quite in place.

We came by a road which was not the coach road and wandered through many meadows. The coast consists of bold headlands a thousand feet high, and deep ravines constantly running down, so it is difficult to get along. The coach road is further inland and to go by the shore is often impossible.

Mr. Strachey assumed a moralizing vein which ultimately became insupportable; if I said innocently enough, "We are all right here so long as we keep on going down," he would reply "Ah yes, and how unlike Life"—or if I suggested that the view would repay us for a stiff climb, he referred to the inevitable Life again. I was at last obliged to pretend

he had a horsefly on him and aim at the creature, with apologies.

We had sent our luggage on, addressed to the Lyn-dale Hotel to which we were recommended. Picture our horror when we found a fashionable hotel and saw waiters in dress clothes and a fully equipped table d'hôte through the windows. We could not bear the thought, so we came down the main street by the side of the brawling Lyn and struck on this tar-haunted Inn. Then with the greatest assurance in the world we went and claimed our luggage, and a telegram also addressed to the Hotel, as if it had been the natural post-office. The courtly proprietor asked us if we would dine at the table d'hôte or by ourselves. Mr. Strachey did all he could to make himself look an undesirable guest, and with a short clay pipe and a blunt manner, might have succeeded (he looks like a sweep, taking a holiday) but for the fatal telegram. It was worded "Lord Salisbury agrees" and was an answer to a request of his for extended leave. So his boorishness passed as facetiousness. We were not quite driven to tell the proprietor that we wanted to pull down his hotel, or to explain how his waiters repelled us.

We bathed before leaving Porlock from barnacle covered rocks, and as the fellow Strachey climbed painfully out with hooked hands, I told him he reminded me of Ulysses. He was rude enough to reply that I was not at all like Nausicaa, which was true and right but doubtless intended as an insult.

Once at the Rising Sun the landlady has taken our affairs out of our hands, we are allowed no word as to what we will eat, and when we mentioned we were going to bathe we found a boat and man supplied by her. . . .

We have come across one or two parsons—I have a singular hatred for parsons when I am in my barbarous vein, a broad black hat on a moor is absurd. It would be well enough to be a parson but for the livery. They are not in the least in touch with nature or the world—even their

scheme of redemption is a puling thing under a blue sky and a blazing sun. The effort to escape the ties "that bind us fast to Earth, to know the strength of her desires, the sternness of her woe," is what occupies them—an unworthy aim, which they pursue as if they were solving the fifteen puzzle.

I am preaching—good-bye.

To L. J.

Manchester, 5. x. 89.

. . . A Mr. Mackay¹ who is a Professor at Liverpool dropped in this morning to see me—he stayed to lunch, but we had so little he must have thought we were fasting. He wants me to go some week end and stay with him. I think of the Fox and the Stork.

The college opened with an Introductory Lecture by a Professor of Physics on the Relation of Geology to our Social Duties, so far as I can remember. The students made a noise with their feet all the time, and the lecture was certainly dull. I began to wish I was lecturing myself—you have noticed this tendency in me?

Then the chairman, a fat old man of business, got up and said that it was plain that the lecturer was a thorough gentleman and the telephone had been invented some time, so we ought all to be very glad. And then we expressed our satisfaction and dispersed.

I only met my classes this week without formally lecturing to them—one is a junior class in History about sixty strong which gives some signs of disorder.

Some people have called on Ada, she says it is as bad as being married. Among the callers were two Miss —'s; we never hear them at the door and they all rush into the room with extended hand saying "I'm this!" or "I'm that," as the case may be. This warmth is gratifying,

¹ Professor of History at University College, Liverpool.

and the Miss ——'s seem justified in deeming themselves well known—we divide our acquaintance into friends and patrons, they are the last, I think. Culture is what they are after and there is an element of barbarity in my instincts that makes me ill contented in such company. I can talk the lingo, too, in an idle half-hour. But I really believe, not in refinement and scholarly elegance, those are only a game; but in blood feuds, and the chase of wild beasts, and marriage by capture. In carrying this last savage habit into effect there would be an irresistible dramatic temptation to select the bluest lady of them all.

. . . I have moments when all the show around me of shops and streets and conditions generally seems to fade away and life is seen for what it is, and the main thing to play one's part creditably and haughtily—even with gaiety. At such times to let lack of money or even separation really influence or subdue one seems incredible pusillanimity, and the only possible attitude is "Let the days do what they will." Christian philosophers call this wicked pride, but I could respect no one, not even God, if I did not respect myself first.

I hope you are enjoying Paris. There are some works by Jusserand and St. Marc Girardin on the English Novel which are unobtainable here. I do not think either is more than two volumes at 3-50 and if you could find them at a standard bookseller's and send them to me (I forgot, Jusserand's work is on "Le Theatre en Angleterre" and costs 4 frs. the other is on the novel) I should be indebted a little more deeply than the infinite present.

To L. J.

Manchester, Oct. 14, 1889.

. . . I went to the free Library to-day through a muggy city. Yet there were splendid glimpses: one of a canal, between steep buildings running under the road and a coal

barge almost hidden in the fog—above, a dusky small fire balloon of a sun.

Any city is picturesque; at times it is wonderfully beautiful here. And to see the factory people going about moves me, I hardly know why; the women with terribly old shawls and ill fed infants. I cannot feel as if it would make any essential difference in life to be as poor as that—and I do not think this is merely the reflection of a well fed philosopher from the top of a tram-car—I hope not.

There was a splendid moon here the other night and the vista of twinkling shiny streets below, separated from the moon by great whales of clouds, was very impressive. All these magnificent scenes are like the hangings of a theatre; but the piece I think must be tragedy, not farce; and we are too often like the rats that infest the boards. Yet there is a stillness and expanse as if a huge audience were waiting breathlessly for a great deed. . . .

To L. J.

Manchester, Oct. 1889.

. . . If only one had more time it would be pleasant enough to prepare lectures.

I have drawn up a general scheme of the plot of Richardson's novels on the principle of "the house that Jack built"—it applies chiefly to Sir Charles Grandison.

This is the next to nothing that happened.

This is the young lady who wrote to her friend describing the next to nothing that happened.

This is the friend who approved the young lady for the decorum of the manner with which she described the next to nothing that happened.

This is the admirable baronet who chanced to find the letter to the young lady approving the decorum, etc.

This is the punctilio of honour that prevented the admirable baronet from reading more than the first thirteen pages of the letter to the young lady, etc.

This is the company of brilliant conversationalists that discussed the punctilio of honour, etc.

This is the marriage in high life that resulted from the meeting of the company of brilliant conversationalists that, etc.

And so on.

If I talk like this, some of them will gaze and gape, they are accustomed to such very academic lectures.

My extension audience at Moston was only about forty people—they were stupid, but seemed fairly pleased. I think the subject is too popular, that is, everyone rightly thinks that he can read for himself and that no lecturer is needed.

It is a very long journey by two trams to a rather slummy quarter.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

149 *High Street, Manchester.*

Nov. 28, '89.

I ought to have written to you before but I had not a moment. I seem fated never to write to you except about myself; no time for general interests, so I put off my views about Keats till we meet, and confine myself to remarking that they have offered me the Professorship of Literature at Liverpool. I was not a candidate, but several of my friends wrote about me, and they have taken the unusual course of going outside the list of testimonial candidates. It is a very pleasant way to get it, if I take it. This is secret, because in the first place the Senate or body of Professors who ask me to stand have not the election in their hands; it depends on the Council. But that I think is formal. In the second place I have to ponder whether I can do the work. The post is offered for five years with the chance of re-election. This is to guard against my being a failure. But we'll not fail. The salary is altogether some £450 or less, or (with fairly large classes) more. The work would

be heavy, especially at first. I do not think I could dream of marrying at first—it would seem impudently confident. I must toil like a nigger for at least a year.

Seriously, I have almost made up my mind to consent, I should have a free hand in my teaching work and no History or Languages to bother me—only to get people to love the poets. And a good deal of influence I hope on the general lines of the University. The thing will be out one way or other in a few weeks. I am sorry to think how little I shall see of Terrick.¹ Dear old Terrick.

I am not very jubilant—the responsibility and work are so much. And when I think of my really exceptional ignorance, I shudder at the prospect of that shocking prefix “Professor.”

“The Master of Ballantrae” is a grand story. Stevenson revels in the demoniac in character and idealises it nobly. But he begins to repeat himself.

Love to Mother. I find my friends Prothero and Henry Butcher must have given me a lift in private. I really owe Prothero a great deal.

TO J. M. MACKAY

Owens College, Manchester, Nov. 30th, 1889.

What is this you have been doing on your Senate? It is an immense surprise to me, for although one of my friends in London told me he had written and suggested me, I am so fully employed that I had no time for day-dreams.

It is at moments like the present that one’s colossal ignorance rises up and taunts one—but a large part of it I dare say is incidental to humanity and some of the remainder I must try to remove. Let me thank you at once, before I hear whether I am elected, for whatever share you may have had in the business.

I hesitated a little, but on the whole I do not see where

¹ His mother’s house in Buckinghamshire.

or how I could get more congenial work. To make people old or young care for say the principal English poets as much or half as much as I do—that would, I am vain enough to think, be something—if it can be done. I feel as if I ought to have three months to sit down and elaborate a method, invent a calculus as it were—that is always the main part of the business in Literature. I hope it will come in the process of teaching.

If your Council does not elect me, a lot of good patriotism will be lost, for I have transferred a considerable bulk of mine to Liverpool proleptically. I hope I shall be able to do the work pretty fairly at once—but I hope still more that I shall not be tried on evening classes till next year. I have been driven to take things as they are here, and any individual amendments have been by the way, in process of teaching, but I should like to overhaul the Statutes, so to say, and have time to take my own way at Liverpool. Is Literature gossip, or philosophy, or waxworks, or homilectics?

You must give me your help. In the meantime take my acknowledgments and gratitude. I never told you that I got back here in safety.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Liverpool, Jan. 1890.

. . . Words could not convey an idea of the people here. Their hearts are fixed, O God, their hearts are fixed on the individual and temporal and accidental and trivial. If there is a judgment day it will have an element of grim humour. Puff—and the affairs that their eyes are large and their tongues noisy about, have shrivelled like tissue paper and gone off in smoke; and then comes the test question from the Searcher of hearts: "Look round you, and tell me if you see anything you are interested in." And they will say "We protest, O God, that we see nothing

we care for." Now Heaven and Hell are for persons with ideas—a hell cannot be made out of the senses—so it is a curious problem what will become of them. But the state of mind just now, the state of mind! It is like some hideous nightmare—not humanity. Their criticisms on life are a fresh shock to me each time. . . .

To L. J.

Liverpool, Jan. 12, 1890.

. . . I spent yesterday evening with Mackay. I sat in his armchair, he lay on his back on the floor, and I preached to him about India, and a number of other subjects. The service ended with a commination, joined in by the congregation, of a good many things. But the more hopeless the condition of Liverpool, the more room and work there is for a professor of Literature, even the ignorantest.

I have been reading the Banquet of Plato. When you come here I will read it to you. Certainly Plato is philosophy and philosophy Plato—and wisdom and beauty are likewise Plato.

I have not met Stevenson¹ yet—I know nothing of his wife. But I daresay he is best in men's company, he must have given up Liverpool ladies in despair. I am looking forward to meeting him.

To L. J.

Liverpool, Jan. 30, 1890.

I lectured two hours running this morning, very badly, to small classes, and then it was half-past one and I was very hungry. So as no food, or inedible food, is to be had at the College I walked about a mile into town and had lunch

¹ Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson.

at a café. Then I spent an hour or more prowling about bookshops, and looking at an armchair which I did not buy. It is a real pleasure buying books if one does it leisurely enough, we must spare a little money for it; there is no time so good to read a book as when you have just bought it and brought it home.

Ada ¹ had gone to a Dog-show when I got back—we had dinner and I went into town again because I had been given a ticket for a meeting of John Morley's. I heard him for about an hour and came away—all that was of the smallest value might have been said in two minutes. The sight was a sad one, thousands of people halloing and cheering chiefly at the most direct flattery of themselves, their intelligence, their honesty, their Liberalism and glory at large.

The women in boxes I found particularly offensive—obtuse artless vulgarity and excited trivial preoccupation. Schopenhauer says that a new face is almost always a shock from the surprising resource Nature shows in combining unedifying elements. I find that one puts down an individual as an exception, but thousands of them together are indeed a sorry sight.

However I am interested in the tricks of the orator's trade and there were plenty of those to profit by, Morley is flashier than I expected. Perhaps it is because I have heard no political speaking for years. He is a clever speaker, but he could never be a great one, he is far too bleak and sharp with nothing consecutively and majestically developed, no rhythm and no principle of abstraction. I stayed for an hour of him and came away glad that I am at least saved from political audiences. I have nothing at all to say to people of that level of intelligence. The most obvious "points" both shameless and shameful, were what gained the applause.

It is humorous, too, to the humorously inclined. In proving that Heaven would withhold its sun and rain until the Irish Question should be settled, he said that

¹ His sister Ada went to live with him in Liverpool.

Temperance Reform was a pressing need, and they cheered him for three minutes. I was a good deal amused at their zeal to pass laws to restrain themselves from the excess of alcohol that they no doubt resorted to after the speech. It would be so very simple to drink a little less, and let the laws alone, but they prefer to diminish their fluid consumption by caucus.

Well, I came home and found Ada in bed, she was dog-tired with the dog-show and has not been well. So I have been sitting and reading, one poet, one philosopher, and one novelist, their works. I suppose it must be near one a.m.

There is my day. Not enough solitude in it. But I was hungry in the middle of it and I remember that with pleasure.

While we were at dinner Mr. Mackay brought Mr. Stevenson—whose head and face I like extremely. He said little in two minutes—everyone in Liverpool is a Unitarian and Art Professors never go to Church—so much I learnt.

To L. J.

Liverpool, Feb. 18, 1890.

. . . This afternoon a kind patroness lent us a carriage—and we paid nine hollow calls. I went because I have to see the people and I have refused several invitations. A great many of the patrons of the College live in huge houses, miles apart, in a lordly district called Aigburth, and calling on foot is no joke, especially as they give no address but the name of a house. But we got a carriage and one swoop cleared them. We now have a clean bill of health until dining fatalities befall us. . . . The mere formalities and necessities of life oppress me quite disproportionately. I am going out on Thursday and Friday, vastly against my will. Work is apt to go to the dogs—

and it is work that matters, I am conscious, in the long run, not studying complacency in foreign or barbarous houses; when distraction is added to my natural laziness, I become helpless.

TO D. S. MACCOLL

60 Canning Street, Liverpool.

Feb. 27th, '90.

Mr. Raleigh presents his compliments to Mr. MacColl, and a severe attack of the influenza compels him to employ the only available third person ¹ in answering Mr. MacColl's thoughtful expostulations. Having been in bed four days (and like to be there four more) Mr. R. hastens to assure Mr. M. that one of the earliest labours of his contingent convalescence shall be to write him a letter.

Mr. R. is of course aware that the elevated nature of the position which he now occupies, lecturing as he does during each successive week to no fewer than nine fishy-eyed ladies and a boy also fishy-eyed, and distinguished as he is by a compound appellation including the name of a semi-mythical Saxon vagabond ² who to his eternal shame preluded by his efforts the demand for a school-board in England—that this position and this style might appropriately preclude him from that ingenuous carelessness in the choice of friends which has hitherto been a leading note in his character. Mr. M. will no doubt see this and help him to form elevated connections with the Baronetage and Bench of Bishops. In the meantime owing to exhaustion of patience on the part of the third person, Mr. R. can only add that he hopes the two silliest old men in London (except in May) will de cease and leave Mr. M. a reversionary interest of a solid kind in their pulp-manufacturing machine.

P.S. Mr. R. thinks devilish poorly of one Quilter, a predecessor of Mr. M's.

¹ His sister Ada.

² King Alfred chair of English Literature.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

Feb. 1890.

I have written an Inaugural lecture and read part to Somervell. He objected to the use of the word "abstract" which I am trying to amend. . . . He thinks philosophy the least abstract thing in the world. I like his views, but if it suits my purpose to call philosophy bad names, I should like to know who will prevent me? At present I am doing all I can to get a statement that someone of my audience will understand rammed into an hour's talk. Statements of this kind fall under two heads.

(1) Those I understand myself; and

(2) Those I do not, neither: I cannot count on the first, so I am thinking of the second. So far I have only succeeded in evolving definitions of poetry. Here are some:

(1) The truth that man creates.

(2) The altar "to the unknown God"—altars to the known God being essentially unpoetic.

(3) Life in the process of transmutation into Metaphysic. (Somervell demurs—so I have amended it to suit him; Metaphysic in the process of transmutation into life. He knows that it is not true, but it pampers his prejudices, so he doesn't mind. The truth would be a mean between Life and Metaphysic.)

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

March, 1890.

Let me ask you a question: Did Uncle Adam lecture on "Substance" and did he get himself disliked? I am going to put on the bland and rolling style and they understand nothing, but, bless you, they revel in thinking something must be going on. I believe there never was a person quite as good as I am in knowing what the average intelligence likes, dislikes, twigs or doesn't twig at all. It hates paradox,

and it is always saying: "you are either in fun or in earnest, I wish I knew which." If you talk as I do of the "woolly-pated graminivorous economist" it thinks you have a grudge against Mr. G. who lectures on Economic topics. It very seldom laughs unless you grin at it. It never chuckles in its boots.

But I am going to neglect all that for once. The audience is an absolute ruck, or swell mob, all people who think something is to be had without study. I am going to fling a thing or two in their faces, *ad majorem gloriam Dei*.

To L. J.

Liverpool, 21 April, 1890.

. . . We had a reasonable good journey; at Rugby the train was very full, so I put Ada into a Ladies' Only second class and found a third smoking for myself. I had a great many Crewe Artisans and a Commercial traveller (I think) with me. One of the artisans (a master rivet-maker) more or less undertook my entertainment; he showed me the programme of the Empire Music hall which he had recently attended, gave me a brief review of the splendour, cost and pathos of the ballet there (he called it the "ballot") and lastly indulged me with a sight of his grandmother's death certificate. This lady had died a week before in the odour of piety at the age of 89 and he had been up to London to attend the funeral—she went in a hurry, he irreverently said, and died before he could come. He then wagered the company that there was no one in the carriage older than himself—one weary-looking, pathetic, and podgy faced man with grey hair and sunken eyes looked much older, but proved to be thirty-four, while my friend was forty-two—or so he said. As the only authority for the age of each present was himself, it was not a matter to bet about. The rivet-maker said he had known Sam twelve years and would guarantee Sam to be thirty-four.

Then at Crewe they got out and the "commercial" remained—I smoked a cigarette of his, and at Liverpool he said that, if I was willing, a "liquor up" he thought would meet the case. I explained that I had a sister in charge. "Ah," said he thoughtfully, "that does handicap you badly, doesn't it?" So we parted.

In the evening Mackay came in, at about 8.30, protesting that he couldn't sit down as he had only five minutes. But we talked of religious sects and poetry and life generally and when he left it was 12.20. He has a kind of flash of genius (not wit) occasionally. I like the spectacles through which he looks at things. We eulogized Meredith's gospel (not his art) and each had a free shy at George Eliot's two-penny meliorism and then reeled to bed. . . .

To L. J.

Liverpool, May, 1890.

. . . We dined out last night and that makes me think. It is a singular criticism from me, for I am condemned on all hands as flippant, but I find almost everyone I meet irreverent.

I shock them often enough—they never know how they shock me; they don't notice, for they are generally in full cry after some red herring or other, political, or social, or ecclesiastical, or philanthropic, and have only time to hear me remark that herrings are cheap to-day before they continue the chase.

But the effect on me of the conversation they have time to bestow, is to leave me with the impression that they think not only the Church and State, but even the human soul and body to be of man's making. They seem to understand it all, and to be unaffected by it. This cannot be so, but how do they manage to make it seem so? . . . I had a long walk yesterday with the Mackay and he eased his soul to me about a dinner party teeming with culture that he had

been to three days before. It was got up for Mr. B., who is staying here, so it had to be high-toned. Well at this dinner party he told a story about Napoleon to a lady of sixty and the Swedish Consul of fifty—a harmless little story with Gallic salt in it, only not adapted for Peckham drawing rooms. It was a retort of one Mme. Sophie Guy to Napoleon and as Mme. S. G. was a hundred times more talented and spiritual and modest than his audience, he thought he was safe.

But they heard it with faces like rock and banished him the conversation. Then the Swede trotted out his highly moral topics—chief of which was that unutterably foul work, Tolstoi's latest novel (I like Tolstoi, so I say it with sorrow) and they revelled in that for the rest of the evening. "Well, Walter," says the Mackay in slow tones, "I went home and opened my window and smoked and looked at the stars till two in the morning, and then I felt a little better."

To L. J.

Liverpool, June, 1890.

. . . Yesterday afternoon I took a class, and then went straight off to Southport, some 20 miles away, by train, to give the prizes to all the girls who had got them in the Cambridge Locals.

I had tea at a Vicarage and was taken to a portentous hall with a platform covered with book-laden tables and decorated with flowers. There some five hundred girls and ladies were assembled and a man here and there, about a dozen. I had expected a much more hole and corner affair, and it gradually dawned on your true servant that more was expected of him than he was prepared for.

My Vicar had ominously asked me before whether I wrote out my addresses—I replied jauntily that I spoke from notes. Then he got up and fired off a speech that he had spent the better part of a week in preparing, and very nicely

expressed, impossible to remember. He apologized for interposing between the audience and the eloquent address they had come to listen to. I nervously turned the envelope, on which I had jotted down a few sentences in the train, over and over to see if there was any fresh inspiration to be got from the gummy part—and I had a bad quarter of an hour.

But once on my feet I found Providence had organized a scanty rescue party of ideas, and I think I got on all right for over twenty minutes. I told them to learn to read and write (if possible); that was the main part of it.

I was a wreck beforehand, but I enjoyed giving the prizes. It amused me after hearing the inevitable talk about "not wishing to unsex women," to observe the bearing of the prize-takers.

I wonder how anyone who *did* wish to unsex women would set about it. Boys have a sort of air of defiance in going on to a conspicuous platform; but these girls were exceedingly shy, some found voice to say "thank you" half audibly, a few made the faintest kind of pedoodlum little curtsey, most were too paralysed to do anything but take the books or certificate in limp fingers and walk away. Even if it was the wrong certificate they took it and went.

I liked some of their faces, grave, reserved, childlike faces, very critical in reality, but so shy. You know my passion for shy people. Don't you?

Then after much speech making by local men—the cloth mostly—I went back to supper to meet some people at the Vicarage. I missed my train and stayed and smoked with the Vicar, a good fellow beneath a churchy manner. There was something nice about the house, from education partly, partly the indefinable atmosphere denoting good relations between himself and his wife. That sounds inquisitorial, I don't mean it so, they were both nice people, but one had none of the discomfort that arises from always thinking of the two points of view—and perhaps refusing a sincere invitation of the one, because of the other.

You breathe it in the air at once when you come into a

house where the master is a little timid about his lady's view or when the mistress has an old bear in the background to humour—you can see the shrubs in the garden feeling ill at ease. But when I was obliged to stay later than I meant to, she came into the study and sat there covertly yawning without the least disquieting effect.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

I hear from Lucie that you are getting us swagger goods, for which every thanks. . . . Do not buy more blankets than will go into a very little house—we cannot spare more than one room for blankets, and if we keep the rest at Terrick, Mother will say that she has not got them, and that she has locked them up and lost the key, and that we gave them to her, and that they were always hers, and that we took them away last week, and that there are no blankets—and will have them made into winter suits for Henry. We think of keeping them at Liverpool. . . .

I hope Mother is going to give me my trousseau—I believe it is usual. A deerstalker hat and a pair of goloshes are the least I can accept as a trousseau.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Terrick, Bucks, July 3 [1890].

I am going to sleep in London, probably at the London Bridge Hotel, on Monday night. Could you breakfast with me at 10.0 on Tuesday morning and come and get me married at 1.0? I should be deeply indebted too if you would perform sundry commissions for me at the Church, tips to sexton and other busybodies and an envelope to the Rector.

If I cannot get a room at London Bridge I will tell you.¹

¹ He was married at St. Saviour's, Southwark (St. Mary Overy's), on July 8th. Mr. Strachey was his "best man."

Lunch at 79 Warwick Road after the wedding. Thither you will be driven. For the love of Mary, no frock coat.

I much want you to breakfast with and will arrange for the Savile Club if that would suit better. Only the other is close to the Church, so it could be 10.30 for breakfast if you prefer it.

Glad you had a sleep in the open on your walk.

Let me know if you can come.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

New Inn, Clovelly, July 10, 1890.

Here we are married and safe at Clovelly. We live in a little room in the garden, hanging above the rest of the inn, where we hope to stay a week. Anyhow till Monday. Please send on letters.

It is the nicest of possible places. The room was occupied by me and my friend Mr. C. S. a year ago. The people are charming and remembered me quite well, asking affectionately for the Rural Dean, which is what I consistently called my friend.

This afternoon Lucie sat on a pier and I went with a Jack Tar in a boat and bathed. I have just been thanking her for being married to me and coming with me on my trip. She said "Don't mention it," so I think she enjoys coming.

There are several newly married couples here, the women with a "manner," a sudden blossoming of dogmatism, and complete settlement of views on all topics—the men mostly with a hang-dog air in attendance. I am driven to believe that most men's wives marry them.

We liked our wedding immensely, expecting to hate it. This is a charming place, I repeat. Opposite my balcony here is an alcove where my friend the Dean sat and drank cider and gallivanted with a little waiting-maid, niece of the proprietor, whom he ungratefully called a "baggage." She is not a baggage, I find, having only an overflowing

urbanity of disposition, which carries her just as far in waiting on Lucie as in flirting with all the men in the place. I am pleased, for the Dean prophesied dark things for Elvina.

P.S. I am not a married man. Lucie says I am never to be one. She is not going to let me "settle down."

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Padstow, [July 26, 1890].

We are staying here a week—and find it a more entertaining place than even Trevone could be, failing a large company. I went mackerel fishing with Richard Old and John Blake and was regaled with stories new and old. Mr. Old's somewhat rudimentary humour displayed itself again when he described a gentleman who was always sea-sick on the "billers," but would not give in and lay in the front of the boat "groanin' and howlin' fit to make you die of laughin'—you would 'a laughed, Sir, if you'd 'a been here, I never laughed so much in all my life."

He has added to his repertoire a story about my mother—how he went to Trevone to take a piano, "and the old lady comes out and says 'You the man what put my son on Gulland?' 'Well, yes,' I says. 'Well,' says she, 'you didn't ought to done.' Yes, Sir, that's the words she said 'Well,' says she, 'you didn't ought to done.' And that's av it."

The story has a material *vraisemblance*.

Do you remember the man who came from London all white and trembling and shaking so as he couldn't hardly stand and in a week was running and jumping like a boy, and that's av it? He is still remembered here.

We live in a rambling private hotel with a wandering garden reaching right back to the churchyard. It is called St. Petroc's and they board you excellently at two guineas a week. The house is very old, with spacious hall and curious rambling rooms, some as big as shooting galleries;

an old lady like an elderly nurse looks after us. As the place is very clean and well kept and signs of human life are few and far between (we have only once had a meal not alone) this is worth remembering. The resources of the place are huge—and I had forgotten how very beautiful it is. They have built a loathsome row of five or six villas close down to the beach at Trevone. I bathed in our billowy rock pool and was disturbed by two photographers in flannels and blazers (probably also cyclists, the hogs) and their female belongings.

TO HIS SISTER JESSIE

University College, Liverpool, Nov. 11, 1890.

I have been reading a great deal of Chaucer, when one has read him for a few weeks one cares for little else. Like this—

“The God of Love, ah, benedicite!
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he can make of lowe heartes high,
And highe heartes low, and like to die,
And harde heartes he can make free.”

It is a dream, and there are thousands of lines as good. If I have time I will copy you a bit out of Troilus and Cressida.

Cressida has to leave Troy and go to the Greek camp again, leaving Troilus.

But as men seen in town, and all about,
That women usen frendès to visite,
So to Criseyde of women came a route
For *pitous joy* and wenden hire delight,
And with their talès, dear enough a mite!
These women, which that in the city dwell,
They set them down, and said as I shal tell.

I underline phrases I admire, as their pleasure in suffering

in the first, in the second the kind of eternity as they dump into their chairs.

Quoth first the t'one "I am glad trewely
Because of you that shal your father see,"
Another said: "Ywis, so nam not I,
For all too little hath she with us be!"
Quoth then the third: "I hope, iwis, that she
Shal bringen us the peace on every side,
Then, when she goth, almighty God her guide."

Those wordès and those womanishè thingès,
She heard them right as though she thennès were,
For God it wot, her heart on other thing is;
Although the body sat among them there,
Her advertence is alway ellèswhere;
For Troilus ful fast her soulè sought,
Withouten word, on him alway she thought.

These women, that thus weneden hir to please
Aboutè nought, gave all their tales to spende,
Such vanity ne can do her none ease
As she that all this meanè whilè brennde
Of other pássýoun than that they wende;
So that she felt almost her hertè dye
For wo, and weary of that companye.

Then she burst out crying:

And thikke foolès, sitting hir about,
Wēñēðēn that she wept and sighed sore,
Because that she sholden out of that rout
Depart, and never playen with them more,
And they that had yknowen her of yore
Saw her so wepe, and thought it kyndēnesse.
And each of them weptè for her distress.

And busily they gannen her comfòrten
Of thing, God wot, on which she little thought,
And with their talès wenden her dispòrten,

And to be glad they often her besought;
 And such an easè therewith they her wrought,
 Right as a man is easèd for to feel,
For ache of head, to clawen him on his heel.

There—there is nothing like this out of Shakespeare and for realism nothing there. The three remarks of the comforters and the abstraction of Cressida are splendid.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Univ. Coll., Liverpool [Feb. 1891].

Many thanks for your letter. I wish you were here to play on our piano: it does not get enough exercise and is eating its head off. I send you Bridges' Poems—they are tip-top for classic diction and a splendid restraint. Please send them on to C. Strachey, 37 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.—they are for him.

Look at Book IV, nos. 27 and 28, the Elegy (Bk. II, 10), and on the "Lady who died of grief on the death of her betrothed." These fizz. The landscape sketches are fine, and the miller who

"Stands beside his sacks and ranks
 The figures in his dusty book."

One living poet (John P. Tennyson) gives me more pleasure—or as much.

I hope you get on nicely; in this busy grubby town I think of Terrick as a kind of Paradise. We are coming, I hope, to live there in summer. I think wickedness makes people get into towns—

Evil is centripetal and good centrifugal.

"The world is very evil,
 The towns are waxing big,
 The pigsty's in the country
 And in the town the pig."

This is a very difficult letter to write, for I am sitting at a long table in the middle of a Senate meeting with my colleagues, talking on points I might be talking about too. So good-bye—why don't one of you come to Liverpool?—I wish you would—so does Lucie. I ask you now.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Liverpool, May, 1891.

God almighty, it is true, has carried out his funny plan and tumbled an infant into the world. Will you be God the father—I mean the godfather? Then he (the child) would regard you as you wish to be regarded.

Many thanks for your dream—I made a *poem by Browning* in a dream the other night: the funny thing was that it was by Browning, but I wrote it and felt proud. At dawn I remembered a verse and a half, now I remember only the last line:

“And Heaven a shining face,”

which seems to me artistically and adequately Bobbyish.

I am delighted to hear that your brother Arthur (and I hope your sister-in-law) is in England, and I should enjoy his company much. With regard, however, to the walking tour, I am partly of your opinion. Truly it is as difficult for three men to start and return in company as for a polygamist to marry three wives and keep them in one house, while if he likes Ilfracombe or does not affect sun-clad remote and barren slopes, well, to put it bluntly, that damns him.

I sympathize with you keenly—have you thought of these lines of defence?

- (1) We walk much in unfrequented parts of the country and are *often uncertain where we may find a meal*. Think of Stoke Gabriel. Moreover we have the stomachs of ostriches and put up gladly with very

quaint fare. Think of Bigbury and the inn with the gentleman who knew the nearest way from somewhere to somewhere.

- (2) We bathe long hours on end. And by God we will; I long to.
- (3) The bald fact of the impossibility of the tripod. You see if two walk and differ they can part and the onus is nowhere; if three walk and differ, two get into the nasty position of oppressing or dismissing one. It is quite impossible that we should add one to our number, we might possibly add two, known to each other. That would make a cavalcade it is true.

Divorce, simple with two, is impossible practically speaking with three, so the good God made only two sexes. I have often, by the bye, wondered whether a third sex (not hermaphrodite) is more, or less, possible than a fourth dimension. Think of this. . . . We have called our son Valentine Alexander.

TO D. S. MACCOLL

Liverpool, June 1, 1891.

I had a sort of drunken variant on the Influenza, with a week's headache like a coffee mill, but that is gone. My son is well, as health goes in that strange period of life, and so is his mother. We hope to be in London for a good part of July. I see with pleasure the great bases for eternity that you lay week by week in the *Spectator*. And pleasure is a rare extract from Art Criticism. I wish you would take an early occasion to explain what is the meaning of the word "literary" in the mouths of your contemporary critics. When the *National Observer* says "literary," it always means, I conjecture, mawkish in sentiment, deficient in skill, wooden in presentment. Like the "Prometheus Bound" or "Macbeth" in short. Or if it means simply

poaching on a foreign convention I wish it would unpuzzle me by explaining the precise nature and bounds of the rules under which a man with a pen works. I find, again, that a picture may be "poetic," but it must not be "literary." It seems to me that these gentlemen may be parroting merely. Instead of complaining of the absence of what ought to be there, they complain of the presence of what could not possibly be there (if they mean sequence in time, chiming of sense and sound, and other marks of the literary art) or else of what is common to all arts and ought to be there. Stevenson¹ is a fine critic, but he is indirectly responsible for these bud-crowned noddies. What they try to do is to build a complete artistic theory from the conditions proper to each particular art. When they allude to the more complex general conditions—associations, conditions, and the like—they do it with a delightful "of course," as if everyone understood religion, but the oblique muscles of the eye were stuff for a rare mind.

And that is why the whole business seems to be futile except by way of elaborate treatise.

I hope you are staying in London in July. I was at Manchester a day or two ago and saw Mr. and Mrs. Elton. We are trying to plan an Honours School in Literature. Tell me some things to put in, not being Anglo-Saxon, Comparative Grammar, or Moeso-Gothic.

This term drags on and I want to get away. The weather has become hazy, my pupils few, and I do no work. When I come to London I want you to tell me how a man may lecture eight times on Shakespeare to a few hundred Xtian young Men. It is what I have to do next term, and the more I do this thing the harder it gets and the more completely it baffles me.

¹ R. A. M. Stevenson.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Liverpool, July 1 [1891].

Will you please do what you can to supply me with a bibliography of FitzGerald. I have laid out to lecture once on him next year. I have thought (too late) of a nice subject for lectures in a course—the “Poets Laureate” from Skelton onwards. The butt of canary could figure bravely.

Let me have a note in London—telling me where you are and when you move, I could come round evening or morning. I am thinking of a walking library already—I propose including:

A pocket Vulgate

Rabelais

A Handfull of Pleasant Delites

Clem. Robinson

Rich. Barnfield: Poems.

I am a swell on W.S.’s sonnets now from long poring.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

*University College, Liverpool,**September 17th [1891].*

I have not heard from or of you lately. I have a book of yours (Montaigne) which I must send you unless you will come and get it. In the meantime I want to propound to you a scheme which struck me while I took a moonlight walk at Terrick. Next June (at the end or beginning of July) I want you to come a brief walking tour in some inland county, by night. We would choose a moony week and act thus: Breakfast at 4 or 5 p.m., see the place we are in, dine between 9 and 11 p.m., start at 10.30 or 11.0 with sandwiches and spirits, walk till 6.0 or 7.0 and go to bed after supping in the morning. I want to get familiar

with the night. The coast I think would not do, we should fall over cliffs, and I think the waves would be a little too eerie—we might get on to that by degrees.

Drawbacks are:

(1) Luggage—surmountable.

(2) Prejudice of the natives—surmountable I trust and anyhow amusing.

(3) Weather. What are we to do if it begins to drizzle steadily at 10 p.m.? *Ex hypothesi* we have just risen from slumber and cannot go to bed again—to ask for candles and a room all night would be feeble—we must *start in the rain*. Anyhow overcoats of the best are essential. Think of this and let me know. We could always chuck it and work our day round again.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

15 Sydenham Avenue, Liverpool,
October 11, [1891.]

I have just read your “Ducdame”¹ paper—it seems to me triumphantly convincing—all the more a triumph because critics are so apt to find subtleties where nonsense was intended. I only wish you could thoroughly explore Sh. and find if there are any other traces of gypsy lore.

All the gypsies of Derbyshire and adjuncts have a reunion here some time in November and camp on some waste ground at Wavertree a mile or so away. If I let you know could you come for a few days and do with a very small room? There is also of course the Shelta tinker to whom Kuno² would introduce you.

¹ Mr. Charles Strachey had published in the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society* of July 1891 a short paper suggesting a solution of several passages in *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene v. which have puzzled the commentators, including the mysterious word *Ducdame*, in the song “Under the greenwood tree.”

² Professor Kuno Meyer, Celtic Scholar, and Professor of German at University College, Liverpool.

Is *Modern Love* ever to be reprinted? I have a good many books to show you if you could come.

If you can attend the wedding of my sister,¹ who is going, oddly enough, to marry no other than Beck, we should meet, and could arrange. I am having a nice time this term for I lecture thrice weekly on Elizabethan Literature to a decent sized class of regular students. There is no literature I would sooner deal with. Only it is difficult to read all one ought. What for instance am I to do about Hookey Walker's Eccles. Polity?

I have got a copy of Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1583 (reprint). Every fresh abuse such as May-games, Morris dances, nights in the woods—makes one's mouth water.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Liverpool, Jan. 11, 1892.

I am kindly grateful to you for your remarks—I had just been reading the poem ²—the metre is splendid. Among the awful swell things in it is the bit about the beast's shadow being still its own. This shadow is now thrown on London—so it might work in with the later verses, but perhaps better not. Another nailer is this—

“When, in some mythic chain of verse
Which man shall not again rehearse,
The faces of thy ministers
Yearned pale with bitter ecstasy,”

and the whole sense of the forgotten vanished worship and time—

“Ah! what is here can testify
(Save that dumb presence of the sky)
Unto thy day and Nineveh?”

And the wind sweeping up the shadow from the ground,
and the cry of the soul of Nineveh bound in the beast, and

¹ His sister Jessie.

² *The Burden of Nineveh.*

a hundred other things. But what are the "scriptured flanks" of the beast in its application to London?

I have been reading Christina Rossetti—three or four of her poems, like those of her brother, make a cheap fool of Browning—and leave E.B.B. barely human. I think she is the best poet alive. You read *Wife to Husband* and then try to read *Any Wife to Any Husband*—it is like going out of Heaven on a visit to a monkey-house.

"A man looks—once more, what is there to chide?" Faugh! the rank air. You read "Shall I forget" and then try to read "Hist! cried Kate the Queen" or any other of Robert's turgid lyrics. Also read *Twice*, and *A Green Cornfield* and *They desire a better country* and *The Hour and the Ghost*, and *From House to Home* (the framework is too vague but the end is marvellous) and *Old and New Year Ditties*; and then say how R.B. can be a poet. He is an educated, interesting, progressive, pig. All the pieces I name are in the Goblin Market volume. The worst of it is you cannot lecture on really pure poetry any more than you can talk about the ingredients of pure water—it is adulterated, methylated, sanded poetry that makes the best lectures. The only thing that Christina makes me want to do is cry, not lecture. Swinburne says that *Passing away, saith the world, passing away* is so much the noblest of sacred poems in English that none is second.

You must also read *Pastime* in the *Pageant* volume, and the last six lines of Sonnet 26 in *Later Life*, and a dear little poem called *It is Finished*. There are scores of others too in the Goblin volume. You try the *Convent Threshold* and then go back to your Portuguese Sonnets—lave in them, drink of them, then, if you can.

To L. R.

Liverpool, Jan., 1892.

I have been reading Christina Rossetti—she is wonderful. I am very glad I have not to lecture on her, for it is too pure

poetry. I want to quote this little poem to you as a contrast to fubsy old Browning's *Any Wife*.

"Shall I forget on this side of the grave?
 I promise nothing: you must wait and see,
 Patient and brave.
 (O my soul, watch with him, and he with me.)
 Shall I forget in peace of Paradise?
 I promise nothing: follow, friend, and see,
 Faithful and wise.
 (O my soul, lead the way he walks with me.)"

I think that is very splendid, especially in the device of the brackets to express a half articulate prayer.

There is a poem called *Husband and Wife* that makes Browning's seem beastly, but it is too long to copy out.

. . . I must write just some of that poem, *Wife to Husband*.

"Pardon the faults in me,
 For the love of years ago:
 Good-bye.
 I must drift across the sea,
 I must sink into the snow,
 I must die.

You can bask in this sun,
 You can drink wine, and eat:
 Good-bye.
 I must gird myself and run,
 Though with unsteady feet:
 I must die.

Blank sea to sail upon,
 Cold bed to sleep in:
 Good-bye.
 While you clasp, I must be gone
 For all your weeping:
 I must die.

his letter; and if I seem dilatory it is because eternity is long, and he and I will exchange views and mutually mature our minds throughout it, but don't quote Browning to him, about

"Leave Time to dogs and apes,
Man has forever,"

for Browning is a vulgar (yes, vulgar) bustling Western, if ever there was one. The sacred ape also has eternity. Do go and see him at the tanks—and feed him out of your hand; it is a fascinating pursuit, spiced with apprehension. Also try a walk at sunset out over the plain, it is like the half-real life of the Elysian plains. You feel as if you would awake if shaken when you gaze on that half-lit flatness, and the slow, silent villagers and buffaloes.

Do you find anyone nice in the Station? There is still great kindness and fellow-feeling among Anglo-Indians.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Spring of 1892.

Perhaps you are in London now. I am writing an Ode for the Installation of a Chancellor (Spencer) at Victoria University. It is to be set to music, and my musician wants to close with some lines of this metrical pattern—

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty:
Ride on!"

That just shows you what a musician is. But perhaps you can tell me what the above metre is. I started by being Milton, and now it seems I must end by being Walt Whitman.

TO L. R.

Liverpool, July 20, 1892.

. . . I send you a set of delightful documents¹ that came to me this morning. It is all too ravishingly like Jim

¹ A request from the compiler of a publication to be called

Pinkerton. I have written back soberly and courteously, imploring the compiler of the book to omit me, and assuring him that I am not in the least distinguished. . . .

July 23.— . . . The Pinkerton episode is turning up richer than I expected. I send you Pinkerton's letter; please keep it, as well as the prospectuses I sent you. I told him that I was unworthy of a place in his epoch making work. Now see how exactly like his great prototype he is in his reply. "Better and better," he says in effect, "I have got a real modest man of genius by the leg, and I mean to pull it." I must devise a reply to Pinkerton; the correspondence promises too well to be let drop.

July 22.— . . . I want to insure our house against burglars. The N. N.'s was broken into—they were caught, so far as I can learn. And I don't suppose N. N. *could* lose anything, he would come out one or two ahead, with *at least* all his property, after the deluge. If he had been Noah he would have had insurance policies on the lost live-stock, as Adam he would have had a *lease* of the garden of Eden and would have got heavy damages for illegal ejection, as Lot he would have had his wife's life insured in some respectable Chaldæan company.

Liverpool's Legion of Honour, for answers to a list of questions about his career, tastes, etc. He did not fill up the forms sent, but replied in the following letter, which was published in the book:

"Will you allow me to suggest the omission of my name? I have no assured or prominent social or commercial position. I am not rich, I never dabbled in philanthropy. I am not eminent in my own profession. I have published no books; so far from inhabiting an 'ancient or gorgeous Residence,' I live in the cheapest kind of jerry-built house, and the few local fashions I have attempted to set no one follows. I have taken out no patents, gained no medals, and saved no lives. From the depth of this obscurity you propose to raise me by conferring on me the Order of the Legion of Honour. I assure you, sir, I am unworthy. I have no claim to be named in any list of the citizens of Liverpool more exclusive than the Census."

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

[*Liverpool, December 17, 1892*].

Very many thanks for your letter. I am bringing to London as part wedding present for you two rare works, one on Geomancy¹ in Latin (a swell book), the other on all kinds of divination, in German. The Latin book has had inscribed on the fly leaf by a former possessor a Geomantic bibliography with no fewer than 17 works. I think we can make it all out.

I have been sickened by the words of the great Agrippa, a really high class magician and geomant, on the Art. "*Scripsi et ego*" (he says) "*quandam Geomantiam ab aliis longe diversam,*" (this, the pest of the calling, is familiar to us) "*sed non minus superstitiosam fallacemque, aut si vultis, dicam etiam mendacem.*"

The beast! But he did write a Geomancy—I am looking out for a copy for you. Others he mentions as geomants are Gerard, whom we know, Bartholomaeus Parmensis, and "*Quidam Tundinus.*" *Dicam etiam mendacem*—I cannot get over it. The high priest of magic kicking over the altar. Perhaps he is better. "*De Arte Lenonia*"—I am about to read him on this.

I think both these books will please you. I have just found another list of geomants by Cornelius Agrippa thus—"Petrus de Abano, Gerard Cremonensis, Joannes Geber, Barth. Cocles, Christophorus Cateneus, et Nonius Marcellus Saya."

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

[*Liverpool [January, '93]*].

Please for the sake of Noah's Ark do write me some remarks about Shelley. I give you five weeks. I have to

¹ About this time W. R. and his friend Mr. Charles Strachey were amusing themselves with some researches into a curious form of divination called *Geomancy*. W. R. called it "a sort of parlour astrology" and always regarded it from the humorous point of view.

write about him, and I want to avoid the common tones e.g. "Glory to the vegetarian atheistical polygamist," or "Listen to the sweetly musical but sadly unpractical nightingale—the poet of all the airy dreams that never can be." Do you see? So put down what you think, for Adam and Eve's sake, do please, dear Batt.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Liverpool, Sunday [March 1893].

Your admirable notes on Shelley arrived the day after I read my paper. I suppose the Dodman would turn up at the day of Judgment just after the sheep and goats had been discerned and divided, and would insist on a new trial "crying with frog voice 'What shall I be?'"

Never mind, I am going to put the notes in a cover and keep them for use—they are very good indeed. I wrote a fighting paper on the varlets who sit in judgment, and annoyed them a good deal, I am pleased to say.

I am going with Lucie to Manchester to-morrow to see Browning's *Blot* acted, prologue by me. I send you a copy, misprinted, the MS. lines are essential; I hope the knaves are going to reprint. Tell me *at once* what you think of it. I think it a dignified piece of rhetoric, stodgy perhaps, but in keeping with the play. It is a vile, hard thing to do. I think the two last paragraphs run well.

Shelley is an angel. I insisted a great deal on meaning, not merely melody and lyric form. Yesterday I played golf so I feel nice and healthy.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

May 26/93.

I have just been asked to examine for the Indian Civil Service (which pleases me well) in English Literature. I

have to examine on a special period, Shakespeare to Dryden. If only one could do a little towards helping to keep a crock or two away from the Service—but they are hard to recognize in writing, and often impossible to refuse marks to. One feels as the Almighty must on Judgment day when he saves the wrong persons because they come out top on the scheme.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

June /93.

I have just got your very kind book since I wrote last, and have read the Enamoured Sage. We are first animals and next intelligences, at a leap, but I find the leap a hard one with the Sage. I really only get flashes of sense out of it, whiffs of familiar doctrines. I wish to God he had kept in Juggling Jerry and the rest instead. But Modern Love is very nice indeed to have.

I have some odd people to lecture to. One black haired doctor in the town comes, and professes himself a devotee of poetry. He has bought all Rossetti and all Meredith preparatory to my discourses, and in his leisure engages himself in "pithing" them as he calls it. This consists in beginning at the first page and walking steadily through to the last as if it were a novel. I here record that he calls "Earth and a Wedded Woman"—"spicy!" O God, I have got hold of an ass! A curiously devised ass, too, he delights in Walt Whitman and scatters neatly on the margin such remarks as: "Brave old man!" or "Very pathetic and touching!" He has read ten volumes of Browning beginning at the first. I cannot surmise *what* it is he means by or cares for in poetry. But he also likes chess-problems, so I think it must be that. I fancy he could not quote two consecutive lines of any poet.

Do you suppose the Roadside Philosophers are to have a volume to themselves with new additions? I hope so.

If "I" and "he" are the same person in "Modern

Love," there is no obscurity I think. If different, the game begins again. I have really nothing to say—I wish I could unravel the Sage Enamoured and get at all he means about Man's law and Nature's law and marriage and sentiment. There are whalish fine things in it—e.g.

"Slave is the open mouth beneath the closed"
and

"the hoop of gold
Rounds to horizon for their soul's embrace."
Many thanks for the book.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

7 Brompton Avenue [Liverpool],
June 18 [1893].

I will walk with you any whither anywhence whenever you like. One consideration lay to mind: we must end up at Terrick, or I must, so as to attend the wedding, without being too long away from Liverpool, for I am leaving Lucie here. Could we pick out a walk somewhere between here and Terrick, including Wales or the border counties? I much prefer Cornwall to all else, and it is not the time or distance, but it is devilish expensive to go from Liverpool to Cornwall and back for a short time, and I am rather poor. Still I think I could run to it, and the beauty of the place in itself would almost blow the expense. We must have some sea I think. Would ten days or less before the wedding do for a start?

I will send you my paper when I get printed copies. It has been mauled a little by Courthope, who cut out a question involving Shakespeare's Sonnets in order to put in one on one of the set books. Now I say that every lover of poetry except — knows Shakespeare's Sonnets, and no one will cram them, hence they are ideal, and they fall in the 17th century. I must now trust to the goose showing the cloven foot, for the paper gives lots of scope for the

cram-fed. I expect to get pounds of *paté-de-foie-gras* served up to me. The paper I fear would be liable to stump anyone who had not got up the set books carefully, but perhaps that is no harm.

I don't think we will give you a clock. Neither of you seems to care to know the time. We are now thinking of a silver teapot if we can get one beautiful at a Christian price. We are going to forage for one among the Jews.

Let me know about a date and place.

TO FRANCIS GOTCH ¹

July 5, 1893.

This little poem, written this morning for Mackay, inspired solely by the anticipation of the pleasure it might be fortunate enough to give him, is now, in his absence, and destitute of his favour, dedicated to the only other person of my acquaintance who is at all likely to be able, in spite of his acquaintance with the Natural Sciences and the Glory he has snatched from their effectual prosecution, to understand what these vain verses intend to express, and to derive from them perchance—let not the Lord be angry and I will speak yet but this once—a fleeting pleasure.

BALLADE OF THE ANTHROPOID

When Man sat high upon a tree
 —Ah! sacred days, before the Fall,—
 And gibbered of the things to be
 In accents aboriginal;
 Did dreams or visions e'er forestall
 The time when he should walk, and coy,
 Obsequious, at his tail should crawl,
 A Demonstrator and a Boy?

¹ Professor of Physiology at University College, Liverpool.

Majestic mammal! Now doth he
 Two-footed pace this flying ball,
 He bleeds the young examinee,
 And scouts the supernatural:
 What matters it to quote St. Paul?
 Who cares what deeds were done in Troy?
 Two things are not apocryphal,
 A Demonstrator and a Boy.

From out the vasty depths of sea
 The mage of old could spirits call—
 A task of no utility;
 Far wiser he, to dredge and trawl
 For seeds and shells and fishes small,
 And summon, should the labour cloy,
 To range the pickles on the wall
 A Demonstrator and a Boy.

Envoy

Prince! In thy high celestial hall
 To tune his harp with holy joy,
 Grant him thy grace;—and therewithal
 A Demonstrator and a Boy.

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

7 Brompton Avenue [Liverpool],
 July 6 [1893].

I am bitten by a desire to take ship here on the "Mary Hough" a coasting tramp, on Saturday July 16th for Falmouth, arriving there some time on Sunday. Perhaps she stops at Penzance. I will enquire. Falmouth however is 20 miles from the Lizard and we could walk all round there—it is a splendid district, gorgeous sea and cheap inns—cheap enough to compensate a large railway fare I believe. Could you travel down on Sunday 17th and spend the week in

Cornwall? I think this is the thing to push for. There would be an express on Sunday, not crowded. Of course I could come on to Plymouth, but I have heard wonderful things of the Lizard. I wish you would make it a week Sunday to Sunday. My boat leaves Liverpool every Saturday morning and takes 24 to 36 hours I think.

Do you know Johnson's *Lives of Highwaymen, Pirates*, etc. (1724)? In it I found Captain Teach, Israel Hands, William Brodie, with many of their characteristics and exploits. It has been a rich mine for Stevenson. Sampson has interleaved the life of Sam Hall with the Ballad, never before written or printed; the chorus, in which all will join, is

Damn your eyes!

Damn your eyes! !

in a crescendo of ferocity. It is a very pretty picture of the unrepentant death of a most horrid ruffian to whom the ministrations of the Church, the solicitude of his friends, the very existence of his victims, suggest nothing but the reflection expressed above.

"Now this is my last knell,
 my last knell,
 Now this is my last knell,
 my last knell,
 Now this is my last knell
 And you've had a bloody sell
 For I'll meet you all in hell,
 Damn your eyes! !
 Damn your eyes! ! ! !!"

The other verses express ideas from which a chaste and pious pen might well recoil.

Did you see your tea-pot? It is a tea-pot among a thousand. 'Twill always pawn, and will serve for the teas of fifty years.

Let me know your dates, and get a week, if may be.

TO L. R.

Green Bank Hotel, Falmouth,

July 17, 1893, Morning.

. . . I have just sent you a telegram. We had a good passage but for the indescribable sweeps on board. Luckily it got rough in the Bristol Channel and of forty or so I and four others dined at 1.30 on Sunday. The Captain was a delightful person, rubicund, with a white military moustache. When one of the Liverpool cockneys asked him if he was going to hold a service on Sunday and said he ought to look after the passengers' moral welfare, he said, "Damn the passengers' morals. What am I going to get for it? that's what I ask. These parson chaps seem to make something out of it. Now a bob a head—make it two guineas and I'll give you twenty minutes' real talking to." A foolish young man with a Liverpool accent like stale cheese said that in his part of the county the people were "great Radicals"—"and a deal of Sawcialists too." To whom the captain, "Two men once came aboard this ship, one with the *Daily News*, the other with the *Star*. *They've* not been heard of since." There was not a clean spoken Englishman in the whole shoddy bundle of passengers, all drawling, boorish, would be jocular provincials with the foolishest faces. They picked their teeth with knives and pencils, and had a kind of freemasonry of bad jokes. I was ill with them; luckily they all got seasick after sitting up drinking beer and making speeches the first night, which was calm.

I got here at 8.0 last night and met Chas. this morning—a nice hotel looking over the beautiful harbour. His time is short, so we skip the Lizard, go to Ship Inn, Polperro, walk from there to Liskeard and train to Padstow on Tuesday. We may take a day longer on the way, but Padstow is the only safe letter place. We leave Padstow at 6.0 a.m. on Saturday, so Friday night is the latest for letters. We want to sail again with Daddy Blake and Mr. Old. . . .

But great Heavens! how I hate my kind, the smart music-hall shop-keeping young men at least. . . .

All the Cockneys have vanished like a dream, and now we are going to have a very nice walk and bathes. I am going to enjoy myself. . . .

TO JOHN SAMPSON¹

7 Brompton Avenue,
July 28, 93.

My sister Ada and my friend Strachey were wedded on Wednesday and were very pleased with your telegram. Their demeanour up to the last moment was resigned and their conversation edifying. Both accepted the penultimate administrations of the Church with exemplary humility, went up the trap with great fortitude, and exhibited none but Christian feelings towards the curate who turned them off. Strachey's behaviour was especially beautiful and calm. I saw a good deal of him, for he spent the last week walking with me in Cornwall. In our conversation I often urged him to withdraw his thoughts from present cares, and fix his mind on the future, to trouble less about the periodic division between us of liabilities incurred for ginger brandy and cigars, and to remember that his losses at Californian Jack, a game he is a poor hand at, were my gains. He listened with great docility to my advice, and actually accomplished the perusal of a devotional work entitled "Autour du Divorce" by "Gyp," professing that he had derived much profit from it and gained light on future things. He freely forgave the officials who carried out the last sad function, telling them that they only did their duty, and giving them 31/6*d.* among them to buy mourning rings. I was much impressed with his fortitude and calm. When I expressed my regret that the Church should deem it necessary to make such pointed mention of fornication in the service celebrated over him he rebuked me sternly. "It seems to me," said he, "that

¹ Romany Scholar, and Librarian at University College, Liverpool.

we ought all to be very thankful that the Church did not seize the opportunity to enlarge upon graver offences. They have dealt very gently with us and shown an unexpected forbearance, in which I rejoice." So determined was he to rise above a grovelling dejection, and find good in the severest dispensations.

They bade goodbye to their immediate relatives (the public at large and all reporters were rigorously excluded) and are now at a publichouse, small, remote and secluded, on the banks of the Thames. I derive satisfaction from the knowledge that I was with them at the ordeal and supported them in the triple capacity of best man, chief (and only) bridesmaid, and father of the bride. Strachey, whose own sufferings did not prevent his having keen sympathy to bestow on others, was pleased to commend the manner in which I gave the bride away. The question "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" he told me, is commonly responded to with stentorian vigour and indecent alacrity; from me it elicited no response, and a graceful hesitation was apparent in my carriage. The presiding parson then beckoned me to approach; the spirit of command ennobled his gesture, and yielding to pressure, I indicated by an inclination of my head that I would no longer withhold the bride. I would not tell you this if it were not that it gave pleasure to my poor friend, and prompted him to express his satisfaction. He said that I yielded at the precise moment when to hesitate any longer might have run the risk of the imputation of discourtesy. To hesitate is permissible, to refuse were churlish. And worst of all is the attitude of him in the story, who on hearing the question put "Who giveth this woman away?" rose in the body of the Church vociferating "I could, but I won't."

I thought you might care to know these few poor details of the accident whereby I have become to my sister "one of my husband's friends"—to my friend "a brother of his wife's." For a circle may be described round any

centre; and a whole planetary system be transferred in the twinkling of an eye.

When will you be at the Library? I should like to come in on say Tuesday—if you happen to be there.

Could you tell me from bibliog. works whether Vincent's Spec. Hist. 1591 Venice is complete and accurate as to text.

Yours ever,
W. A. RALEIGH.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

7 Brompton Avenue,
August 2nd, 1893.

I have just completed a chapter of my "Work"¹ on the English novel dealing with the 17th cent. I wonder if it would plague you to death to read it or let me read it to you. It seems to me to fall between not two but twenty stools. Without footnotes, bibliography or references it yet seems to me highly unlikely to suit the upper classes of Schools or the audiences of extension preachers. So I cannot tell who the deuce it is written for. Perhaps for you, I can't tell, but that is my forlorn hope. It pans out on several writers of whom it would be unjust to deny that they are pesky obscure.

TO L. R.

Routledge's Temperance Hotel, Brompton,
Sept. 6th, '93.

Begun at Alston.

We started from Appleby yesterday and walked across Cross Fell to Alston. For about 12 miles we had never a path to our feet, but black, yellow and green and brown bog. Not far from the top of Cross Fell was a kind of mining shanty. We had seen no soul, but in here we found six

¹ *The English Novel* was published in 1894.

town bred Johnnies lunching. About the social standing of Isaiah Morris and very kind. They had boiled a kettle and made tea and offered some tea and bread and butter to us. Instead of milk they stirred in powdered ginger. I don't know if it would be good in a house; it was splendid on a mountain.

They all had picks—I believe they were budding Pinkertons prospecting. We had only a chunk of dry bread each and a dollop of hateful yellow cheese. And some Norwegian Aqua Vitæ. So we were glad of their tea.

Then we struck down across the moor and spent hours looking for a tarn called Greencastle tarn on the map. When we found it, Ehrenborg stood on a wooden platform that projected over the tarn, and sounded it with an iron rod. He said it was six feet deep, so we took off our clothes and plunged in. It was six feet deep, but five feet of the six was a rich black mud. I swam twenty yards in a foot of water scraping myself on the mud. If I had not been a distinguished swimmer, or had got into a panic and tried to stand, I should have sunk five feet in mud, and never got out.

I crawled out and felt much better, although I was black with mud. I had been almost faint before but it freshened me up. . . .

. . . After the bath we walked two miles over spongy ground and two miles more on a road to Alston. There we found an inn, a good one and had dinner, hare soup, chops, potatoes and cheese. And I blush to state I drank two pints of excellent beer. It would have been throwing pearls before swine to waste our thirst on temperance drinks.

I had a nice talk with an old man in the bar. He said he had been married in Kirkland where we started on to the moor and we found we had walked more than sixteen miles. He told me he had been married at Kirkland, twelve miles across the moor, and more than 2,000 feet to climb. "That was the second time," he said, "first time, I got a wife in

London;—eh dear;—so when it came to be done again, I thought I would take a country view.” He told me a story about a funeral; there was no church in Alston, and they had to put the corpse on a horse and take it across the moor. So the horse and the corpse got lost in a snow-storm for two days. A fine story it would be to write. . . . Then we took a train to Lambley and walked here to Brampton and I got your nice letter. On the way it was all Lady Carlisle’s property and there was no inn, only horrid temperance places, but we made up for yesterday by finding a delicious tarn called Talking Tarn to bathe in about three miles from here. Four giggling girls, and one simpering man were in a boat just where we had to bathe, so Ehrenborg took off his coat as an advertisement. They sheered off a little and he walked in. He said he could not wait. . . . We are in a Temperance Hotel here, so of course we went out after tea and sat in a bar. I believe it is cheap living here. We count it about 7/- a day all told. I shall come back rich. We think of walking North to Newcastleton on the N.B.R. in two days, but it is a moor track and it is raining now. So if it is wet to-morrow I don’t know what we shall do. . . . Ehrenborg has turned out well. He has a vicious liking for “short cuts”—always wrong, and is very laborious and explanatory in talking to the people. But he has many virtues, and will not hear of temperance drinks. In a bar he looks like a Cornish pilot—he might almost be the brother of Richard Old. . . .

Newcastleton, Sept. 8, '93.

. . . We have made a tragic mistake in coming here. After the loveliest but also the wettest walk we have had we arrived in this dull flat stone Scotch village, beautiful hills all round, itself a shrine of ugliness. We crossed the Kershope Burn on the Border at about 4.0 and met crowds of sheep and Scotchmen driving them. We knew we were in Scotland, for they scowled at us when we wished them a good afternoon.

They came rolling along the road, some in gigs, drunk and less hypocritical, some on foot, sober and more hypocritical. I never saw people I disliked more. We stood out of the way of their sheep and they went past us like righteous men refusing a bribe, the bribe of politeness. So after that I took the middle of the road and let them steer their gigs aside.

This inn—well my room has five funeral memorial cards on its walls framed and glazed, about a foot square with monuments in silver and black, and execrable verses. Some persons would call this touching—it revolts me. The affection for the dead thus displayed does not clean the house, for which words fail me. Ehrenborg summed up the whole of the indelicate tragedy when he said to me ten minutes ago “I wish you *all* a very good night.” I record this with a gleam of satisfaction, for it is almost a sprightly saying. The professional jester is solemnized and the professional wearier becomes jocose in the presence of these awful dangers. What am I to do? There is another inn in this dark, unwholesome village, but we were told this was the best. It is pouring with rain and there is no train away for twelve hours. The mind reels. There has been incessant brawling in the bar downstairs for three hours. There is a beastly Presbyterian church over the way. The keeper of this house is an elder I suppose. I wish the Scottish Protestant Church, Free and Established, were scraped off the face of the earth. Their low ways, dirty pride, and animal cunning, blended with their scriptural texts, their lamps unto my feet, rocks of ages—are a very nauseating combination. . . .

TO CHARLES STRACHEY

Liverpool, June 25, 1894

Yesterday I met an American with stumpy fingers. He said he had 3 tons weight of scissors, including most that belonged to the crowned heads of Europe. He believed

himself (and I hope truly) to be the only scissors-fancier in the world. He also told me that a book I had with me was worth £7 10s. I had just bought it for 5s. so this interested me. He was a book agent by trade. Could you find out? The book is *The Courtier* by il Conte Baldassaro Castiglione, in Italian and English, translated by A. P. Castiglione, Quarto 1737 (fine portrait). It is a very nice edition (the English and Italian in vertical parallel columns) of a ravishing book. I never read a book that presents so complete a picture of the Italian Renaissance, its culture, freedom, wit and love of beauty. But its value I know not, only suspecting that my Californian (who is going to bid for the Althorp Library, he says, damn him) is an amateur liar endeavouring to extend his public.

To L. R.

Liverpool, March 1895.

I went to supper at the G's. Then at 1.0 to a "free beer" at Kuno's club. Kuno, Damer, Bell, Boyce and I sat out all the Germans and broke even Kuno's spirit. At 3.30 we sang "Rule Britannia" to celebrate our victory, drank each other's healths, put the only remaining German lovingly into a cab, (this was necessary) and walked home.

March 14. . . . My Stevenson is not so good as I had hoped—alas for human hopes, I find it a little dull, from compression and mention of so many different works.

March 15. . . . My lecture¹ last night was to a seedy depressed little party of forty, earnest students to whom literature was a visitation from God and had to be studied with dogged humility. But Chatsworth was nice—a lovely library.

March 16.—My lecture² came off last night—a packed hall,

¹ An Extension Lecture at Bakewell.

² A Lecture on R. L. Stevenson, afterwards published.

no John Watson, but Dean Stubbs in a front pew. An hour and twenty minutes, breathless attention, much applause at the end, and five guineas in an envelope in the vestry. So that is a success. . . . My audience were all Stevensonians, as keen as knives and wonderfully appreciative. Even Dean Stubbs was knocked off his pose into laughter at one or two highly unclerical jests. I love being a large tom-cat among the pigeons. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER

Liverpool, June 19, '95.

Thank you for your news¹—I had not heard. There is nothing for me to do but to wait till the post is advertised and then apply. I do want it—orthodox or unorthodox it is a *milieu* I understand, and commercial Liverpool is beyond me. Moreover my little family would like a larger income. It could not have at all a nice summer this year if it were not for your beautiful and hospitable Terrick.

But I shall not fuss about it, nor do what is called “Straining my nerve.” There are precious few influential people to give me testimonials or references, and lots of swells, I suppose, will be in. Moreover we are very happy in Liverpool, where we have been feathering our nest with artists and other restful things. I shall therefore apply, with reasonable punctiliousness and care, and let it alone otherwise. I am told that Scottish Universities like to see a candidate footing the town like an excited hen, calling on all Sheriffs, and other beadles. That pleasure will not be freely supplied by me.

If I have a chance, I think, and so does Mr. Mackay, that my two names, Raleigh—Gifford, are the strongest element in it. Which would make it an additional pleasure to get the place.

¹ In 1895 the Chair of English Literature at Edinburgh, to which Mr. George Saintsbury was appointed, became vacant.



WALTER RALEIGH, 1895

We change house in a week. To-day is the first of my outdoor Chaucer play¹—and the weather is uncertain. Watch the *Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News* next week for portraits of my company. I have printed the play in a little book and you and Alice shall have a few copies. Also I will send you my Stevenson lecture, in another little book. And then I hope to turn up myself.

TO W. P. KER²

Liverpool, July 5, 1895.

DEAR KER,

I applaud your attitude—if the Edinburgh Chair had to be fought for in a jolly-boat by Henley, Saintsbury, and myself I should be crippled by my respect for both. But the thing is vastly more complex, so I determined not to burden myself with the conscience of Providence when I have not its power; hence this candidature. The Crown may want a simple lecturer, or a junior, even an inferior, man—who knows what the Crown wants, or why?

So please excuse my late request—testimonials are at a premium just now. My possible witnesses fall into many classes:

- (1) Those who are standing.
- (2) Those who back *Another!*
- (3) Those who cheerfully give mangey documents to all.
- (4) Those who never answer letters, and therefore cannot write.
- (5) Those who freely and enthusiastically testimonialize your servant.

Ignorant fellows these last, and few in number.

I am sorry that you distrust the Crown, even faintly, or are anxious about it. The whole business is no doubt an

¹ *The Riddle.*

² Professor of English Literature at University College, London.

ungracious game, but the zest of play is something, when the game is one of which no one knows the rules—or what are trumps.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Terrick, July 27, 1895.

I found the subjoined poem in an old book of my sister's—it is by me, and from fifteen to ten years ago I believe I dropped them by the dozen. I had completely forgotten this one, and was interested, chiefly because to my mind it is an extraordinary close Shakespeare *pastiche*. There is nothing bad about it, it is well-knit.

Very many thanks for all the testimonials trouble: the number of persons in for this post increases daily, the Gadarene's pigs wouldn't hold them. I saw Henley in London—a good man—his friends are fighting tooth and nail for him.

Yours ever,

W. A. R.

Would you like a complete list of Edinburgh candidates up to date? Henley, Saintsbury, Churton Collins, W. Sharp, Eric Robinson, Vaughan, Herford, McCormick, Me, Lord Balfour's gardener's son (it is believed).

Odds on the course.

	3 to 1 on the Gardener's son
	4 to 1 against Saintsbury
	25 to 1 against Henley
	1000 to 8 against Me
	1000 to 8 against Churton Collins
	1000 to 8 against Vaughan
10,000 to 3 against	W. Sharp
	E. Robinson
	Herford
	McCormick

SONNET

Because I would in no wise have it said
That I a beggar to thy bounty came,

And stole the love that is my daily bread,
 Discharging nothing of thy counter-claim;
 Therefore I did uncoffer all my hoard
 In purpose to absolve me of my debts,
 And thinking on the riches I had stored
 Took pleasure in the sum of my assets.
 But lo! amazed I found my cherished pelf
 Was dwindled to the poorest penny-fee.
 No hopes were left; my pride, my love, myself
 Had fled my keeping and pertained to thee:
 Take what remains, the praise that is thy meed,
 I am become thy pensioner indeed.

TO LOUISE AND KATE KINSELLA

Oxford

*(For a few weeks, after that probably Rainhill Lunatic Asylum.
 But don't bother about this.)*

July 10, 1896.

My wife and I are agreed—you do not care for us a bit. The plaguy part of the business is that we doat on you, so farewell to all hope of preserving dignity of attitude. May you never be crossed in love. Meanwhile how can we prevent your shameful escape to France?

And us with a beautiful house at that emporium of elegance and culture, Oxford, and never a day's pleasure to be had out of it, but breaking the furniture and all, because you are in a hateful little packet boat that plies for hire between Dover and Calais. O worthless world, O transitory things. And you laughing at us. Of all the ladies I have ever loved you display the least pretence of reciprocity. It was not a sincere petition of that Prince of Insincerity Mr. Robert Burns:

“If love for love ye will not gie
 At least be pity on me shown”—

—but it *has* been customary nevertheless to drop a penny-worth of pity into the hat that was taken off for love's sake.

While you (ah, hearts of stone) make as if you envied us our desolation. If only I knew what string to pull, to agitate your hearts. And if only I could reach it. However dark or high, it must exist. And then you would come for a week or a day or an hour and I should forgive—not you, but myself for having blasphemed you.

But there it is—we breakfast on it, lunch on it, dine on it, see it in the glass, and in the papers; get thin on it, pray on it, and swear on it; you don't care for us. And, quite as overpowering and oppressive, and even (dare I hope?) more inalterable is the other fact that I am (my wife shall speak for herself, if she can gain her liberty, I would not be so ungenerous as to detain her, but I am)

Ever yours,

WALTER RALEIGH.

P.S. You know quite well we can't bear it. Tell us what to do.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

29 Holywell, Oxford,
July 11, 1896.

I enclose you two poems which I think you will like for the Milan Edition.¹ They are the right sort.

¹ For some years he had been sending copies of anything he had written to his friend Mr. John Sampson, and the idea arose that some of the lighter effusions should be printed for the amusement of his intimate friends. W. R. stipulated that if printed at all it should be abroad. Milan for one reason or another was decided on, and for a year or two *jeux d'esprit* were collected by Mr. Sampson suitable for "The Milan."

Ultimately, the little book was printed with the title THE/MILAN/ being the Select Minor Works/ in verse and Prose/ of WALTER RALEIGH/ESQUIRE/; with the imprint: Carefully Collected by John Sampson/and Privately Printed for a few Friends of the Author by Ulrico Hoepli/Milano/1898.

On Thursday the M.G. printed a review of mine of Miss Fiona Macleod (laudatory) and went so far as to write me an editorial note (MS.) appreciatory of the review, which it said was a fine "piece of work." Only it wasn't a piece of work at all, but a string of casual remarks. I will send you a paper.

It is a scandal how I never write to you except about my works, and trumpet their excellences. Well, well, God forgive all vanity, say I. As for that sweet sin of love, a youth and a maiden in a green arbour on a May morning—if God does not forgive it, I would. Which last sentence is from Harington, on whom I should like to write a small *book*, if I could work here long enough.

I wish you were here. I hope you are going to have a good holiday.

I am very depressed in tone, but enjoying for once in a way the perusal of a book or two. Firth is a good chap, so is Gotch.

TO CHARLES HARDING FIRTH

Terrick, Tring,
Sept. 5, 1896.

I am sending you in a few days a New Review with a first article by me on Harington, pegging out a little of the ground. It starts as if it were going to be a miscellaneous "blether" and then settles down to the approved Dict. Nat. Biog. style. It was very good of Henley, who wants crackle and flash, to print it. It is meant to be bound into that great national work *vice* the Bp. of Peterborough. Even so I had to cut out some facts and forego criticism.

Messrs. Heinemann will publish the *Epigrams* with a life and introduction by me. I don't know what to think.

Eighteen numbered copies only were printed, three being placed "In the keeping of His Italic Majesty's Government."

A few pieces selected from "The Milan" were reprinted after his death in *Laughter from a Cloud*.

I am tired of pretending to information, and should like to write a novel. Mrs. Humphry Ward lives near here in a house paid for by Robert Elsmere, the pious founder, who provided a tabernacle for the formal worship of his Creator. We never see her, but it sounds good.

I want to send you also, in token of gratitude for your great help, an article on the quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns, if only *Cosmopolis* prints it.¹ An odd device of a grateful heart seeking expression. It was written without books, and is not learned.

We had a very happy time at Oxford. If I lived there I believe you could make a passable pundit of me in time. As I don't, you must come to Liverpool as often as you can.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

79 Warwick Road, Earl's Court, London,
Christmas Eve, 1896.

I am beginning to write and polish and torture my essay on Style, to make a book of it, in paragraphs, with a title to each machicolated down the margin. Not having yet sickened of the idea I am as sharp-set as possible.

Speaking of tobacco I have a box of it for you, but I can't pack brown paper parcels. When my eldest son goes to a kinder-garten, or when I meet you, I will give it to you. Perhaps he will never go to a kinder-garten, for I hate German notions. I should like him to be brought up by a Catholic archbishop, the sort of orthodox lady-killer and ecclesiast that only Kings of France could afford. So I must try to meet you—in the matter of the tobacco, I mean; I cannot promise to consider your claims to a tutorship in my house. Pardon my frankness, but misunderstandings of this familiar nature are best nipped in the bud.

¹ Printed in *Cosmopolis*, February 1897.

TO H. F. WILSON ¹*University College, Liverpool,**March 13, 1897.*

I am pledged up to the eyes for my spare time till long past 1898. In the meantime, from despair, I have shelved promises and am writing a little book of my own on Style. I enjoy this, saying what I please on a subject that lets me get in all my beliefs, fads, hostilities, admirations and criticisms on any and every topic, so that I believe the book will prove a touchstone. If the public will none of it, as I think they will none, very well, I go back to hack work to order, for money, when and while I want money. But if the public will buy it in moderation, then I can write and sell my own Extravagances, on my own choice of theme, written in my own manner—for this little work is all that.

You ask me not to laugh, but the Zoo was almost too much for me. Is thy servant a Java parroquet that he should do this thing? Further I believe, from vague memory, that all existing printed records of the old boy are concluded in a pietistic tone. If this is so, my mouth truly waters. The Founder of the Zoo and the Evangelical, combined in one character—how Samuel Smiles would love to get a hold of it. But I could show him how to do the thing; only for that purpose a “fancy” life would do as well.

Would you care for this? There should be a preface explaining that lack of time, and scepticism as to their value, had prevented me from consulting any authorities. Then the life: “Dreams of Future Usefulness,” “Hey for Sumatra!” “Crosses and Cares,” “The Birthplace of a Great Idea,” “A Chapter of Monkeys,” “Our Lowly Cousins,” “The Anti Zoo Agitation,” “Trials and Troubles,”

¹ His friend H. F. Wilson was editing the series of Builders of Greater Britain for Mr. Fisher Unwin and had suggested his undertaking the Life of Stamford Raffles, the Founder of the Zoological Society.

"A Hyaena Dies," and so on (I quote only the headings) down to "Last Words."

You are right about the family, it is knocking around here. And I am wrong to seem to smile. But you see if I biographize it should be on a literary gent. Which S. Raffles I take it, were not.

Still I enjoy hearing from you, and writing to you—hence all this flippancy. How I know these series—like the maxim gun they are an improved weapon, deadly to the savage author. I will not edit them, and Dei Gratia I will not write for them. Deo Recalcitrante, I shall be recaptured, and drag a lengthening chain. But the newspaper columns pay a lot better, word against word, and give one, I do believe, every bit as much liberty. "I hae a book o' my ain," sang Scotland's greatest bard. So have I, a very little one.

I will read your series, like a glutton, and I wish it all success. Why doesn't someone write a short life of R. F. Burton? There's a subject for an artist. Not for me.

Give my love to Austen Chamberlain (of the R.N.).

TO W. P. KER

Terrick House, Tring, Herts,

March 25, 1897.

A thousand thanks for your excellent book.¹ I have read large chunks of it with the greatest possible pleasure. My amazing ignorance of the greater part of its theme forbids my offering any critical remarks. I like your severe and withal judicial treatment of Romance. It is a new view, that Romance was a kind of plague spoiling a fine native development. I wish that your book may be the starting-point of a new literary movement, for it seems to me to show a way for the newspaper to become literature. But I think you regard words as a kind of inferior deeds, which

¹ *Epic and Romance.*

view, if you hold it, is as like to land you in silence as in epic. I belong to the garrulous crew, an apostle of gibbering—"Can you say that I have being?" The question is impudent, for you have denied substantial entity to Milton and Virgil.

Well, I like your book and I think it ought to be heard of for a long time to come. But I never see you. This I would fain remedy during the next few weeks, and will, if you don't say that you are out of town. I shall be in London soon I hope for a few days.

What will be done about McCormick? I don't envy his successor. Think how much better things would be if all appointments were by invitation—as they ought to be. The replies of the invited might have helped.

TO W. P. KER

*Terrick, Butler's Cross, Tring,
March 30, /97.*

I am not sorry that I wrote so briefly and ambiguously, for it has brought me your letter. My wail of a baffled and searching mind has been stiffened and frozen by you into a criticism of your book, which it was far from being. So I must explain myself a little.

I never doubted, nor thought that you doubted, the presence of the highest art in these clean heroic narratives. But is there no difficulty and no humiliation for professors of literature in the business? How did it come about? The study of literature can teach one to write *Amadis*, but not to do this. Were it not better then to seek training on a battlefield, and use the first words one learns at the mess? (You force me, by your indignant disclaimer of the view I attributed to you, to try to show that it is no such absurd a view.) Lord Roberts has done it, and it is a good book. This, which you say, is what I meant. I swear

on my soul I was not gibing about the newspapers. Quite otherwise; I was thinking of Rawnsley, who has strung into "ballads" (save the mark!) the "brave deeds" of firemen and nursemaids, as recorded in the papers. In his notes he gives the newspaper authorities—and, I tell you, they are of the family of the sagas, at ten score removes. (I know the newspapers are bad art, but the rare gleams of true metal are in the reporting, and the reporting tradition as it stands to-day is better than the leader writing and better than the Canon's ballads.) A hired girl gets burnt in saving three children from the fire and dies in hospital with the remark that she tried to do her best. Then comes the Canon, and strings it all into a refrain—imagine that! Why can't we use the police courts for material? I hope we can, but if what we do is not very good, I hark back to "natural history." Why is Lord Roberts not so good as the Sagas? Is there no natural history involved there? He must write in his own tongue—first law of sincerity. The literary conventions of his age are remote from that tongue, or anyhow not one with it, and the tongue itself was made in a great complex sprawling civilization, so that not a little rapidity of expression may creep in. Yet he is in many ways a greater success than William Morris, who took endless pains—*not* in his own tongue.

I love the subtleties of artificial literary expression—but I know these can never rank first. If I could answer your questions about *Lear*, my address would be "William Shakespeare, the Globe." But I am not content to call them unanswerable, and "miracles" is not a word for a seeker after causes. Do you remember the parting of Troilus and Cressida in Shakespeare? It begins

"Injurious Time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up," etc.

That to me is the tip-top of "put-up" Romantic expression. The end of *Lear* is greater. Why?

To go back to your Sagas, is there nothing in one speech (for writers and warriors) one set of ideas, one habit of life and so on? I have never known a soldier whose style was not ruined by dabbling in the poets. George Wyndham, who has seen plenty of fighting, won't write about it, says he doesn't want to and can't. Yet he thinks it the best business on earth and he is a writer to boot. There is an unfortunate divorce for you. The time is out of joint—and I certainly don't look for literature to put it right. I think epic has a very close relation of some sort or other to silence, and we perhaps must live better lives. I thought I found the epical attitude more consistently adopted in your book than elsewhere (and more delightfully) and the conventional romantic attitude knocked over with a backhander. I liked this, and told you so, not without a cry of sympathy for the poor professional patterer of romance, but now you refuse to be my embodiment of the epical critic. If you don't adopt a more concessive attitude I shall certainly dine with you on Thursday. So take care.

I won't allow of any literature outside "Poetry"—not Miss Austen herself. But that is a word-fad of my own.

The simple heroic style is the devil to explain, no doubt. I have probably now quadrupled my original mistakings. Conversation is the panacea. What you don't quite take (and this is most important) is the glow of pleasure I got from your Icelandic Saga chapters. I find no warrant in them for the front of my offending—the "inferior sort of words." 'Twas a stupid, not a disreputable, gloss. But I should like to ask you six or eight questions about words, deeds, and social organization. Some day I will.

And yet I am not pleased with myself, for I have annoyed a good man. But "direct expression" is all right enough—it doesn't mean easy expression anyhow—no more than driving a road through new country is easy. Where a hundred geniuses are found using the same methods, do

you object to talk of a school, a tradition, a fashion transmitted? It's not the miracles that set one thinking, it's their "undesigned coincidences."

TO W. H. MACAULAY

63 *Canning Street, Liverpool,*

May 17, 1897.

It was good to hear from you, and reminded me of my "golden supper," for so it was, in your rooms, with candles and food and the gleam of the fire on silver, and quiet like a bath. My senses are not my quickest part, but they heighten deserving memories. I really do wish I could come back. I have paired with an opponent who was "warranted to go," a good fellow, called O'Rorke—Trinity. So there you are! I am saved fourteen hours on the railway.

Please tell Berry, Harmer, Nixon, Boyd-Carpenter and others of that faith that I cannot answer them at once, but have done my duty.

Now let me swear, for I agree with you. Your party and mine has no leader, and those who should lead prefer the University to stumble through difficult questions like a blind pig. I think the whole business a sorry sight. What right has Sidgwick to pledge himself against asking for more, and without saying what he believes, what he wishes, or where he looks for a solution? Is it the Field Marshal who promises that if the enemy will evacuate a trench, he "personally" will lie in it for the rest of the campaign? Of course he can't be responsible for the drummers. That is the sort of stuff that is contributed on our side to the controversy. I know he *may* think the proposed solution really final. But it is not, and I believe he will live to see a "bag and baggage" policy formulated as well as a "mixed university" policy. One reason that robs a mixed university of fears for me is that I believe good men would get a

larger following. I don't think women follow the worst sort of man. They (the women) would not lead.

The best thing Newnham and Girton can do is to throw open their doors to pass students, which would mitigate the type; and to cultivate society, which would lessen the inhuman strain. It is a pretentious and absurd thing to suppose that they can go on living in Cambridge and not of it. I think the present state of Cambridge indecent with the indecency of an asylum or a workhouse. And unless someone proposes improvements, I shall vote for bag and baggage in time to come.

We get on quite well here with boys and girls (17-22) mixing in societies, etc. But we began so, and they have grown a tradition, and "chaperon" themselves by strong public opinion among them, and after all, I am not sure that it is good for the boys or men. They ought to have more freedom. But that is the difficulty. And Cambridge, of the "progressive" party, affects to believe that things can go on with mixed lecture-rooms, and the same degrees, and, for the rest, conventual establishments. It is not sense, if it were not that every sort of oddity has flourished in human society. Do you know the heresy of the "Abelonians"? Bayle has an article on it. A very decadent business.

I must write no more. When it comes out, if it comes out, I am going to send you a small book of mine, full of studied violences.

A funny thing is that "married fellows" ended the old university, and began another, of which it doth not yet appear what it shall be, nor will not while the words of woolly-headed opportunists continue to darken counsel. It is a fine crisis in University history, with plenty of chances. The really determining factor in a great educational problem is (I note) that provincial School Committees cannot be brought to understand that one who has passed an examination has passed it. To this consideration the first prize has been awarded. It will carry the day (per-

haps) on Friday. The thought of it paralyses me in my distant province. "You cannot feed aldermen so." They would turn up their noses.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Manor House, Steventon, Berks,

July 20/97.

DEAR PRAL,

Your excellent letter cheered me. I have just got my proofs; I hope you have.

I feel rather, in making all these immoderate requests, as if I were a poor woman bringing a paternity case. 'Tis worse than that. Unless you help me I have no midwife for the brat. Here I am in the country with a wife (illiterate) three children (illiterate) and my own evil passions. And I've given the little beast your name.

So no more.

Yours ever,

W. A. R.

This is a delightful little village, hundreds of express trains rush through it close to our home on the G.W.R. main line, which gives an additional and delightful sense of peace—like seeing a policeman arrest your neighbour, or having an invisible cap. Poor beggars, one just catches a glimpse of them all in the compartments; and one thinks of Seaside lodgings at Ilfracombe or some other ant heap. Here are a few rustics, empty meadows rich with flowers and streams, and cider-flowing taverns. They (the tourists) are like the Eastern who travelled to look for God, and in his extreme old age, found Him hidden in his beard where He had been all the time.

TO C. H. FIRTH

*University Club, Liverpool,**Oct. 17. 1897*

I meant to send you a note with my book,¹ so I will send it now. It is a profitable extortion to launch a book at you and get a letter out of you.

I know; I speak too absolutely. Some call it "an air of authority" others call it "d——d cheek." The latter are right. Please read "I think" as preface to every paragraph. The fact is I had the work on hand, and preferred to get rid of my crudities in an essay, put it behind me, and have done with it. Its inconsistencies with my past and future I shall leave for the other fellows to find out. They may be trusted.

I wasn't thinking of History or any subject where the bulk of your matter is given you. I wish I had remembered to treat of the historian who protects himself from criticism, and praise, by insisting that he is a dust-dweller, capable only of recording facts. It is a delicate piece of protective mimicry, for it enables him to enjoy the irony of addressing writers vastly inferior to himself as "bright winged creatures"; and they have no retort.

But to this favour you must come, and after Bunyan I insist that you shall take a piece of paper and write "History of Literature from Jonson to Pope" at the top, and so on. All the facts and lives are to be in notes and appendices. The history will knock the wind out of many a bag-pipes, and put an end to the pretence that you are no writer.

TO MRS. F. GOTCH

L'pool, Oct. 17, 1897.

Lucie says that my book proves that if you make a slip in grammar you must have a bad heart, which is not exactly

¹ *Style.*

what I meant. But it doesn't matter. Firth says that he who writes about style should himself be without fault—a sentiment highly characteristic of Oxford, where everyone trembles to think of what everyone else is thinking of him. Wot I say is that in this ere matter of litchtoor oo's to know? A Gennman may say wot as the honour to come into his ed, even if his grammar as got the jim jams. And then others may say wot they thinks of 'im, sociable like, and if ee's stuck up, let 'im know it, and then ee knows one thing more and nobody 'urt. But a lot o' stuffed dolls sitting around and watching for one another's dropped aitches, is a poor game.

It is rather dreary here. Pig Liverpool. I don't much like the people, for they don't say what they think and are deadly in earnest about you don't exactly know what. And they seem to understand each other so well that one can't help feeling it rude.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Liverpool, Nov. 22, 1897.

I have read the *Saturday*, and the soul of me is warmed with delight. I armed myself, I knew there were joints in my armour, and I stood in the highway, expecting an adversary. Suddenly a window sash was thrown up, and an apoplectic gentleman in a smoking cap vomited and gibbered in derision of the military. This relaxed the nervous tension of the situation. How has he been annoyed? Partly by my youth and my tenure of a chair, no doubt. Not wholly, I think. Do not let us conceal from ourselves that he does not like the book. But is that because he understands parts of it or because he does not understand a single word? I cannot tell.

Anyhow, my boy, I am nearer to believing that the book may be swell than ever I was. He quotes first-class things, not the things you could make me ashamed of, if you liked. I am sorry that there is no way of playing with him. I

should like to write and make a clean breast of it, confessing that the whole work was a *jeu d'esprit*. But if my first-class things seem absurd to old Churton's cabbage-eating mind, they are not the platitudes & truisms I took them for. How to know that a plant is not a thistle? Offer it to a donkey. What if it were a rose!

The Macaulay formula never came a more complete cropper, and I feel almost revenged on Thomas Babington for the stupidities he has inflicted on me. I do rather wish (what is impossible) that Churton and I could have a round or two, time about. I would ticket his cheapnesses at their sale price, and lecture on them appreciatively one by one.

I will come and see you to-morrow afternoon at 4.0, or soon after. I like being an insufferable coxcomb, and dancing on a tight-rope, and standing on my head. Indeed I will undertake to use all three images in praise of any great writer—so my hopes run high. But what will poor old Churton do when he is sixty or more? Think of the Macaulay vein still flowing in an old old man! T. B. died and saved the world that piece of indecency. But God fulfils his mysterious purposes, and Churton's future sits heavy on my mind.

To L. R.

Hotel Città di Milano, Firenze,

March 26, 1898.

. . . I reached Genoa at 7.0 on Thursday and found Kuno¹ at the station. We took my baggage to the ship and I was introduced to the officers. The captain congratulated me on having at last escaped from the company of foreigners—but Kuno and I went on shore to dine, for I was very hungry and on board they have "tea" (i.e. herrings, hash and marmalade) at 5.0 p.m. Dinner at 12.0 noon!

¹ In March 1898 he went to Italy and Sicily, joining Professor Kuno Meyer at Genoa and travelling from there in a cargo boat.

We went to a café chantant and back to the ship where I slept on board, in two senses, for my bed, though otherwise good, is hard as a plank. It rained all yesterday, so we made up our minds to come on here—(shipboard with loading going on in a drizzle of rain is not pleasant) so we left before 12.0 and got here to dinner. Like a fool I had taken my bag, with the baccy that I managed to get into Italy, on board; so I had to leave it there after all my trouble. They rummaged everything, looked inside my soap-box, and would have fined me 75 fr. if they had found so many as 6 cigars. So after getting my smokes through three frontiers into Italy, I took them out of Italy in a moment of carelessness and never got them in again. . . .

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Naples, Ap. 8/98.

The best point of the voyage would be "the opinions of Kuno, gathered from his private conversation" if only I jotted them down. He is best on the Christian Religion and the masterpieces of the painter's Art. Whenever we come across a particularly inelegant modern factory he expresses devout thankfulness that "old Peruzzi" (some of whose preserves we saw) couldn't get at that and daub it all over. The Christian God is not a gentleman. In the streets of Leghorn we came across a large locust fallen on its back on the pavement. Kuno, for no particular reason, crushed it with his boot. I said I did not think the action gentlemanly. "I know it is not gentlemanly," he said, "but I never set up to be that creature's God." There is a lapse of logic here, to be felt rather than expounded, that gave me pleasure. The only check on cruelty would seem to be a candidature for apotheosis.

To L. R.

Taormina, April 9, 1898.

. . . We left the boat at Catania and came here—an hour and a half's railway journey round the base of Etna. It is the most wonderful land for scenery—prickly pears and great tracts of land running right down into a brilliant blue sea with white sails dotted about over it. There are the ruins of an ancient theatre here, very impressive, overlooking the sea in two directions, 400 feet high, and with Etna in the distance. The theatre must have held about 30,000 people and one understands the nature-worship of the Greeks, which persists more or less to-day among these people. We had dinner at the table-d'hôte of this hotel entirely with Germans. One lady of Ibsen's land made the whole conversation—one of those wretched creatures who report all they have to say dramatically, with grimaces and gestures, distorting a passable dull face. An equally characteristic mountain-goat¹ sat next to Kuno, shy and wretched, a great traveller. Bayreuth, and Etruscan graves, and the Alps and Italian Art were what she lived for. She said that it had always been her dream to see the Acropolis or the Parthenon (Heaven knows which!) before she died. I feel none of these things. Corfu is after all a dead place, and Athens a consolation for lost happiness. There is nothing alive in the Parthenon. You feel this acutely when you wander round the ancient Greek theatre with a small and vulgar crowd of English, Americans and Germans and their pettifogging sentiments. Once, no doubt, Ajax took his farewell of the sun in that theatre while a people that understood listened. I have no use for these decaying twigs of antiquity except when I can build my nest of them. . . . The ancient Greeks were a fine people, but that does not enable the modern mountain-goat to jump off its own shadow. So it spends its life, and imagines that it succeeds, never having tasted reality. Ancient ruins are really only

¹A family name for the cultured Hotel-haunting British spinster.

a sauce to heighten the enjoyment of those who relish flat, low, dull modern life.

The peasants here are delightful, tricky and exorbitant, and deceitful and utterly unspoiled, as sweet as possible over it all, never having known the moral paralysis.

Kuno is feeling ill and has gone to bed, it is past ten. I felt very ill two days ago but got better; it may be the sun. So I use his stylographic pen and hotel-paper to write to you in my bedroom. A quiet clean bedroom with a tile floor (like all the rooms) and a long iron bedstead. It is a cheap hotel of the travelling artist kind. The dining room is painted all over with frescoes, and the salon hung with daubs by ancient residents. I wish we could stay here a day or two instead of the boat—not instead of getting home—and I am glad to have seen the Greek theatre. . . .

These are not places to see when one is mumbling pap with one's last set of gums, indeed I am sure that the fresher and hardier one is the more one enjoys it. The beaten track is always the great mistake. I have a quarrel with R.A.B.—all his hotels were wrong. The Terminus, Milan, was a German sty. The Milan, Florence, was impossible: one dinner was enough for us; at the top of the table a budding John Augustus Symonds expressed his views to a female English prig with grey hair; and lower down some South Germans talked food and money between the gasps. We never went back to a meal, and our room was dark, damp, and not cheap. This hotel is much better, more like Roche Guillon. . . .

TO H. F. WILSON

Liverpool, 7 May, 1898.

The book ¹ that will reach you three days after this is none of mine. I wrote the contents, but that is all. My friend Sampson wanted to manufacture a bibliographical rarity,

¹ The *Milan*.

so I allowed him to use what he could get of mine for the purpose. Most of the pieces deserve to be rare, and none of them will ever appear in any other form, if I can help it. I like the frontispiece exceedingly; it strikes the proper ironical note, and carries off as nothing else could the fatuity and triviality of some of the contents.

TO MRS. F. GOTCH

Liverpool, July 2, 1898.

Wee Klere oute of hear
tomoro.

Doe you lyke my newe phansy in the matere of Spelynge? I have growen wery of Spelynge wordes allwaies in one waye and now affecte diversite. The cheif vertew of my reform is that it makes the spelynge express the moode of the wryter. Frinsns, if yew fealin frenly, ye kin spel frenly-like. Butte if yew wyshe to indicate that thogh nott of hyghe bloode, yew are compleately atte one wyth the aristokrasy you canne double alle youre consonnantts, prollonge mosstte of yourre vowellles, and addde a fynalle "e" wherevverre itte iss reququirred.

Thysse gyvves a sensse of leissuure, ande quiette dygnittie.

Temore Ime goin to get mi golf Klubbs bak from Hoylik. I have swyped around that linx ownly wanss thyss yere. It took me 131 strokes and 46 of them were for the last eight holes. Wodger thinco that? Wun hoal was a Atene, ohing to reining bloz on a balle in a buncre, my long sufring tempre having broken down. Sum of the skelpes was in the heir, counting ech as won scelp but doing kno werk. Queery: if a man hoo duzz no werk is unworthie of the nayme of man, whi shuld a skelp that does no work be entitled to the ful stile emoluments & privyledges of a skelp?

Thys is not soe at billiards whyche is therefer the nobbler game—throo neglecting of the eydel.

To say that a man who stands swishing a stikke in the ere

haz taykne 230 stroax to go around the lynx seemes to mi pore honestie a mere subterfuge.

It is by suche petty foking insinuashns that my averidge aperes as 162.

Sometimes I maik mi klub describe a kerve to see whether it is a gode kerve.

Whenne ytt dosnt hytte the bal I no it iznt a gode kerve. Soe by adding to yuman nollage I gette the oprobrius naim of duffre. And thei take noe littery paipers at Hoilick, the Kommitty being anshus that I shud not regane my Kreddit by lening bak in mi chare with a Satyday Revyou and saying I dont think mutch of thys rag, whych wood maik Hiltun & Bawl skweurm with envie. I dont think I shal sta in that Hoilick Klub.

My dere Kollegas Camble Browen, Loge, and Healshaw, sende yew thare kynde reggards. Nun of them is partickly litarairy, but yew must notte meind that soe longe as thei try to bear uppe under yt. Ech of them is *beawtifulle* when sene in the fraimwerk of hys deppartment whych soots them lyke purfick musik unto noble wyrds.

So no maur atte presn't.

Youres

W. A. R.

TO FRANCIS GOTCH

Oxford, July 30, 1898.

Dear Waynflete, Since I came back I have devoted myself in the main to Weissman on Heredity. A little philosophy would make biology move much faster. Weissman does not know what he means by mortal and immortal, animate and inanimate, internal and external. I wish he had read, say, Schopenhauer for a beginning. Perhaps his immortal monoplastides are not alive at all: life may be a by-product of a *physical* process. As for saying that they never die, but are interfered with by something



WITH HIS SONS, VALENTINE AND HILARY, IN PROFESSOR GOTCH'S GARDEN
AT OXFORD, AUGUST 1898

external, that seems to me the most superficial sort of rotting. Everything goes on for ever until it is stopped, and everything is stopped almost at once. He insists on treating things as units because he can look at them apart. But his discovery, if only he could discover it, as to what the meaning is of this process of increment and fusion in life-stuff and how (the deuce) internal causes are to be separated from external, would explain all the sciences and philosophies and religions including the doctrine of sacrifice and the impossibility of idiotism or private existence. Is the law of gravitation internal or external to gravitating bodies? Old Weissman is superbly unconscious of what he is at.

TO MRS. F. GOTCH

Terrick, Sept. 13, 1898.

This is to thank you for our summer in your beautiful house. It was a most notable and pleasant summer. The worst of it is that by going so much to the Bodleian I have fallen in love with the idea of writing a history which will take me at least ten years before I begin it. This is a solemn epoch in my career, for it means the parting of the ways, and ceasing (not a day too soon) to gibber on my own hook like a common novelist.

There were some regrettable occurrences during our stay. One was that your delightful house in spite of all our efforts became known in Oxford as "The Cats' Home." I thought at first this was only Lucie's visitors, & would wear off when they were gone, but now I feel it may linger on & give you trouble, through the cats being real cats. We are awfully sorry not to leave you Tiddles. I, who am not the Cats' Idolater, although I am the Cats' True Friend, solemnly assert that I never saw a cat half so beautiful. He was very large, with a tail like a feather boa, large wells of fire for eyes, a short high bred nose, and splendid attitudes and action. He was fully domesticated with us but came

not to be able to bear Mamma, who was much braver than he was, and spoke to him very free;—at times also I thought he might eat Tom and Cherry. Tom and Cherry are yours, you know, life inmates of the Home. So he went three days before we did. You *may* find him again in Marine Circus, where we found him rattling the front-door handle of an empty house. If you do, take him, and say nothing.

I had better get my business off my mind. We had an artist in the back room some of the time, so I could not leave it as apple-pie as I should have liked. I don't think we have lost anything. There is a hole in the study carpet, you know, but that was always there. I believe there is a small thumb mark or two, removable by washing, on the white drawing-room door. I hope these will be gone before you come back.

I met a good chap in the road called Raper, and he said why shouldn't I dine with him; so I did, at Trinity. Also I dined at New & All Souls, & lunched at Magdalen & New and Lincoln.

Twice I lunched at a little pub in the Turl, entirely with College Scouts in straw hats and jackets. So it was nervous work after that going to meals in the Colleges, for I had been confoundedly affable in my flannel shirt.

We had a great many memorable experiences, and Oxford treated us well. We lost a punt, but I hope and believe it is found by now. I am sending you your latchkey, which I brought away. Also I left a book of Mr. Firth's *very* fat 4^{to} or 8^{vo} old calf (the book is), labelled *Guevara*. I wrote to the house keeper to take it back, and said "leather" for fear the calf should confuse her. It was in the study. Also some bound books turned up for Waynflete; they were put on the ledge in the study, but of course the cleaners of the house will put them upside down in the jam-cup-board, and I can't help that.

I can't think of any other troubles. There is a penny whistle on the study mantelpiece—it is for Waynflete. As is usual with a penny whistle the C is flat, and the

lower D, sharp, which would matter less if any of the other notes were true.

The tune I advise, to show it to best advantage, is "Chrischans, awake, salute the happy morn." It does not do itself justice on anything chromatic.

I forgot to say I leaned the bicycle up against your wall on the way to the stable. For two days I took a quarter of an hour a day. Then I despaired & suggested a river trip, but Lucie said "Go back to your wall." And behold the next thing seen was me cavorting all the way from the wall to a votive pedestal in the front garden with a geranium in an urn on top, & the geranium & urn & all flying dispersed on to the lawn. It was unbroken, & thenceforth I could ride. So now I rush about this county on a bicycle much too small for me.

There is really a great deal to tell you about Oxford, but it must just wait. I do hope you won't find anything at all piggish in your heavenly home which we enjoyed living in.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Liverpool, May 22, 1899.

I send you a book which I believe to be by Bernard Holland—piejaw in its nature, about Churches and Religion and the like. You will be pleased with it. For myself, much as I like Bernard, I get further and further from that point of view. All these questions are very interesting (and well treated by him) so long as you remain inside Christianity, but I can't stay there. It seems absurd to subordinate philosophy to certain historical events in Palestine—more and more absurd to me, I think. The *ideas* of Christianity are always interesting; but they are all to be found elsewhere, and are not, it would seem, the chief part of its attraction. Never mind.

It was very good of you to send us Hiwy and Tine's¹

¹ His sons Hilary and Valentine.

sayings, and we liked them very much. We had a good time in Italy. Now I am busy beyond words. What with parties and work we go five hundred strong. It makes life very short. I think of the days when I had endless long mooning times and there were my silly busy elders at something or other all the while. I should like to get out of it again and retire before I die. However it doesn't matter.

Please tell mother that we are going to Oxford about July 1st. About July 10 we mean to go to Cambridge, passing by way of Terrick (if you are there) on bicycles, for a night or two. Is that possible? If not, another year gone pop.

Also please ask her if she would like me to remove my books—philosophy mostly. I would try to come for a day or two if this seems good.

I went off like hot cakes at Cambridge,¹ bursting lecture rooms with my bright discourses. Consequently Lucie and I seem to move chiefly among Heads of Houses, who are very glorious beings that wrap themselves in dulness as in a garment.

TO C. H. FIRTH

63, *Canning Street, Liverpool,*

15 June, 1899.

Your letter did us an admirable service. We have got Wyld,² and are happy. . . .

I like the look of Wyld. It seems to me he is a fighting man, and I never yet found any good come of creeping Christians, whether for you or against you. Friends and enemies make my simple world, and I like them both, the one for exercise; the other for rest.

Meantime I do nothing: I wish I were a comely scholar, like you, adding to the learning of nations. I cannot find

¹ He was that year Clark Lecturer at Cambridge.

² Mr. H. C. Wyld had been appointed lecturer in English Language at University College, Liverpool.

time even to get my paltry views on J. Milton the Puritan poet jotted down for a publisher.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

The Poplars, Winscombe, Somerset,

Aug. 29, 1899.

Here I sit in a Somerset village, not bad of its kind. I went to the British Museum and to Cambridge for all July and part of August, to settle Hoby's business. Then I bathed and loafed in Devon for a fortnight. Now I am here to write a preface, which is impossible. I do believe I know more about Hoby than does any other man who walks, but it is all in the slack inexact form in which I pick up facts. I should be a formidable reviewer if anyone tried to do my work, but that is all! I read a MS. autograph diary, 400 pp., of the gentleman at the B.M. and, on the whole, I think of taking the original line that he is a poor creature. Not that he is; he is really just a solid level-headed Protestant, pounding away at culture, inspired or sustained by the notion that his soul matters. Grim, too, and not in the least expressive. His diary is like the contents of the *Times* newspaper.

I intended to be bloody informing over this business, but I can't do it without a reference library to jog me as I go along. The pleasure to me has been that every yard I go something or other, if only a cherry stone or windlestraw, turns up, to be added to the history of 16th century literature. And I do believe that I have reached the point when the diction of Shakespeare, and of his age, means one thing, the genius of Shakespeare quite another. That is really very far on. There are three stages,

(1) All 16th century literature seems confused, foolishly quaint, and ignorant. This is the view of the uneducated public. "Ye Olde Curyosytee Shoppe."

(2) All 16th century literature seems fresh, admirably

quaint, and original. This is the view of the educated public, including all Hoby's editors.

(3) At this dizzy height, 16th cent. literature exactly resembles 19th cent. literature in that it is both good and bad, although all the writers use variants of the same modes of speech.

I am going to translate all the Italian that I quote into Elizabethan English, without affectation, likewise to correct Hoby's mistranslations in the same tongue.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

The Poplars, Winscombe, Somerset.

Sept. 18, 1899.

MY DEAR BOR,

On Monday I am going to Worthing for one night, to see Henley. A mad distance but I think I had better: I haven't seen him for an age, and I want to do all I can to get every word of my stodge passed and licensed for print. At any rate there is nothing of the bridegroom about it. Jim Stephen read my Inaugural Lecture and said that there was a faint flavour of the bridegroom about it. I replied that I wasn't married at the time. He said "Some men are born bridegrooms." He was at his wildest time when he said it, but it is the severest criticism I have ever had.

Dodd has done a ripping good old portrait of me called "The Popinjay."

TO MR. W. A. SIBBALD, Hon. Sec. of the Eclectic Society
of Wallasey

63 Canning Street, 4th Oct., 1899.

The best confirmation of my reply to you is that, with Sunday thrown in, I have not had time until now to answer your letter. I fear I can't come. Some weeks I lecture three evenings a week. And lecturing is like tobogganning,

you have to drag the thing up the hill first, and then a fortnight's work goes off perhaps in an hour. What puts the last straw on my back is a promise I made long ago to finish a piece of work for the *Tudor Translations* and it must be done this autumn. I am very sorry.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Liverpool, 14th Nov., 1899.

This is to thank you awfully for the fuzzy spotted duffle. My present suit wearing out, I am just going to have it made up against the chill blasts of winter. I am always a poor man as far as clothes indicate it and fuzzy duffle is the very thing for me.

I hope we shall be able to come to Loudwater about New Year, if we are alive, and if you are there. The years rush by and once you were in the vortex of work, as I am, there is no pause for thought. I never think (in the sense I mean). But I hope that doesn't matter; I thought a lot once, and it didn't make me or anyone else happy. So now I am a total abstainer, like all good military officers. 'Tis a selfish process, as generally practised.

I have promised to wake Tine and Hiwy up, if there are good meteors. Hiwy is slightly nervous, he thinks they are fireworks worked from heaven, and highly dangerous. Perhaps they are.

A book edited by me is coming out. I didn't believe Mother would like it, or I would give her one. Parts of it are deficient in "propriety," for 16th century propriety in the best courtly circles was not at all a Victorian affair. A good book, all the same.

We are both eaten up with the War, not for itself, but because the British officer (and man) restores one's joy in the race.

TO H. H. TURNER

63, *Canning Street*,
Jan. 25, 1900.

I don't esactly know why I wrote that book ¹—or preface rather. The young prig spells infamously, doesn't he? I think I was enticed by the archaism, and because some day I mean to write a history of 16th cent. literature. I didn't really send you the book *to read*, only to remind you that I remembered your marriage. I thought you would be glad to have something to break the monotony of biscuit-boxes and salt cellars and so on.

I will send you another book (I am incorrigible) in a few months, to read, if you like, this time. It is on Milton and round about him. I think more of it than of the *Courtier*. But it does not serve so well to show the Research beetles that I, too, can be stupid when I please, and oftener. I have to vindicate my profession of pedant. So that is done.

TO L. R.

London, Spring, 1900.

. . . This afternoon I am going out to see the Stevensons. I will tell you about them and a lot of other things when I come back.

I send you Zola and Ibsen,² an admirable pair. They seem to me to embody modern earnestness, crankiness, gloom, and stupidity in their speaking countenances. Neither of them has a gleam of humour. I am sure it is stupidity, or intense one sidedness that has made each of them a great man in his way. Look at them and think of Shakespeare's

¹ *The Book of the Courtier* from the Italian of Count Baldassare Castiglione; done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby, anno 1561.

² Two Cabinet Photographs of these writers, of monstrous ugliness, he had picked up somewhere.

face, even in the Stratford bust. Or of Claverhouse's. Or of Robert Louis Stevenson's. Or of any decent midshipman. They both have bad mouths. I think we must frame them with the legend "Modern Pigs" underneath. Myself I think their portraits an absolutely convincing and final criticism on the faults and merits of their works: discussion is impossible after seeing them. . . .

TO J. M. MACKAY

79, Warwick Road,
Earl's Court, S.W.
April 8, 1900.

Here ¹ at last is the answer of the War Office—unintelligent, official, insolent. But Charles Strachey tells me that they of the Colonial Office have similar difficulties in their correspondence with the War Office, which, he says, almost always misses the point even of the most masterly document. He recommends that we should go on, and apprise the War Office officially of any step we take.

Last night I met Wyndham at dinner. As I suspected, he had little enough to do with this reply, and he cheerfully advised me to keep hammering away. You see there is the whole dead weight of the Office for him to lift in any thing he does. He too lives, no doubt, in a chaste pastoral community of beadles and jobbernols enlivened, as such communities are, by the activities of an occasional dialectical busybody, who is admired, I make bold to think (as he would be with us) for the subtlety of the objections he raises, and the real grasp of detail that he displays. If I could dine alone with Wyndham (as I might do if only a lull came in his tremendous work) he would prove a hopeful ally. . . .

It appears that Wyndham is the only member of the Govt.

¹ A suggestion had been made as to the teaching of Military subjects at the Universities.

who understands art—or indeed anything else, except Chemistry, stockbroking, and apologetic philosophy with an episcopal bias. Poor old Wyndham! Sisyphus Wyndham rolling all the loggerheads up-hill. And he is young, with his career yet to make.

Bradley, it seems, has retired.¹ Craik seems well disposed to me, albeit he is a Scot, and I am a Scot, and we say nothing explicit or binding to each other. I have not yet applied, indeed, I hesitate. But I fear that hesitation can end only one way, in my applying. If I had no children, I think I should stay in Liverpool. It would be so easy to make a better Lit. and Lang. School there than any north of the Tweed. And it would be beastly leaving. Nothing to draw one but money—and the vacation. So I shan't be cast down if the Lord High Donor of Scottish posts once more finds a better man. He remains inscrutable, anxious to learn what it is that constitutes literary excellence, and do his duty by all men. It is plain to me that Craik has not got him safely in hand, and fears that he may jib or bolt. Unaccustomed as he is to the literary landscape I fear that if my *Milton* were to peer over a hedge at him, nothing would get him past it. I have some of the proofs; and the Presbyterians fare ill. I shall mention *Style* in my letter of application and shall advise him not to read it, on the ground that it is a fashion of a bygone season. At least, there is this comfort; a man's tongue is loosed either by success or by failure, and whether at Glasgow or Liverpool I promise myself a fuller measure of free speech year by year.

This letter grows long, which it was not meant to be. Only, the mere chance of leaving (it is only a chance, for McCormick, Walker, and a hundred men of letters are in full cry) awakes me to what I should lose. But I am not going to take even a hypothetic farewell of you until the Lord High Donor has spoken. I hope you are having a good holiday in Spain.

¹ In 1900 Professor A. C. Bradley resigned the Glasgow chair.

TO C. H. FIRTH

27, iv. 1900.

This is to return thanks for Oliver. I suppose lots of the military part has always been wrong before. I like it very much. For my own private taste, corrupted as it is, there is a shade too much "Nations" and too little "Hero." I want more of the man and more discussion of his beer-drinking, his warts, his "fanaticism" and his sincerity. And, by the bye, I don't believe what you say about his freedom from ambition, or lack of foresight. My only other quarrel with you is on the question of the benefit to England of the firm establishment of the sects. Could we have worried along without some of them? I think I would pick out the Quakers, and a few Independents, for preservation; and then I would gladly give the Devil the whole basketful. You don't live in Liverpool; there are twelve "Churches" in Princes Avenue alone.

I am going to write to the Clarendon Press about Harington. Can you tell me Cannan's title and address? York Powell encouraged me, so I think I might try, and then, if they are willing, I will ask Morfill to allow the MS. to be copied. Tell me how to attack the Press. I hear we are to be neighbours in August, which is a good job.

I was very happy when I found nothing in your book to demonstrate, by chance, that I lie in any of my remarks about Milton. Milton is coming out in Autumn, I believe; I finished with him long ago. I hope I have ended the career of the pietistic old gentleman of scholarly habits who wrote works good for Sunday afternoon reading, and have restored the blazing and acrid visionary.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

63, *Canning Street, Liverpool,**July 2, 1900.*

Your letter was the first intimation I had received that I had been formally appointed to Glasgow.

It is pleasant to be remembered by you. You were a kind of god-father to me before you saw me, for when I was fifteen I knew poems of yours by heart—as I do to-day. One pleasure of Glasgow is the long vacation and I hope, more of London.

Another is that I hope I may some day be able to induce you to come down there and preach to my Caledonian flock. You will come? I heard of you some weeks ago and wanted to thank you for what you did, or rather (for I have no right to thank you) to express my feelings. It was about R.A.M.S. from whom I learned more (pastors and masters included) than from any single person I ever met.

So that is my only right to speak. and you see what I mean.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

*The Millhanger, Fernhurst,
Sussex, July 14, 1900.*

I wish I could, for it is an honour, and would be a pleasure. But what with house hunting and furniture removing and eight lectures a week to argumentative Scots impending, I hardly dare. I should have a good deal yet to read. Of Thomas Hardy I love the humour, and the atmosphere. The melodrama and the later social philosophy displease me. So that I am not sure that I should do him justice, for justice in these matters asks an enormous sympathy. I had rather admit that I may be wrong—an admission best made by silence. I wish R. Le Gallienne had thought of this before he wrote a book on R. Kipling. When “a falcon towering in her pride of place is by a mousing owl hawked at and killed,” the thing portends calamity to the kingdom of letters.

It was good of you to think of me and I wish I could grace your list. But I can't get round the first and real reason—my preaching duties.

TO C. H. FIRTH

1, Hillhead Street, Glasgow,
Oct. 30, 1900.

Did you hear that Elton is recommended? Good business.

I am glad you like *Milton*, for I had gone sick of the book and needed reassuring. Most of those to whom I sent it thank me for my kind present, and, either from modesty or discretion, refuse to look the gift-horse in the mouth. The reviewers are still whetting their blades.

All you have got to do about the Ford lectures is to learn to shout. Toss the separate words, like apples, at the opposite wall. And don't drop your voice (as modest men naturally do) at the end of a sentence. Believe a professional bellower. I had a triumph here: I gave an Inaugural in the Bute Hall (a kind of bastard Presbyterian conventicle) and was heard—a thing almost without precedent, as I am told.

The work here is d——d heavy, for I lecture five times a week to 180 youths and three times to about 20 Honours people. I shall get accustomed to it, I suppose, but it sits on my nerves just now, and I wake early thinking of my coming jaw. I wish I had a 42 lecture billet. Never mind, next summer I shall come to Oxford during term I hope.

Morley be blowed. *He* can't do Cromwell. But the worst of it is that the sort of man he is entirely in sympathy with never comes out on top (for there *is* a God) so he must choose a failure, to do well. The world is a much lustier place than he dreams of—something quite other than a scruple-shop, as the lamented Carlyle would say. Now Cromwell knew this. So Morley can't write his life. Q.E.D.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Glasgow, Nov. 3, 1900.

I send you two copies of my Inaugural, both for you, one for the collected works, one for use. It is fairly rhetorical

in build and was a success. Between you and me, I think I shall get the students.

I wish to God I had no teaching and could write. But there, there, booze and the blowens, they do knock art and a mission silly. And my book on the 'Abits of the 'Uman Race will never be wrote, all because I am a victim to these habits myself. And damned silly old men without a drop of red blood in the insanitary system of pipes that they call their veins, bleating old billy-goats like Comte and Lecky and Herbert Spencer say all that they like on human life. And criticize—my Gawd! The eunuch was the first modern critic. "Understandest thou that thou readest"? said Philip—a jolly good observe. The eunuch was then baptized (they all are) and served him right. And the business of Literary criticism began.

I have had a pleasant letter from York Powell; "Milton" took his middle stump, and he admits it. The umpires have as yet given no opinion.

TO HIS MOTHER

Dalmeny House, Edinburgh,

Nov. 5, 1900.

When I awoke this morning the first thing I saw was Cramond Island seen from the wrong side. I meant to walk to Granton House¹ to-day but it has drizzled all day: so in the afternoon I went with all the party here to Queensferry instead. Lord Rosebery is Lord Rector of Glasgow just now, and asked me and Phillimore (the Greek professor at Glasgow) to stay over Sunday. The rest, all men, are not all known to me, for I am bad at catching names, but there is Sir Edward Grey who is a statesman about my age (!) and whom I like extremely.

You would like to see the portraits of Napoleon (some of the most famous) and busts of Pope and Rousseau and

¹ Where he had spent much time in his childhood.

other treasures of this house. In my little bedroom is a portrait (taken from the life) of the Young Pretender. In fact every room and passage is full of rare and beautiful things. So we feast, and talk, and are in clover. It makes a good break in the daily round, the common task, which should furnish all we want, but doesn't.

Lucie, not being a man, is at home in our lodgings. I am sorry. We expect to come to you the Friday, or Saturday rather, before Christmas. That will be a good thing. I hope the kids, whom we are sick of not seeing, are well.

TO GEORGE W. PROTHERO

Glasgow, Dec. 1, 1900.

I sent one of my tracts to W. P. Ker and he liked it (he said) better than our Lord Rector's Address, which (he added) was not saying much. How did you manage to get through a year in one of these places? I find it infernally hard. So stimulating, they tell me, a hundred and eighty bright keen young spirits must be. And they are; but one can't live on gin. And I get no time to feed the mind.

But fat sleepy people think they have said all when they have said "stimulating." I want to go to sleep for a month.

It can't be done, one hundred and fifty lectures a year, if the lectures are to be worth a fiddlestick end. And the irony of it is that the material is here knocking around in lumps for a University as good as they make them.

I have a pupil (at last) who can write—begins an essay as a *prima donna* begins a song. All no good, because haberdashers made the laws, and sausage-sellers administer them. The People has become interested in education, and the game (as usual) is up. Christianity ended in just the same way, if that were any comfort.

I don't believe any art will flourish again until a degraded social status is invented for it, so as to dodge society, and let it go by.

Unfortunately, Professors in this place have for many years been envied by practising druggists, who have at last got a "fair" share of power just in time to make it impossible for me to do what I want to do and can do. Not impossible, either, for I can always fight; but it is a horrid drain on time and energy.

Have you ever found yourself at that point of misanthropy that you don't care how much you flatter a poor creature to get him out of the way? It is a landmark and I have reached it; only the technique is deficient. But this too is an art, asking for modesty, diligence, and a generous expenditure of time.

TO W. P. KER

1, Hillhead St., Glasgow,
Dec. 1, 1900.

I believe that three quarters of my liking for *Samson*, which I like best of its author's works, is due to the personal element in it—that it is Milton, not Samson, who is the hero. I believe also that there is not a line or an allusion that has not the double reference. So that it is not comparable to other epical or dramatic works, but is allegory, a quintessence or extract of heroic feeling, just as you say, and I suppose my tricky mind prefers this, and the subtlety of it, to straight epic narrative, which is so like the deed itself that it inevitably makes me think of a minstrel, old, blind, poor, menial and professional, who sings merely as the next best thing to fighting. Epic is dangerously near the deed, and the men of the deeds know its second place; and the greater the vividness and simplicity of the epic, the deeper the dream.

I had some small things to say about Samson, but there was no room in the six lectures and I didn't dare to begin recasting.

I will tell you something: York Powell *has not read* Chaucer. I came to this conclusion at once when I heard

him speak of Chaucer this summer. It cannot be shaken. Examine him on any three Tales. He talked about the French, but did not know that Chaucer can lick all his French authorities three times round Ch. Ch. quad in two and a half minutes. It is all very sad, or would be if York Powell had read Chaucer.

Please send me Godley's poem. I enclose you a trifle, brought on by overwork. It was printed in the enclosed "low Scots" unauthorised version by my old colleague Meyer. It should be recited with careful observance of the glottal stop.

I did mean to do Chaucer in six chapters, and Wordsworth, better known as Daddy, also in six chapters. But if they clap me on a summer session here I don't know what will happen. As it is I hold it a scandal that anyone who is called a Professor of a University should have to lecture 8 times a week, 5 of them being day by day to the same large audience. It has just about wound me up already. The thing turns on my stomach. If they add the summer, either I must learn to be a dominie (and a d——d bad one I should make) or I must look for work in connection with a University. I believe that if the class lectures of these institutions were published (by phonograph) as Brunetière, or for that matter, Blair and Campbell, published their lectures, it would be an interesting revelation. We are being steadily pressed downwards into a High School.

As for my classes, they are as good as I could wish, and deserve far better fodder than the wisdom of the thickheads who legislated for this place will allow me to give them. So the thickness grows upon me by the very goodness of the stuff that passes through my hands.

P.S. Your confounded collegiate system with arrangements for dry-nursing everyone has a lot to answer for. Soon it will be impossible to point to Oxford or Cambridge by way of argument—except as Ham pointed to Noah.

ENCLOSURE

TO PROFESSOR H. A. STRONG, LL.D.

DEAR STRANG,

On this your natal day,
We Glaisgie bodies wish to say
We're sorry that we canna gae
That far to see ye;
But though oor bodies here maun stay,
In hairt we're wi' ye.

The Northern clans, wi' pipes and drones—
The 'Scotswhahaes' and brave 'Hechmons,'
The 'Hootsawas' and 'Sodascones'—
Are here thegither;
And ilka ane in joyful tones
Proclaims you brither.

We're fine and glad ye didna scorn
The fashious wark o' being born,
Whilk wad ha' left us sair forlorn;
But noo—Losh guide us!—
Ye're found, this braw November morn,
On airth beside us.

'Twas in this toon ye first assayed
The ancient gerund-grinding trade,
Wi' Latin in a spune ye gaed
The fowk to feed them;
And eh! the bonny jokes ye made—
Deil kens wha seed them!

Oor thochts hae dwelt upon you aft,
The climate's turned a wee thing saft,
Oor college noo wi' gowks is staffed,
Wi' gomerals deevit;
But, Lord be praised! there's Heaven alaft,
And here, Glenleevit.

For Scotland nane need droop or dwine;
 For them that feel their stren'th decline
 The certain cure (it's just divine)
 Each year returns,
 (Whilk mony a lassie had lang syne)
 —A nicht wi' Burns.

We twa hae strayed ower Brownlow Hill,
 And pu'd lang faces on the sill,
 While toddling ben to yon auld mill
 That still plays clatter,
 —And auld Mackay is there, and still
 As daft's a hatter.

Lang may the flags o' Bedford Street
 Resound beneath your honoured feet!
 Lang may ye hauld your annual treat
 For a' the leddies!
 Lang may ye flout and jink and cheat
 The Laird o' Hades.

W. A. R.

Dec. 1, 1900.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

1, Hillhead St., Glasgow,
 Dec. 6, 1900.

Bless you, they will say *Style* is a bad book long after I am buried. They do hate it. And it is really better than *Milton*: I know it is.

We have bought a house and have been having adventures, with Scotch lawyers and fashionable doctors, that might have come straight out of Stevenson's novels. Yesterday I had a white-haired gentlemanly Highlander here, with a smooth sad voice, who offered me £50 down, in my own drawing room, if I would refrain from purchasing the house offered to me. He would have made it £100

like a shot. I held on in the spirit of Pinkerton & Co.—to see it through. There is an invalid lady in pink flannel in bed in every room of the house¹ that we have bought. My wife has seen them all. There are trapezes and gibbets in the drawing room. It is all very interesting. You must come and stay. A nice house too, and suddenly, after our purchase, the craze to buy it set in severely. We stick to it. But I shan't turn up the cellar flags.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

. . . ² I see you don't know the Scots. They are a superstitious, loyal, useful, jealous, impossible people. A long course of their own theology has hopelessly perverted their attitude. I know Scots who are modest—modest towards men; I don't know a single Scot who is modest on behalf of man. They have the name of philosophy, but there is more philosophy in a Berkshire peasant than in all their professors. If they succeed—and they are always struggling and asserting themselves—it is a great thing; if they fail, so do heroes, and it is still a great thing. Rhetoric has poked them to the bone. They will die with courage in the last ditch, but it must be the last—a remarkable ditch. Merely to die in a ditch is beyond them. To do any work among them one must set up as a Medicine-man, with a thunder-box and fittings. They make bad knaves, but they are dupes of genius. A knave who hankers after his lost estate of a dupe, does not go far, and suffers from that mental confusion which forbids real excellence in any line of life. It is impossible not to esteem them, and they are the best friends—if you have fish to fry. If you are doing nothing in particular, they leave you, for they must be getting on. Since I lived in Scotland I can't think of Charles Lamb without the tears coming to my eyes—tears

¹ The house had been a nursing home.

² A fragment. The three opening words are conjectural.

like those that are wept by an overwrought spirit who dreams of rest. To have no particular object in life, but to take it as it comes—you will find this in China, in India, in France, in England; I have not found it in Scotland. I feel as if the country were a Company floated to exploit something—if they failed, they would cease to exist.

They will ruin me, for although they are ready to believe in aggressive eccentricity (as of a prophet) they will have nothing to say to idle whim. A gospel is your passport in Scotland.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

*1, Hillhead Street, Glasgow,
Jan. 13, 1901.*

I have been at work here for a week, deserted by my wife, and now in a lull I think of our pleasant evening with you. I feel inclined indeed, to make the speech that would have been right and fittingly made then, but I am shy; and your irreverent athletic son might have thrown things at me. Our sentiments have to run the gauntlet of a younger generation. Since I saw you I have heard of you once or twice, always as a kind of Literary Providence, which you are rapidly becoming. . . . Remember you are to come here and lecture when I can get my voice heard among the pragmatic Scots. I like them, being one, but no doubt they are a passionately officious people.

I have nothing to tell. The winter session here is after this manner; one is put into a large black pot, and the lid is fastened down. Then the boiling begins. One hears dim, confused voices from outside.

They take off the lid at Christmas to have a look at you, and then plug it down again firmer than ever. About April one is taken out for the summer. I hope to cool myself in London in May.

Some thoughtful politicians here, observing that we are

only parboiled, advocate a summer re-boiling. I shall kick, if I am not too soft and ragged to shake a leg.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

1, Hillhead Street, Glasgow,
21st Feb., 1901.

. . . I have no news for you except that all the people of this country are theologically minded, and that they have all been vaccinated. I have had the cowpox for a week.

On Sundays everyone goes into a stone box to praise God. On Mondays everyone submits his arm and has the cowpox injected.¹ There is nothing inconsistent in these two actions—indeed both are prophylactic—but the difference of emotional key amuses me when I have time to think of it. God built the world, and man, with unerring instinct, recognizes that it is no place to praise him in. Hence Joss-houses. The only person left outside is God, who goes on smiling on the whole show and saying that it is very good. I forget; I stay outside, and, in the main, agree.

TO MISS C. A. KER

The Warren, Cranleigh, Surrey,
May 1, 1901.

I wish I had seen you before I left Glasgow. I cherished the intention, but the cares of this life sprang up and choked it.

This beautiful place is in a pine-wood on a hill. Below us is Surrey, above, I regret to say, not only the pine-trees but also a fat man who edits the *Girl's Own Paper* and lives in a cottage just behind this. Our house is perfect were it not that it is very fully, not to say extravagantly furnished,

¹ There had been a mild smallpox epidemic.

and that there is a complete inventory of all the furniture. This would not matter (for we do not covet our landlady's goods) if the furniture were not of a very delicate kind. Much of it has been bought at a jumble-sale, and a good deal has been put together in principles set forth in papers like *The Home*,—"How to make a tasteful rustic chair out of a bundle of firewood, a ball of twine, three nails and a yard of sticking plaster." Perhaps you do not read these papers. I do, and I often wondered how it was done, and who did it. Now I know.

But these are trifles, and we are very happy when we forget the inventory, and in pure dare-devil recklessness and lightness of heart sit down on the rustic chairs.

Lucie has given up Society and taken to house-work, *vice* servants who are holidaying. One sees a good many people, quite obviously cultured, on bicycles. I hope no evil will come of this. In the meantime the weather is a thing to have lived through winter for, and nobody calls.

TO MRS. F. GOTCH

The Warren, Cranleigh, Surrey,
May, 1901.

MADAM

Our Mr. Raleigh who is at present travelling through the great commercial centres of the West of England will do himself the honour of calling on you to-morrow morning to solicit your attention to some of the more striking of our New Season's fashions.

Conscious as we are that our methods defy competition, we invite comparison of the garments which he will show you, and which, should you wish to see the appearance they present on the human figure, he will put on, with those ordinarily displayed on the persons of the older and more trusted inhabitants of Oxford.

Soliciting the favour of a trial with every confidence that the verdict will be in our favour, and that no sentence

therefore is necessary beyond these few lines which we have the honour to address to you,

We remain,

Madam,

Your Obt. Hble Servts.

Jabber and Quack.

Our Mr. R. hopes to be with you about 10 p.m. His official address is care of Mr. S. Farquharson, who has charge of the juvenile dept. in Bright and McCann's.

TO C. H. FIRTH

The Warren, Cranleigh, Surrey,

May, 1901.

HONOURED MASTER FIRTH,

The ballats you sent me be choicely good of most rare workmanship and full of profitable morality: whether they be altogether such as a religious man may tune his voice to them without fear of offence I leave it to tougher heads than mine to determine. Were they sung by a sweet-breasted swain, and the passions they recount lively set forth in action, I make no doubt but their dolorous eloquence would melt the tender heart of any village Mopsa at a sheepshearing, yea and blowsy Joan should weep salt tears into her milking pail. By such soft advances are the simple rustic maidens made capable of love. For passion is the shoeing-horn unto passion even as one good pot of ale asketh its fellow.

But for thee and me, Master Firth, to speak of these things may seem a thing very unmeet, who are past our youthful heats and have been let blood by the physician Time. For 'tis ill days with a man when his amorous and swainish sighing is currently deemed to be a vent for wind in the belly. Methinks the likeness of thy lusty jobbernell would make a fairer sign for an alehouse, swinging in the wind to give assurance of good cheer to His Majesty's liege subjects, than a love-token for a maid's pillow. For

me, an I be not comely I care not, so I lack not friends, and the good pimp poesy to commend me to the affections of women. Whereby thou hast much advanced me with thy fardel of rogues' ballats.

We look for thee to be neighbour to us, when we will pass the time with drinking and waggery as much as beseems our gravities, and gazing on the fair spectacle of Nature's bounties, a sight that I do love. The earth decked with trim verdure, the pretty piping of the birds in the thickets, and the comfortable odours of plants do recreate my spirits till I well nigh forget mortality and the audits of Time and Judgment. Marry, if thou would'st come by a pottle of audit ale, 'twould warrant thee against a cold welcome among thy friends. But I shame to play the beggar, thou art ever welcome howsoe'er attended to thy friend and debtor,

WALTER RALEIGH.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

The Warren, Cranleigh, Surrey.

May 16, 1901.

It was bloody good-natured of you to send me those books, just as if you were a circulating library. Well, they didn't contain what I wanted, but after all, I didn't want it. Sometimes one wants a quotation as a tight-rope walker wants the touch of a withered twig, just to reassure one and keep one going. It is a bad temptation; much better to work it all over again fresh, and confound the classics.

The Editor of *Literature* wants a "Personal View" from me concerning the Future of the Drama. Now he has got it and I have not yet learnt whether he likes it. It closes, I may say, the Savage, the Playgoers', the Eccentric, and a host of other agreeable convivial evening resorts to me, for ever. Not to mention the Athenæum when Sir Enery is taking his cup of tea there. A poor journalist simply must have drinks, so *he* can't say it, and it would be rather mean of me, who am endowed, not to give the obvious truth

concerning the stage a look-in. The article is not abusive, far from it, only superior and ineffably weary; the soliloquy of a gentleman in the stalls who closed his eyes two hours ago from sheer boredom. But it is far too long for a bright weekly paper, so it may not come off.

This is a hell of a good hill. Nature has really bucked up, and is standing us a Spring, name your poison and no heel-taps. Doing us prime, she is. As for old Bill Wordsworth, he is the same old stick-in-the-mud as ever. Don't seem to thrive at all on the lusty juices of the new-born Year. The more I read him the more certain I am that I know exactly what he meant. But then I am also more certain that he did not say it, nor anything at all like it. So I feel like the bloated man covered with pimples who takes the liberty of explaining in a syphilitic voice the achievements history and character of the little Bermondsey marvel, 'Oo is now about to exhibit 'is unparalleled feats of daring on the 'igh trapeze. Then the nasty tight-lipped, cock-eyed, little Bermondsey marvel goes and falls into the net. The factious Bill simply will not do it, and when he does, it is generally someone else's lay that he fetches off. He gets praised chiefly for his celebrated imitation of Shakespere (which is really very good) and for his admirable reproduction of a bleat. But he has a turn of his own, if only he would do it and be damned to him.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

The Warren, Cranleigh, Surrey,

Aug. 26, 1901.

The thing that gives me the purest pleasure in the printed edition of *Stans Puer* is the legend "Price One Halfpenny." I don't know why, but it tickles my palate. The old trouble has begun, I can't find worthy recipients for it. Authorship, I find, is a narrower scheme than friendship; one can cultivate friends for what they give. But to be understood—to have a safe catch in the field for one's random cuts—is

a rarity. Hence the baseness of popular authorship, there can be no aim in it, it is as general and vulgar as a smell. "You take me?"—says the skunk. And this applies even to the Bible and Dante; there are only two or three real readers alive at any given time. But the parodists have given them an artificial success.

I have been reading George Meredith's novels, which are much inferior to his poems. There is a strong strain of vulgarity running through them. He thinks that lyric is simply young blood and must be corrected by careful social observations. He draws as good a gentlemān as can be made by crawling, and teaches the eternal lesson "Crawl, or knock your silly brains out against the rafters of human life." Harry Richmond is the worthy son of his father—essentially a cad. Old Meredith's life must have been poisoned somewhere near the source. He is splendid when you cut him loose from the tyranny of society and deportment. But the odd thing is that he does not know it, and believes that his handbook to the adventurer's salon is a treatise on the whole of human life.

I think still that the only real thing is lyric. Oddly enough Meredith has no construction in his books. They are rotten in build and plot. When I rewrite Aristotle I shall substitute the purities for the unities. These mixed philosophies, even of intense, subtle, analytic minds are only complicated nonsense. Money ranks along with laughter, as an equal power, and love and hate positively ask, with some trepidation, what the fashionable world is thinking of them.

In parts of Harry Richmond one gets an odd impression that one is reading a telling parody and crushing indictment of "Prince Otto." I suppose Meredith is the cleverest novelist that has ever written—and no more like a great novelist than I am like Sandow—Fielding, Scott, Dickens, say. Thackeray is more Meredith's peer, for though he is much simpler, he too had a mind gone bad in parts.

Think of Swift's view—say of social distinctions, birth,

rank, wealth—and then of Meredith's or Thackeray's. I put them together because they are simply Church and Chapel, the intelligence of the last is less and there is a greasy evangelical confidence about him, but it is the same view of essentials. Thackeray is only a Plymouth brother caught tuft hunting and pretending that he was in fun. "We must speak to these people, Cousin Stiggins, in their own way." Think of Swift, I say. There's mountain water for you.

Sometimes I feel inclined to believe that vulgarity is the faculty whereby we appreciate social distinctions. But Chaucer and Jane Austen forbid the belief.

TO HIS MOTHER

*The Warren, Cranleigh, Surrey,
Aug. 31st, 1901.*

The price on the pamphlet was put on merely because it helped to fill the title page and gave an air of modesty to the work. As a matter of fact the poem was printed for fun by John Sampson at the University Press of Liverpool, and he gave me some copies out of the few dozen printed. I don't know who paid for it—perhaps Donald Fraser; on a former occasion he was so pleased with a satire of mine on the staff of University College that he printed it free of charge. It was in the form of a Sestina. He is a good printer, and this work is a good piece of printing.

The legend "price one half-penny" is therefore a lie. Or rather it is a very subtle and conditional truth. It is as true as any other price. The work is printed and has a price ($\frac{1}{2}d.$) but there are no sellers. It is often the case that a work is printed and has a price, but no buyers. Is the price therefore a lie? I think not. It is really a bungling Protestant kind of view to suppose that you can buy whatever has a price. You might as well expect to

take a cab to whatever has position—the angle of a hexagon, or the moon.

So I think the second edition shall retain the legend. Truth of consistency, which, little as it is worth, is perhaps all we can ever reach, shall be observed. This will show at least that we aim at truth. More can hardly be expected from humanity.

I send you some copies, which I can gladly spare, as a present. You will wonder what has become of your stamps. They arrived at this cottage at a very crucial time in our postal affairs. We had no stamps, the rainy weather has set in, and the nearest village is three miles off and 400 feet down. They therefore fell like water on parched sand. You will find two of them outside this. The others have gone on errands elsewhere. In some ways this is very fortunate—much depends upon the point of view. It is a question whether moneys (or stamps) that represent one side of the account in a non-existent mercantile transaction do not take on the nature of their employment and become non-existent, or at least cease to have a legal owner. But I must not trouble you with the merely legal aspect of the case: there is something futile about an inquest, and these stamps have been destroyed. It was not, in any case, wholly my fault; the Postal authorities are guilty of gross contributory negligence in destroying property without investigating the titles to it.

I suppose Buxton is a costly fraud. But it is 1,000 feet up; there is no mistake about that. Have you been massaged? It works wonders sometimes.

Next week we go back, and as, what with houses and lectures and things, I shall have no time, I thought I would clear up these questions now. The winter is a long tunnel and we go in ten days. So good-bye.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Glasgow, Oct. 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your demand for a subscription of £1.1 to a periodical the name of which I have mislaid (*Tita Otia*¹ I think it was) I regret to have to inform you that my late husband died last night. I never heard him speak of your periodical; he was not in the habit of subscribing much to anything; and my hands are so full of a number of little worries arising from his demise that I fear I cannot entertain your application.

Believe me,

Yours in all

Christⁿ fellowship,

LUCIE RALEIGH.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Jan. 6, 1902.

I would put in the Watts-Blake² idea. It sounds likely, for Blake must have had few books and those popular. What a long time it takes for men like Gilchrist to be found out. A simple culture-bug, brought up in superstition. "Educated poet-lovers." Mrs. Browning is the priestess of the class. The harm she did to Bob! He came to think

¹ "*Tita Otia*" stands for *Otia Merseiana*, the publication of the Faculty of Arts, of University College, Liverpool. As Editor Mr. Sampson had issued a circular at the request of the Faculty asking for contributions to meet the expenses of printing, and this letter, written as though from his wife, and followed by another with a subscription, was W. R.'s response.

Further episodes in the history of this ill-starred periodical which expired with the fourth volume in 1904, are humorously described in his "*Sestina Otiosa*," reprinted from the original leaflet in "*Laughter from a Cloud*."

² A reference to a passage in the Introduction to Mr. Sampson's first edition of Blake (Oxford) 1905.

Jas. Lee's Wife a noble woman, and Any Wife to any Husband a pure minded poem. It seems to me tragic that he should have thought that most good women were like that.

I have written a paper on *Gambling* and sent it to the *Nat. Review*. It was read to a "Civic Society" of earnest burghesses and blitherers. On paper, of course, the whole dramatic value of this situation is lost. Look out for it—there is some quiet windbag punching done in it with a fairly sharp small needle. The windbags won't collapse, they will only feel a little flabby and slack. I saw this take place. But perhaps Maxse won't print it.¹

TO W. P. KER

2, South Park Terrace,
Glasgow, Feb. 27, 1902.

I have crossed rivers and given lectures no end since I saw you. But these later memories weave themselves into a framework for my Sunday at Oxford. Why do these places, Oxford and Cambridge, "stand out" against ordinary human life? I have noticed it before now. There must be something in it. I like your young men and your old men, your butlers and buttery hatches, your village inns and the L'Allegro country, your chapels and your souls. It is all very good.

An evil thing has happened to us here by the death of Adamson, unless, perhaps, death is never an evil thing. It maims this place.

There passes with him the best History of Philosophy (all in his head) ever written. And a counsellor and friend. It seems to matter little who fills his place—he will be a child to Adamson.

We hope to summer near Oxford, within a Sunday walk.

¹ Published in the *National Review*, February, 1903.

TO MRS. DOWDALL

March 9, 1902.

(All young couples should remember that a simple dinner well served is decidedly more enjoyable than an elaborate dinner poorly served; and that the parting kiss in the morning should be so loving that the remembrance of it will last all day.

Dear girl friends, wait, "bide a wee," and do not weary, until out of the future that perchance you have been dreading, steps the prince of your heart.

Some little unaffected word or deed which betrays a girl's real womanly nature often touches a man as nothing else would do. He begins to take an interest in her, and the rest is soon done.

"Let me be the first person to offer you my congratulations and wishes for a long and happy life," said Wyndham, in his bright way, for he could not help noticing the love-light in Pauline's eyes.

The Royal Family have all been vaccinated. The King "took" best.

A useful petticoat may be fabricated of moirette or moreen.

A cold supper seldom appeals to a man.

Cabbage-water often causes a very unpleasant smell.

The gentleman may think of you only as a friend, and you should not allow yourself to care for him except as a friend until he asks to be something more.

Rub the scalp thoroughly until the dandruff disappears.

Married people were gentleman and lady before they were husband and wife, and they should keep this constantly in mind, then nothing that is very wrong can happen.)

All this, and much, much more is from a single number of *The Home Circle*. I bought it yesterday, and have given up all other literature. It is wonderful, and all for *1d.*

Please tell me whether you want to see me about April 17th or so for a few days.

We met Marie Corelli. I put her on to writing a book in defence of Shakespeare.

I thought of three things to say to her and they all suited very well: (1) "O Miss Corelli, how *do* you think of all those lovely things?"

(2) "O Miss Corelli, since I read *Barabbas*, I think that Christianity is just too sweet!"

(3) "O Miss Corelli, isn't it wonderful to know that there are thousands and thousands of people in the world who have no ideas but what you put into their heads?"

TO MRS. GOTCH, on a Post Card

Stanford, 7 June, 1902.

So there is no maw gaw to shed in the Baw Waw. The paw praw-Baws will feel saw! The praw-Baws are an awful baw! They gained no eclaw by taking the flaw! I set no staw by them. They are rotten at the caw. So no maw from

Yaws

W. A. R.

TO MISS C. A. KER

Glasgow, W., June 11, 1902.

Of course I will. Rather. I should think so, indeed. And very very very glad.

Dinner it cannot be, I am to be taken out. Tea I celebrate by thinking of it (and shrimps) at the Court meeting. Lunch therefore, lunch, the anodyne of regret for a bygone breakfast and the prophylactic against excessive pining for an unborn tea—lunch is the thing. One o'clock, I think you said.

TO MRS. F. GOTCH

"Beulah," *Stanford in the Vale, Berkshire,*
July 24, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I propose to come among you at eventide of the close of the week. If you should chance to be taking a *perfectly* unpretentious meal, eaten in quite a friendly manner, and very very quiet, I need not say how pleased I shall be to share it with you.

I am myself engaged in penning a work,¹ and am little accustomed to associate on terms of equality with the great, the important, and the giddy. I can only assure you that I shall give much earnest thought to the question of my wardrobe. What decisions I shall attain I cannot at present foresee, but of this be confident—all will be the result of long painstaking ardent *thought*. The packing and despatching of brown paper parcels is a process highly inimical to the continuity of abstract meditation, and I hardly dare to indulge myself with the hope of a solution in that direction. A degree of foresight, moreover, greater than may readily be looked for in the simplicity of country life, is necessary for the complete success of this expedient.

On the other hand, the metal contrivance affixed to the bicycle is certainly of a strictly limited carrying capacity. Hence its charm.

Sweet idyllic hold-all, that holdest so little! Teacher of Simplicity to Sinful man! Emblem of reasonable constancy, forbidding more than a little change! Memento of the tropics! Prophet of the grave! Shall I commit my destiny to thee and brazen out in flannel the coldness of wives of Heads? Time will show.

Meantime, dear Friends, take no thought for my raiment, but be sure I shall come among you. And now I resume my author's pen,

Yours in affection.

¹ Wordsworth.

TO D. NICHOL SMITH

*Stanford in the Vale,
August, 1902.*

May we drop our prefixes? I dislike mine, though I have worn it, with better or worse title for seventeen years. —Very many thanks for your edition of *Lear*, which you sent me long ago. I will not say that I have read it carefully all through, but I found browsings to interest me. I regret, by the way, in *Lear*, more than in most other plays the stern necessity that excises some of the most powerful passages. But it can't be helped. Shakespeare and a Girls' School are many miles asunder, to bring them to terms of reciprocal courtesy is a good deed.

I half thought you would shy at the History, or at its torso. I thought it too chatty by half. Because school children are sleepy, it seems hard that a brisk air should be imparted to the lives and works of melancholy and estimable men. But I knew that you would refuse if you liked to refuse, and that if you accepted you would do the job full justice.

I have written about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a small book. This depresses me, for my colleague of Edinburgh has probably written about $1\frac{1}{2}$ books (big ones) in the same number of weeks. I find now that I am using a spoilt sheet for this epistle. Forgive it: I do nothing but make sentences and scratch them out, and the litter lies about me. But I take a bicycle ride now and again.

TO HIS MOTHER

*Stanford, Faringdon, Berks.
Aug. 27th, 1902.*

It was very good of you to send us the grouse. We have eaten them! We wanted to keep them for guests; Mr. Oliver comes on Saturday, and the Sampsons on Monday. But the cook said no; so we ate them.

I am very sorry about Aunt Kate; it is hard on Old

Tom. I suppose we are made to decay. But decay in trees and such things seems so gentle and good. Perhaps there are creatures who find us good and pleasant when we decay. I don't think it hurts, except in so far as the stupid little troubles that we have troubled ourselves with in active life persist like worrying ghosts. When I went to bed I used to think of fairy tales. Now I grind at the day's stale business. So we get dusty.

I have written almost all of a book on Wordsworth. I hope to finish it in your house, for if I can't I shall have to put it off a year. I think it is a very good book, but I am not quite sure. Prothero, who edits the *Quarterly*, says I am a Master of English! So you see—I have those who will give me a nice cup o' tea, dear, and a little flattery; it isn't as if I couldn't easily get a nice cup o' tea. I want a holiday badly, and we are looking forward to seeing you. We are going for a week, later, to the Kers at Ardrishaig.

We have become permanent tenants of a small farmhouse at Uffington, four miles from here, close to the White Horse. It is unfurnished; so now we must cadge for sticks, against our next holiday. When we are not there we will lend it you. The air is divine—straight off the lonely downs, which run from 600 to 900 feet high. Poor old Lucie will have to see it through in the matter of preparation against our next holiday.

I am an insensible beast, not to write to you. If it were anything but writing, of which cursed employ I have too much! The kids are coming to you on Tuesday, I believe.

P.S. You will be glad to hear that for very shame and from worldly reasons I have been fain to go to Church here quite a good deal. The C's, who vicar the place, are the only gentry here, and have been so kind, and nice, and altogether decent, and do so much for the parish and have such innocent short little Services that against my will I am a reformed character. But I shall relapse. And my *Wordsworth* when you see it, you will admit is as good as

many a Parish Magazine. What I mean is that I do hold an occasional little Revivalist Meeting of my own among the ghosts of the poets, and everyone states his experiences. I find that they have been through a good deal, and don't hardly know what to think about it all. But they seem happy. I reckon it's all right.

TO MISS C. A. KER

Stanford, Aug. 29, 1902.

I have read part of my Book to Lucie—for a special purpose. I feared that parts of it were rather too stuck-up and almighty, so I asked her to listen very carefully to see if that was so. She listened as well as she could and said it was not in the least too stuck-up. So of course I was very delighted, and it was only later that I learned, to my great distress, what she meant. The book, she said, ought to be stuck-up, for if a book by a stuck-up person were not itself stuck-up, it would not be a true book. What I had fondly thought she meant was that the book was a very quiet, modest, endearing kind of book.

It is all very painful, and I would not trouble you with it, but the heart must breathe its woe.

We like our village. If we could, we would set up our tabernacle in Berkshire. We have taken a good farmhouse near at an annual rent rather less than what one pays for half a pigsty for a month in Arran. Arran is all right—I'm not quarrelling—but you wouldn't believe what a beauty and variety there is in these great wind-washed spaces. You walk along the highroad seeing about ten miles on each side of you, and if you are stuck-up (which you are not in the least) you feel exactly like the good man of the novelists, walking forth, at peace with himself, to gaze upon the works of his Creator.

It is like a great wide pan, with a magic lid—seldom taken off this summer.

TO W. P. KER

2, South Park Terrace, Glasgow,

Nov. 21, 1902.

I have read your Essay on Wordsworth,¹ and if I disagree with you in any single point, it is you that will have to find it out; I can't. I am glad that my MS. left me long ago; if it were still here I should have to change it, I believe; for on Poetic Diction and in some other places I have expressed your views almost in your phrase. I am thinking of the part about the "heights of speculation" above which there is no footing. Or, as I like to put it, in my vulgar way (but not in print)—he ran his head against the eternal hills and very nearly rived them open.

You shall have my proofs, as a token of gratitude, because I like your essay so much. No you shan't—why should you bother, short of the book? The only point I can think of where I want your advice lies here: I have been constrained to quote Mr. Morley, without sympathy.² Would it be indelicate or "low" to introduce two tender capitals into a passage printed as prose? "No whisper etc. Can you teach us, etc. Of moral evil, etc." I fear it would. You are happier and more dignified than I, for you don't quote other critics.

We never get broken in to life; if we did, I suppose we should be as good as dead. My mother was ill only three weeks; she was active, and young, all her life; and she saw all her children grow up. Yet it seems to make no difference.

David Patrick³ is a good man, but too busy. If only that keen mind were at one's service—if he would expatiate a little and forget the day's work. It was the incomparable charm of R. A. M. Stevenson that his real life began where his job ended, and you got from him, at supper, enough to keep Chambers' printing press hard at work if he had

¹ In *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

² At p. 132.

³ Editor of *Chambers's Cyclopædia*.

cared to use it that way. So he escaped the curse of the actor, the preacher, the writer, the professor, and remained a private gentleman.

I fear I may have to go South just after Christmas. But if I am almost dead for want of fresh air, I shan't.

P.S. I didn't know (more shame!) that little late bit about the mountain daisy.

Have we talked much about Wordsworth? Not much, I think. Before this summer, I mean. If not, we *must* be right.

TO W. P. KER

2, South Park Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow,
Nov. 24, 1902.

All you say about John Morley is QUITE TRUE. I have said a thing or two about him myself. Unless he believes in himself very much, what I have said will do him good.

In my book I have mentioned that Wordsworth was drunk in France by the side of the Loire, and how much he appreciated Burns being drunk too. He was really a very good fellow indeed, and understood things thoroughly. But he talked in a way that prevented people who do not understand things from understanding that he understood things. So he had to wait till you and I came along, and now that is all right.

I had tea with your family the other day and liked it.

Do you know Wordsworth's remarks on Gray's Epitaph on his mother? I always liked Gray, and I felt for him over this epitaph. But W's remarks put a skewer through it. It is rather terrible, for it is a temperament judged and found wanting. There is no escape for Gray; all that Wordsworth says is quite true. And he had a perfect right to say it, which is what makes it impressive.

I still can't find that we differ, but perhaps you will. I spend a lot of time on what is called Wordsworth's rotten

work, and find it all interesting, and all of a piece with the rest.

TO EDWARD ARNOLD

8-ii-03.

You have kept me up half the night making an index. The slips are in order, *but not numbered*. I can't stay up all night, not to index the Bible.

I will correct the index in proof; I don't think there are many mistakes. It is a short, sloppy index, quite good enough for the sort of jackass that uses an index for a book like this. I have refrained from fancy entries such as "Morley, J.—a passage he will not like."

I send the proofs with this. One short passage is inserted, three lines—but near the end of a chapter. My tenderness for the printers is almost morbid.

Go, Little Book,¹ and be d——d to you!

Take care of the dozen small corrections, will you?

TO JOHN SAMPSON

15. 3. 1903.

I sickened of this book long ago, in proof. Leslie Stephen is a good man. He says that Literature is a demoralising occupation, because success implies publicity. There you have it. Fancy grieving because having found a glowworm and having written down how you found it and printed your account, you hear nobody say "How delightful." But that's where poets get to—mostly. Think of Tennyson, who, whenever he saw an American, ran to the nearest hedge, and stuck his head in it, and listened with beating heart for the American's remarks. And if the American said nothing he went home sick. Jolly sort of life, isn't it? But it's the life you lead, if you write.

¹ Wordsworth was published in 1903.

I want to hear someone say "Dam fine book" or "the only Book on William." I won't take less. But I believe it is the last, without being exactly the first.

To L. R.

Glasgow, 8. iv. 03.

. . . There is a curse on me as soon as you go away.

The bell has rung as if for a fire ever since I came back. I should like to live nowhere. I had to give up golf at Prestwick to-day—which I hated to do. It is the prize day of the year—like Italy. So I set Snell papers and sit in with Thos. Bayne and play the dutiful goat.

The Principal told me (in a cab, for I took him to the station to see him off and then came back to breakfast) that the King has behaved "in a very snubby manner." This he said with glowing eyes and every symptom of passion. The King is not to visit the University, it seems, but Lord B. of B. says he (E.R.) will be at the Municipal Bldgs. and can take an address or any little thing there.

X is an Ass. I talked to him last night. His line is feeble suspicion of any forward move, and advertising probity. I don't mind his being incorruptible, what I mind is his hunting about for patches of me to be incorruptible upon. But I am not going to have the silly puffin for a tenant. Out he gits! . . .

To MISS C. A. KER

Uffington, Berks, 8.5.03.

You had every right to hear of me, but you didn't, for I am hardly myself yet. I went gadding to Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and Life was sullen and cold and grey, as poet Gosse remarks. But now I *am* able to get up for a little in the afternoon, while my bed is made.

1. Your dog is not a dog of grace: he does not wag his tail or beg: he bit Miss Dickson in the face: he bit a Bailie in the leg.

2. What tragic choices such a dog presents to visitor or friend! Outside there is the Glasgow fog; inside, a hydrophobic end.

3. Yet some relief even terror brings; for when the world is cold and grey, we waste our strength on little things, and fret our sordid souls away.

4. A snarl! a scurry round the room! a sense that Death is drawing near! and human creatures reassume their elemental robe of fear.

5. So when my colleague makes his moan of careless cooks, and warts, and debt—enlarge his view, restore his tone, and introduce him to your Pet!

Quod. W.R.

Nothing is doing here. We furnished hard for a week and now there is a lull. It really is a pleasant cot. But I can't garden. I go out and look at it and wish things would grow.

Lucie is in treaty for a donkey. There are two candidates—not a strong field, as we say on the University Court when we elect Professors. I shall be glad to see you if I come back in June. But I shan't be glad to come.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

17, Melbury Road, Kensington, W.
9-6-03.

Just before I got your letter I was reading in bed W. James' *Varieties of Religious Experience* when, to my surprise, I found you (I take it) quoted in a note. But I missed the bit about the long train all shut up, with people in it, which I suppose old James left out. A rum bird he is! And a most surprising sudden sweep into polytheism at the end. "Anything larger will do" is surely the most surprising of all descriptions of God. I recommend an

elephant. I don't think he understands mysticism, though he quotes lots of good things.

I am on my way to Glasgow for a meeting. We have furnished our farm house enough, and like it.

We will write to you, no doubt, later. I am suffering from depression caused by James's book. There is a most awful passage from Tolstoi in it—real creeps, and wickedness I think—his own, or the devil's.

TO HIS SISTER ALICE

Uffington 26-7-03.

When I first came here I tried writing letters—i.e. attending to my correspondence in a decent fashion. It took all the day; and I have given it up. It is a question of books and articles *or* letters. So I take my society in talk.

The Tolstoi passage struck me as the best description I have seen of an awful and common experience: You are in health, and everything is all right, and a cloud as big as heaven comes across. It doesn't happen, I should think, to people who live simply in the senses. But we live a good deal among things of the intellect and imagination, and we are foreigners there really, we do not understand, and are liable to sudden unreasoning frights. As for old Tolstoi he *can* write, and that's about all. Egotistic old beast, with his "What to do." He is just a sensualist gone sour. "The silence and decency of death"—Henley's phrase—is the right thing for him. He never really loved anything except the commotion in his own nerves. Music-hall singers, and actresses, when they lose their voices and looks, most of them hold his views.

I have to lecture in Oxford four times next week, as well as write an article, and a report for the Scotch Education Office. So I didn't ought to go on.

Reading James's book made me very glad that I am not a religious man. If human life is a Zoo, at least I'm not in

the monkey-house, gibbering and grimacing and hunting fleas and playing with looking-glasses. I should like to live among the great sleepy cats, who wake up only to kill.

Dear old Henley is a great loss. He lived wholly for his affections. If he's gone to heaven, York Powell says, he's a pirate now, stepped straight on board, and it's all right. His death didn't hurt me a bit, but his not being alive goes on hurting.

I don't much want to see Norway. But I want to feel it. I am sick and tired of no sea and no mountains. The West Coast is no good, it's a bath of depression.

Henley was a much richer, greater, more generous nature than R.L.S. And Henley violated all the proprieties, and spoke ill of his friend, and R.L.S. wrote nothing that was not seemly and edifying. So the public has its opinion and is wrong. You couldn't quarrel with Henley—not to last,—because the minute you showed a touch of magnanimity or affection, he ran at you, and gave you everything and abased himself, like a child. But R.L.S. kept aloof for ten years and chose his ground with all a Pharisee's skill in selecting sites. He had not a good heart. He said many beautiful and true things, but he was not humble. There is nothing falser than the shop-window work called literature. R.L.S.'s sermons and prayers stick in my throat. It is no good calling them insincere, the worst of it is they are as sincere as possible, and quite unreal. His history, as you can read it even in his published letters, is another chapter in Shelley's *Triumph of Life*. He was offered a little godship by a doting public, and he took it, and cut away all ties that might hamper him in his new profession. Henley didn't understand it, he thought it was a bad joke, or the tongues of slanderers or something, and he was puzzled and (ultimately) angry. . . .

There—I have written a letter. Anyone will tell you it is all lies, except those who know both Stevenson and Henley. . . .

TO MRS. F. GOTCH

Uffy, 23 Aug. 1903.

I've been scribbling notes since twilight. "Mother and child both doing nicely"—and all that sort of thing.

The creature's a daughter. It will take me some time to learn how to behave. I am going out into the open to-morrow, up a hill, like Moses on Nebo, to say my last Damn. My house *shall* be a fit place for a Lady. I have sworn.

There ain't going to be no culture, nor nothing horrid like that. If I'm to give up saying Damn, she mustn't read the works of Carlyle to me—must she? I hope she will be nice, like Audrey, who is far nicer than anyone can know unless she stays with them.

But this one is *very* large and strong. Lucie says outside eights in boots.

We had to get a scratch doctor, our destined one was motored yesterday and had to keep his bed.

I suppose it's all right. I wish it were next week just for more happiness. But Lucie seems all right, and they say she's all right.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

*Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.**23 Aug. 1903.*

My literary style is being rapidly and severely modified by my son's weekly letters from school. I admire these so much that I have been infected. So I hope you like the style, and I will use it for this letter.

Leonard Whibley has Henley's *Milan*. I don't mind. We are glad you are coming to Berkshire. The Wylds are near here. We had a daughter this morning. She is quite well. So is her mother. The Clarendon Press has accepted Harington and is making a copy of the MS. I wish you would look at it, when it is ready. I will send it, if you like. I am to complete Henley's Edinburgh Shakespeare.

Please send me the Furness Variorum *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* (Text volume only) and *Lear*, if you possibly can. I will send them back. It will be jolly seeing you.

TO D. NICHOL SMITH

Uffington, 23 Aug. 1903.

My summer has been too barren. An essay on *Troilus and Cressida* (Shakespeare) for an American edition, D. G. Rossetti and Christina R. for Patrick's Encyclopædia, and a book on Chaucer set on the stocks. The Chaucer has got only so far, that I have mapped out and defined a lot of things that I should like to know, and don't. "What the Philologists should tell us and don't," "What students of French poetry should tell us and don't";—these are hardly chapter titles.

I have promised to complete the text of the *Edinburgh Shakespeare* (folio) *vice* Henley. I fear nothing can prevent a breach of continuity, for I am ultra conservative and Henley would pass nothing obscure.

TO MISS C. A. KER

Uffington, 28 Aug. 1903.

Everyone is so well that I shan't write again. Lucie gave the young doctor his sack yesterday, but I daresay he won't take it. Life is very much sweetened for us by the various letters and parcels that reach us in consequence of a *Times* advertisement. Every kind of hawk and faddist dumps something on us. I wish I had added "Socks made by only daughters of paralysed clergymen will neither be returned nor paid for." But I daresay they knew.

Valentine and Hilary are very excited. They have both written letters to say one same thing—that she *must* be called Agatha. They have agreed, and are dead set, so that

here are all the makings of a shocking family row. I should as soon think of calling her Catacomb.

I wish the newly-born would keep a diary. It would be a shock to the public, I fancy, like all frank diaries. The various expressions of wholehearted disgust that flit over the face are our only clue to its contents. There would be chapters of the intolerable inconvenience of breathing—of the disgustingness of daylight—of being mauled—of the loathly bath.

Lucie sends her love. I am glad we were saved from an *eldest* daughter who rears a whole family and falls into a dishonoured old age at about 20. But Catacomb (Heaven permitting) shall be gay at 50.

"Our daughter's guardian angel mocks The thrifty virtues that we learn them; And I shall be past wearing socks, When she is of an age to darn them."

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

Aug. 30, 1903.

I have just been offered *Shakespeare* in the *English Men of Letters*. I mentally refused at once and went on to open other envelopes. But now it comes to refusing on paper, I don't know. So as you are in the same sort of dilemma, I appeal to you for advice. What would you do, if you was me? It is no good messing about with the crowds of motives and deterrents that hustle each other in the mind. I don't want to write in a series, and I don't want to part with a copyright. On the other hand, if I am to have a fling at Bill, it may be now or never.

Once I thought that knowledge grew from more to more, and in thy wisdom make me wise, and all that sort of thing. But the swells didn't do the trick that way; and when I sit down to mature, I just quietly rot, or fiddle with arranging details. The bother would be to keep details out. I

know too much, rather than too little; that is, I should know more, or less. But more? I begin to fear that the steady accumulation of detailed knowledge, so far from growing into a whole, makes a whole quite impossible. Look at Aldis Wright. He is a learned, dumb man, with a contempt for speech. A fine aristocratic position! But then, for the humbling of his pride, the Gods have filled him with an ardent admiration for the most voluble mortal that ever took a part in theatricals.

If you commend Shakespeare to me it is quite essential that you should commend some contents to my book. Almost everything would have to be omitted. So it would be a help if you would name a few points, aspects, themes, that you would be sorry to see omitted. What do you miss most in the current *Lives and Essays*? What highly important topics have been treated too gingerly, or too superstitiously, or too flatly? What (but I don't ask you to put this down in bulk) has been consistently raised to a false importance?

This looks like asking you to dictate the book. Not so; but I don't want you to say later—"Why nothing about this or that thing?" So I should like to write a part of the book (if I do write it) in answer to your questions.

Everyone gets trapped in fashion. Look at Johnson's great essay and the long passage on the Unities. Had he lived a century later he would have given the unities one sentence.

You are keeping us on tenter-hooks about America. I have always said that I wouldn't go except on such a salary that I could retire, with a comfortable realised income, to England in ten years. I can't quite conceive of your buying up folios for the Rockefeller Institute of Minnesota, Ga. Like sending a Bishop to price chalices at an auctioneer's for the purposes of a Dissenting tea-meeting. Still, no doubt these Dissenters have blood in them. Their culture would choke you. But their dollars are a bit of all right.

The right name for my daughter is Philippa, after S.

Philip. But I think she will get called Lucy. Helena is a nice name—I would take it if the day were right.

Did I tell you that the Poet Laureate asked me to go and stay with him? It appears I have arrived—but where? I fear I am just the sort of downy bird that passes for moderate and tolerant and wise. It was time for me to belong to the Athenæum.

If I take Shaks., I must chuck Chaucer (for the time), delay Harington, and scamp Hakluyt. I do want to see your Blake.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Ireland, 10-9-03.

Indifference to form be damned! Celts don't love Shakespeare; because literature is not the first thing with them. It is a branch of manners. They are all like the Highlander in the *Fortunes of Nigel* who would not have his wound attended to lest the doctor should see that he had no shirt. "My life suner"—Personal dignity, and the dignity of humanity, at any cost. They are antivivisectionists, and hate the scalpel. Bill is too analytic for them, too real—he cuts too near the bone. They can't bear to be laughed at, and all Shakespeare's best writing is a kind of laughing. They feel for the butt, who has to carry on his solemnities, and wants believers. I feel an enormous exhilaration that one of us could get so far outside the clan as to blow the gaff on all its ritual and free-masonry. Celts don't understand the sort of pride which is frank, open, voluble, communicative, easy—all because it has nothing to lose. But it is a pride that tops theirs.

Well this is a line while I am waiting for to catch a train. Many thanks for your letter.

TO AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

18-9-03.

I must take this occasion to say what I wanted to say when the Colonial Secretary came back from Africa. I have never in my life had such an exhilaration of pleasure from anything in the political world as I had from the series of speeches (ill-reported though they were) in South Africa. They represent to me politics at the purest and highest. I don't know where to look in the history of modern politics for their equal. Such a thing as the "Midlothian Campaign" becomes a debauch of excited sophistry in the comparison. I remember being struck in India by the close grip that many Orientals have of the essentials of politics. My old chief, Sir Syed Ahmed (a great man, and a great politician) was a most potent diplomatist merely because he knew the value of an ungloved hand. He used to disconcert high officials by blurting out the essential at the very beginning of an interview. The ordinary diplomatist thinks that diplomacy is the art of coating pills with sugar. For this reason, even Lord Dufferin had very little of the confidence of the Mahomedan magnates that I knew.

I wish the speeches were recoverable and could be printed in a book. Even maimed, they should be set on record.

I don't condole with you, or anyone, on recent events, because they are a new beginning, not an end; and I am not sure that congratulation is not the right thing. Don't trouble to answer this—I am merely letting off steam.

TO FRANCIS GOTCH

2 South Park Terrace, Glasgow, W.

9-iii-04.

I will write to you in a day or two—not longer. St. Mary Magdalen is my favourite College at Oxford, with Christchurch a good second. But I must not begin to talk.

The fact is I am more *needed* here than at Oxford, so far as I can see.¹ So the question is rather shall I offer to come than what figure shall I offer to come at. The figure is a question of balancing books—at which I am bad. The simple broad issue is—more of myself (more writing, &c.); or more utility to others as a teacher and member of a University. I believe I am warranted in thinking that Oxford means more freedom to follow my bent. I have 270 pupils here (including the pick of the Scottish youth) and I *lecture* sometimes three times a day, which is killing.

Our love to you both. I am like a child at a party; there is more than it can eat, and it cries at the necessity of refusing anything. If pupils are what I want, I couldn't better this place. If authorship, I could, without foregoing the pleasure of teaching a few young lions to roar.

This letter is a Bagster epistle. If I began to talk, or think, of climate, London, wife, children, Highland Scenery, Golf links, &c. there would be no end. It is no use seeking happiness in holidays, as you learned in Cornwall and Wales.

P.S. I am much flattered, and pleased.

TO EDWARD ARNOLD

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

6-v-04.

I am content to leave the matter of the American "Milton" wholly in your hands. What does the delightful Putnam mean by "cancelling the books as waste?" Does he mean destroying them? I hope so. But I have a lurking suspicion that he is in treaty with a Butter or Margarine

¹ In 1904 the Chair of English Literature was founded at Oxford, and he was offered it. At first he refused it, as the salary was less than at Glasgow, but the temptation of less lecturing and more time for writing was too strong, and he accepted it. Magdalen College elected him a Fellow, which removed the financial difficulty.

Trust. Or does he mean that they cease to have a legal existence as copyright works, and that he is to do as he pleases with them?

I am full of sympathy for him. I never thought the American people wanted my works. But I had heard, from natives of that continent, that America is a large place; and I had supposed that 720 copies of my little work (which would take exactly 1 cubic yard of storage space) might have room made for them somewhere on those billowy savannahs. The rent of a cubic yard of America is beyond my means, it appears.

The outward appearance of the book produced by Putnam (especially the tail-pieces borrowed from some evangelical agency) is—not to put too fine a point on it—beastly; and I should be glad to hear, on good authority, that the copies had all been burned. Why did you not (why do you not?) take my advice and produce an edition of 12 copies of each of my works, in the form of a penny railway guide, as an American edition? Put them up at 10 dollars each, and (as I said) I will write an “Ode to the American people,” to make the book a bibliographical rarity. My Ode shall be in the metre of the “Psalm of Life” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Is it credible that there would be no demand for this?

TO W. P. KER

Uffington, 16-v-04.

I am glad I begged a book off you. It keeps me in bed of a morning, a-reading it. Moreover, I suddenly lighted on the doup-skelp,¹ which pleased me. I believe my verses are the only extant specimen of the use of this metre for a theme with no comic intent. Its real future lies in finding work in verse for words like *hodge-podge*, *ram-stam*, *clap-*

¹ Four verses from the “Ode to the Glasgow Ballad Club,” 21st Dec. 1901 (*Laughter from a Cloud*, pp. 216-8) are quoted in W. P. Ker's *Dark Ages*, p. 330.

trap, *Hong-Kong*, etc. and phrases like *Burke's works*, *Damn Lamb* (in an epigram on the illiterate fellow) *Whose shoes?* (in an ode to the Poet Laureate) *What rot* and a thousand others.

Your book is wonderfully gay. Who would have thought the Dark Ages had so much light in them?

I can't come to Oxford on June 5th, for I have to be in Glasgow. S'm'other time.

Yours is a very good book.

TO C. H. FIRTH

Uffington, 18.vi. 04.

I refused the Chair yesterday, and I don't know what's to happen. But I possess my soul—not in any boastful spirit, like our Stoical poets, rather from the habit of sticking to odds and ends. "The soul," says H. Walpole, "is only a little glue"—just the sort of thing one keeps by one.

The 42 lectures make my mouth water. I give about 160 or more, and it really is not tolerable. They are all just like this letter, and it can't do any good to the youth.

TO D. NICHOL SMITH

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

30-vi-04.

There is news that I don't like telling you: I accepted the new Oxford Chair to-day. I didn't stand, but they came to me, and the less lecturing and greater literary opportunities bowled me over.

TO MRS. WALTER CRUM

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

30-vi-04.

I must confess to you what I did to-day. I have accepted a new English Literature Chair in Oxford. There—the

murder is out! It has been in the air for some little time, and soon after I came away from Dalnottar it was offered to me, and I refused it. But now it has improved itself a little, and I have fallen.

I think we thought of you most, all the time it was in the air, because we can't think of Glasgow without you. And I remembered the incredible beastly time we had when we thought you were going to Manchester. And now——

It sounds like a wanton piece of folly on my part, doesn't it, and heartlessness? But you see, Oxford asks for 42 lectures in the year. The money is rather less than Glasgow; I must look out for a little charring. I had to choose whether I would take a chance of being a man of letters, or become a University politician and popular preacher.

Of course Lucie is writing to you—she won't know what to say. But when these things happen it is decent I think to say things that usually are not said. So I stiffen my pen to say that you and Walter have made more difference to us in Glasgow than I should have thought any two human creatures could.

Will you let us have a holiday sometimes at Dalnottar? Will you come to Oxford? I will write again. There are hosts of "notifications" to be written.

Alas!

I wrote to the Principal—but all the rest are still to be told.

TO D. S. MACCOLL

Uffington, Berks. 27-vii-04.

I really do think that I shall sometimes see you now. We have taken a house in King Street, close to Magdalen—No. 9. Come in winter and dine with the Monks.

Will you make me a present of a sentence of yours that I want? It occurred in a lecture at Liverpool, and described in a string of verbs or adjectives the haggard swooning art of Morris, B. J. & Co. I want to quote it (as yours) for pur-

poses of my own. Its effect dwells with me, but not its lineaments.

I hope the Chantrey affair goes to your mind. You have frightened the farm-yards, anyhow. Tennyson's poem of "The Goose" is I think a symbolic prophecy of this business.

TO D. S. MACCOLL

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

31 July, 1904.

The passage is even better in fact that it was in my memory. I am immensely obliged to you. When the autumn comes I propose to give 3 lectures on the Romantic Poetry of the XIXth Century. The thesis is that the seeds of subsequent extravagance and decay were in the early poets—indeed, the purpose is mainly anti-Romantic. Your sentences give me an exact parallel and illustration. And the last of them can't be bettered.

I don't see *The Times*, so I have missed the best of the Chantrey proceedings. Now for the verdict! We live in great days—the Royal Academy dithering in fear, and the United Free Church in Scotland about (I hope) to lose a million and a half to the "Wee Free" which is Calvinist and honest. Sir E. Poynter and Principal Rainy, wire-pullers both, quite at a discount. Art and Religion cheered and reviving. Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.

TO MRS. WALTER CRUM

Uffington, Berkshire,

3-ix-04.

I must catch the golden moment and indulge my impulse to write to you. There is a reason for it: for thirty days (Sundays included) I have toiled night and morning writing my Introduction to Hakluyt (MacLehose Bros.). No break-

fast (only coffee), no amusement, no friends. I won't say I didn't enjoy it: I did; and will send you the little book (to own, not to read) when it comes out by itself. The reason I worked like a slave was that I was afraid of being kept here to finish my stint. But I finished to-day, and sent it off. Now I am free. I meant to start from here on the 15th, and if the thing can be done, arrive on the same day. But I believe it would be better to dine with you; that is, to go to London for the night and arrive on the 16th about 7.30. I think so.

I warn you that this time when I visit you I shall be holidaying. Last time I was moping. I don't think you have seen me taking a holiday. It is very complete.

TO C. H. FIRTH

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

7.ix.04.

I wonder if you are willing to commemorate our election as colleagues in what would be a really appropriate fashion. This it is. I have celebrated my election by writing, during August, a short 16th century history, by way of Introduction to Hakluyt. I presume the facts and conclusions are somewhat groggy in parts. If you would take your stethoscope and tell me where you detect wheezes and howlers, I should be your deeply obliged servant. Of course I would never have intruded on history if I had not been given to understand that you meditate an armed invasion of literature. So my little raid was designed to save my self-respect. But this cut and thrust style, learned in my province, lays one terribly open when one gets into the country of boa-constrictors, blindworms, giant-sloths, and white ants (which consume whole book-cases).

I will send you proofs, if you consent, when they are ready. The thing is only some hundred odd pages of the

new edition—a copy of which shall reach you when I get back to Glasgow.

I have had no English history at hand while I wrote—except Camden and Stow and the like. But I suppose they have been proved to be wrong. A damn difficult thing, to prove Camden wrong! And Froude's *English Seamen*—my conscience, what an immoral book! A nasty, bright, snip-snap, readable, pamphleteering, rotten piece of fiction, with amazing license taken in quietly filling in (quite essential and false) detail, and a general air of deep research imparted by occasional quotations from unpublished papers. The methods of a patent medicine-man, and the mind of a party hack. And an undeniable charm and gaiety and go about the whole business.

I hope you had a good time at the Baths. We arrive about Oct. 3rd, in the depths of despair, probably, with cart loads of nasty property.

I have announced a public lecture in Magdalen hall, on poetic biography. The first 10 minutes is Inaugural, and contains all I want to say.

P.S. If my Hakluyt frightens you, I shall suppress all mention of your critical aid, lest it should compromise your Chair. Mine has no character to lose.

TO C. H. FIRTH

Uffington, Faringdon, Berks.

II.ix.04.

Many thanks. It won't be for a month or so yet, I suppose. I don't think I want the "real expert's" opinion—it is too likely to be concerned with details that are, strictly speaking, irrelevant for my purpose;—like getting a practical farmer to criticise a water colour landscape. You know more of the 16th century than the high-class reviewer does, and you are a wiser man than he, and you know

what a writer is driving at, mostly. I don't see how I can improve on that.

I am going to job off the University with an ancient sermon of mine, written for an evening public audience, by way of Inaugural. I think I must tone it down, it is so confoundedly moral—on the necessity for sincerity and candour in biographers. I am afraid it may sound like an anniversary missionary sermon to the unawakened. I can't write a new one, for I want all the time I can spare from moving to write an essay on the Romanticism of the XIXth Century, in three fits. That will contain my real creed, up to date. It is the Classic creed, with trimmings.

TO WILLIAM KER¹

9 *King Street, Oxford.*
15 Oct. 1904.

I am glad you like my Essay. It would have to be better than it is to deserve so noble a niche in the works of the Preacher.

We are sorrier than we can say to leave Glasgow. We could have got away much more easily if it had not been for two houses—yours, and the Crums'. These, and some half-a-dozen colleagues, are the worst things in a bad business.

TO C. H. FIRTH

Thursday, 27.x.04.

I will come out about tea time, or later, to-morrow. I should immensely like to have some extracts. It's all right for you to publish your plan of campaign; you know where the enemy is, and they won't budge. The Tutors never leave the railway. Their scouts carry a Bradshaw and a pocket-pistol.

¹ The father of Professor W. P. Ker.

Many thanks for the correction. Churton Collins is rapidly becoming a kind of divinity of pedantry—mothers frighten their children with his name to prevent mistakes in dates.

I don't much want to print. I am glad to let fly, but the whole thing has a faint tinge of the Bank Holiday about it. It made 'em sit up, all right. I shall have to give a hostage or two to serious dull scholarship before I let fly again.

I am just off to Birmingham to try my first lecture on them before giving it here. It is a trial of the Romantics. Wordsworth is acquitted; the rest are given six months' hard, to make them take a juster view of life. Another Bank Holiday, I'm afraid. Never mind, it's better to wear off one's shyness at once, lest the Oxford terror of emphasis should infect one. Lucie says she never knew a community so frightened of everything, and especially of one another. So fair a flock may well tempt even a puppy. So I take my run round the field.

TO D. NICHOL SMITH

9 King Street, Oxford,

4-xi-04.

I am glad it goes all right. Don't you let them bully you into doing things when the spirit rebels. They will try. They told me in Liverpool that it was all-important to spend weary hours on diminishing the incapacity of dull students. I did not contradict them, but I didn't do it: I wrote a book. No one who understands the real thing cares twopence about the dull student, except as a man and a brother. Drink with him, pray with him; don't read with him, except for money.

I am not thinking of books. I have announced four public lectures on Hakluyt, just to use up August's work before it is printed. I wish you were here; there's no

stimulus to work, except Firth. The learned are all secretive, and defensive—a trick they learned, I suppose, in defending a reputation gained in the Schools from the assaults of real live curiosity. Firth talked to me like a god-mother; and said that I mustn't be frightened of them, as most new-comers are. He's quite right—they frighten each other to death, and any moderately impudent man can dupe them all. They regard knowledge as a kind of capital—not revenue. They sit on the bag. It's the credit of knowing they care for, and the discredit of not knowing, they fear.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

9 *King St.*,
5. xii. 04.

I have just suggested to the Clar. Press a reprint of the Folio Shakespere, play by play, with the quarto variants in notes or appendixes, and with the best conjectures (the best only) in notes. I have told them that I believe an edition of this kind ought to supplant (and would) whimsical mixed texts, like the Cambridge.

Now, if they catch on, the main thing is a good model play. I hope that, if they like the idea, they will give me some control. I want you (O you must) to help with the scheme, text, notes, page, &c. &c. and if it comes to that, to do a play or two. Early on, for you are the best pace-maker known to me.

I have only just launched the idea, so I am talking irresponsibly. But what do you think?

The *Tempest* is a bad beginning, with no quartos. *Hamlet* is what I want for you, to show them how. Now don't be busy.

I believe the edition would go off all right, and that would give them confidence.

I lead a fine idle life here, so far. Professors are not wanted, so they hoof you out of houses, and don't pay you anything except on paper, and do all they can to give you

hell. But you have a fine time, all the same; give very few lectures, and if these are bad there you are for life, your own master and your own pupil.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

9 King St., Oxford,
10-xii-04.

Your douche is a solemniser. I don't want to spend my life on Aldis Wright's tracks—that's true. But look here. I enjoy reading the Folio better than any mixed text. But it can only be read in bad type at 9 guineas. Why not 2/6 single plays from the Folio in good type, and (I incline to think) with the punctuation preserved. That's good enough, by itself.

Now, it would be better, wouldn't it, with the Quarto variants subjoined? And, below them, any conjectural emendations which seem to me, or another editor, to be either irresistible or extraordinarily happy. These, no doubt, are the nuisance. One would have to ransack libraries, I suppose.

The main idea is simply this, to give the Folio text instead of a mixed text. Often there is a passage where the Folio carries two possible meanings, say. Alter the punctuation, and you find you have chosen one of them. Alter the words and you may at any time become the victim of a later and better-informed understanding of the Folio.

Is all this impossible? What I want is 2/6 Folio plays.

No sentence notes, or explanations, though my fingers would itch.

As for Furness, his plays cost 14/-. This would be the *Oxford Folio Shakespeare*. I should not propose to depend on the Cambridge. Tell me, is it indispensable, and would this Folio edition be rotted by neglecting to work it over again? If used, it must be worked over again and that's impossible.

You have saddened your once gay friend. But give me your ultimatum. Must I give up the idea of the best conjectured emendations, and stick to the Folio and Quartos?

TO JOHN SAMPSON

New Year's Eve, Oxford,
1904.

MY DEAR PARD,

My original idea was that there are lots of people in the world who want the Folio, as it is, in single plays, *in addition* to the edited complete Shakes. If there are not, my case is weak. You see Shakespeare is a book to read, as you truly observe. Well, I bring out an edition, and you read it. What are you reading, if you don't regard the notes? You are reading my edition, not the Folio. It's the Cambridge over again, more conservative, that's all. But if emendations are limited to what no scholar of judgment would question, that will do. Can they be so limited? I don't know, take the speeches wrongly attributed. Ticklish work, touching them. Always the off chance that something funny has happened, and that the "obvious" emendation destroys the last clue. In short, I am more Christian than the Pope of Bibliography; more sceptical than the typographical Hume. You have Shakespeare's MS. to begin with. Then the printer's habits, and conceptions of what is obvious. Then the Editor's habits and conception. It's the devil.

I wish to goodness you were here. I can't edit Shakespeare. I think I can comment on the Folio, that's all.

Bradley's book on Shakespeare is good. Of course it is not nearly gutsy enough, but he gets there all the same. Even with it I can't help feeling that critical admiration for what another man has written is an emotion for spinsters. Shakes. didn't want it. Jerome K. Jerome is in some ways a far decenter writer than Brunetière or Saints-

bury or any of the professed critics. He goes and begets a brat for himself, and doesn't pule about other people's amours. If I write an autobiography it shall be called "Confessions of a Pimp."

Goodbye, old man. Tell Mackay to stop founding Universities. There's no sense in them. Bottled men, gone putrid, that's all. And they spread like mould on cheese. If a University or two would bust up, or resolve itself into an Agapemone, my spirits would go up. Damn the Education of the young, anyhow. They're too good to be fouled this way.

TO D. NICHOL SMITH

*9 King Street Oxford,
Jan. 5, 1905.*

Have you seen Bradley on Shakespeare? I think it is first rate. Not robust enough in temper, but wonderfully subtle and intelligent. We of this century (still more of last) are scrupulous persons and can't quite understand a righteous man. We are rogues, and can't understand blackguards. So we have to do hard work with our brains; which Bradley has done.

The other book I have just read is Barrett Wendell on the Seventeenth Century—a work that might have been begotten by a German Doctoral Thesis on a Young Men's Christian Association.

The drawback of this place is that except Firth who has his own row to hoe, there are, so far, few to talk to or get help from at the job. What is wanted is a school, a real one, of about half a dozen. The pups are mostly no good, wrapt up in examinations and standards. A school of half a dozen could make things buzz.

TO GEORGE RATHBONE

Oxford, Jan. 27, 1905.

Many thanks. I have sent Messrs. F. C. Mathews £100,¹ and shall banish that same from my mind and calculations until I hear of it again—if ever. It's something, at least, to have been in an Oil gamble. Everyone ought to be in it once—like going to Monte Carlo. And if there is really hardly any oil to speak of, still the experience will help me to understand the local colour of the poems of Bret Harte. So I shall debit the sum to "Education," which looks better than "Gambling" in a Professor's ledger.

TO MRS. A. H. CLOUGH

Oxford, 27-iii-05.

Your foreign note-paper helps the illusion that Castletop is far away in a cloud-cuckoo-land. We will come when you like, and stay as long as you like, and when we go away we shall not want to go away—really. Next week we are in vans, on the Banbury Road. It all comes of belonging to the Lower Middle Class! Then I am going to Glasgow, and Lucie is going to Uffington, with the young men.

Burne Jones is very pleasant when he forgets that he is an Artist. When he remembers it, he almost says Ba-a-a.

I like Mr. Rothenstein. He has a kind of intellectual sincerity that seems to exist only in the East, to which he belongs. He says that we Westerns wish to impose ourselves on everything we do, and assert ourselves at all points. So we do. He is a holiday from patriotism and all our other virtues. If he likes you, you feel that it is because you have one toe at least planted somewhere in the eternal. I wish that a talented lady, who makes artist parties, could hear his views on the dinners he eats there. Quite kind,

¹ A gamble (ill fated) in Oil.

but so chill. She never feels the draught, nor knows that she is not getting the vintage talk that she pays for.

I am glad you like my rare *opuscula*. Everything I write seems to get littler and littler.

Since you left, Mrs. — has gone clean out of my life. But no one seems to stay in it—in Oxford. The place is full of social duties, and school-boy friendships. The space between is occupied by vacancy. Unless they like you very much, with a tinge of sentiment, they don't tell you what they think. There is no currency of candour. Time is too short "ere to the wind's twelve quarters I take my endless way," so I don't find out much. I just shut my eyes and amuse myself.

TO MISS C. A. KER

Dalnotter House

Old Kilpatrick, N.B.

15-iv-05.

When I got to Carlisle, a large clumsy man with a wart on his nose and his nose on a foolish self-satisfied face, got into my little third-class compartment. He was sadly in need of a lesson from Polonius—"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar." In less than three minutes he had made a number of untrue and odious assumptions—for instance (1) that his singularly undistinguished dialect was intelligible to me, (2) that he and I were boon fellows, (3) that my little compartment was his home, (4) that I admired his knowledge of the wool-traffic, (5) that I wished to know all his friends—but I should never end. He craned his illshaped neck out of the window and invited in four others, all noisy, except one who had good quiet blue eyes and a weary smile. This one said nothing, but the others made the carriage a den of explanation and conceit.

This was one of the things that made me think perhaps I had done ill to leave you. I am plucking up heart again

now. I lay in bed this morning for a little and read Trollope. I'm afraid it's no good anyone telling me that Thackeray is a better novelist than Trollope, or that George Eliot is better than Mrs. Oliphant. It's not true. Trollope starts off with ordinary people, that bore you in life and in books, and makes an epic of them because he understands affection, which the others take for granted or are superior about. I wish there were a Trollope movement, it would be so healthy.

The Crum's fire causes them no uneasiness. They are insured, and because Walter is no good at that sort of thing, they have hired a professional actuarial blackguard who is to be shut up for a month with another blackguard hired by the Insurance Co., and when they are let out they are to tell the price of the fire. It's like a long Parlour game. . . .

I will transcribe, by way of conclusion, the unchanging second half of Hilary's weekly letter. "There is not very much happening here just at present. I send my love to you and all."

